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ENDING
SEPT. 5, 1931

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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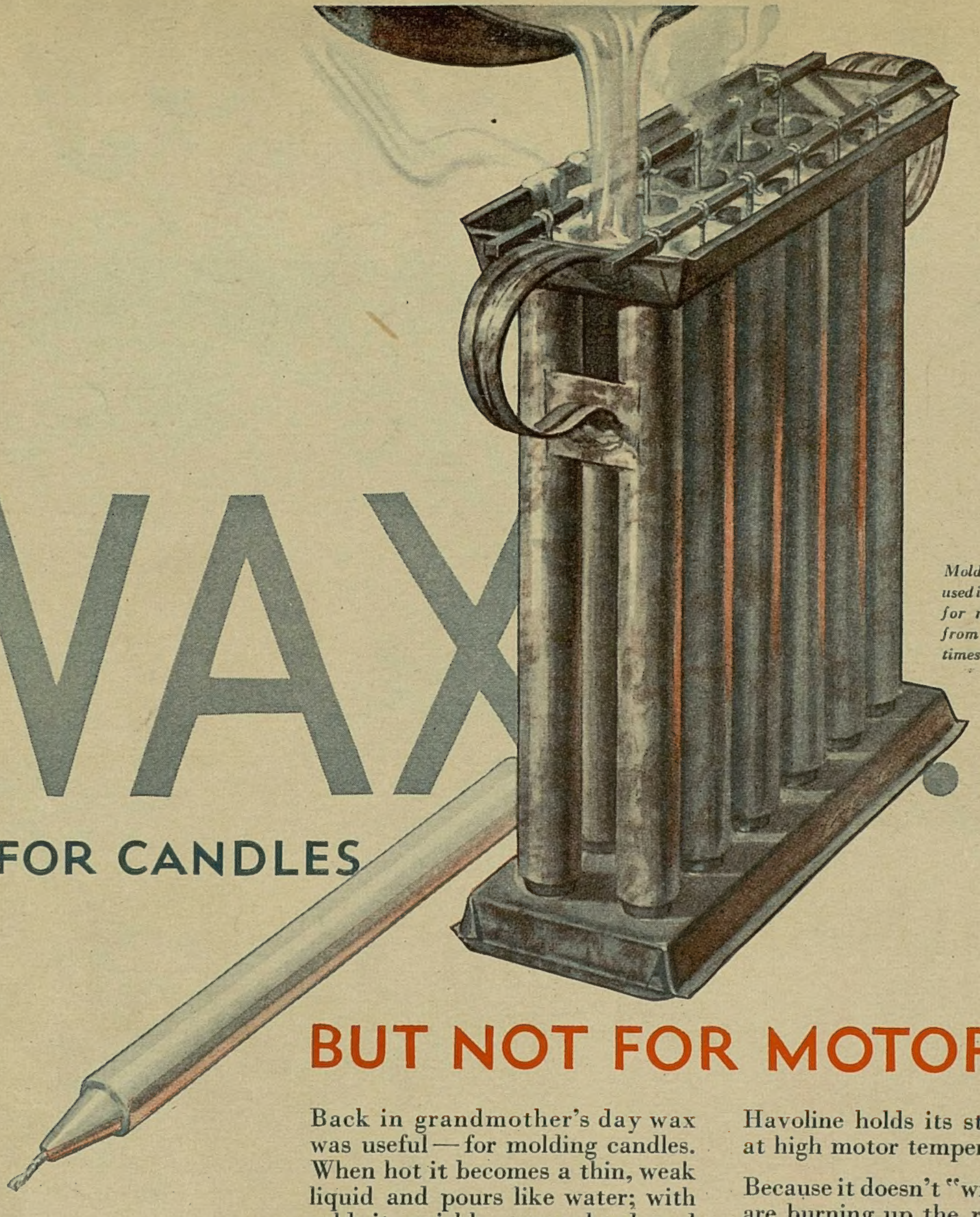
RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD ~ **ALICE DUER MILLER** ~ **KONRAD BERCOVICI** ~ **EDMUND PEARSON** ~ **ETHEL M. DELL**

WAX...

GOOD FOR CANDLES



Molds like this were used in American homes for making candles, from early Colonial times to about 1840.

BUT NOT FOR MOTOR OIL

Back in grandmother's day wax was useful — for molding candles. When hot it becomes a thin, weak liquid and pours like water; with cold it quickly turns hard and brittle. That is why wax is a poor lubricant for today's high-compression motors.

For years, all paraffin-base motor oils contained wax. It was in the crude and could not be completely separated — until improvements in refining made possible The New Waxfree Havoline.

When you fill your crankcase with this revolutionary oil, you are buying a 100%-distilled lubricant—not a mixture of light oil and sluggish residuum. Entirely free from wax and other volatile impurities, Waxfree Havoline holds its sturdy oiliness at high motor temperatures.

Because it doesn't "wilt" when you are burning up the road, Waxfree Havoline protects your motor from slow, insidious wear. It continues to cushion hot racing bearings—to sheathe pistons—to defy friction—when your motor is blistering hot. Neither does it stiffen your motor or clog the oil line when cold weather comes.

For economy's sake, for your own peace of mind, keep wax out of your motor. Drain and refill—*today*—with the proper grade of Waxfree Havoline. Remember: *Waxfree means carefree!*

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
General Offices and Refinery: Lawrenceville, Ill.
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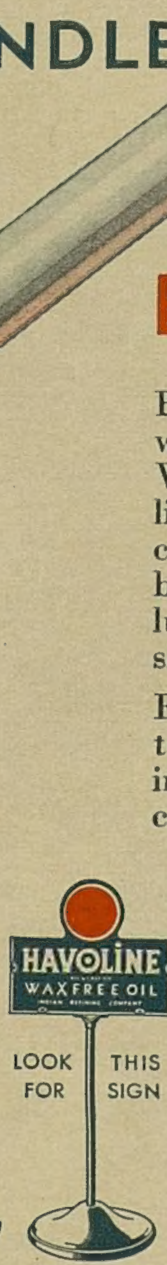

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35c A QUART Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada

WAXFREE HAVOLINE

MOTOR OIL

If you want the finest quality in a high-grade *regular* oil, use Blended Havoline. 25c a Quart.

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She thought:

"I hate saying 'no' again, but 'B.O.' spoils you as a dancing partner."

Yet, to be polite,

She said:

"Too bad I didn't know about the dance sooner. I'm dated up for that night."

Girls always had 'another date'

—until he ended 'B.O.'

(Body Odor)

HE KNEW he wasn't popular with girls. But he never suspected why until one day a clerk in a store suggested Lifebuoy to him.

That simple change in toilet soaps changed his whole life! For it ended the fault that had made girls unwilling to go out with him. "B.O.", the polite name for a condition people dislike even to mention—*body odor* . . . No more turn-downs now. Girls accept his invitations gladly. He knows the easy way to keep perspiration odorless.

Hot weather no excuse

Even if the thermometer is up in the nineties—even if we are perspiring more freely—there's no need to let "B.O." offend. Just take the simple precaution adopted by so many particular men and women. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Then you're *safe.*

Like millions of other Lifebuoy fans, you'll enjoy this delightful toilet soap more and more every day. *Everything* about it. Its bountiful, creamy lather—even in hardest water. Its pleasant, hygienic scent that vanishes as you rinse. The wonderfully fresh, *clean* feeling it leaves. No more "B. O." worries now! Lifebuoy's gentle antiseptic lather *purifies* pores—removes every trace of odor.

What a complexion soap!

Women add a special word of praise for Lifebuoy as a *complexion* soap. Its bland, deep-cleansing lather gently frees clogged pores of beauty-stifling impurities—freshens dull skins till they glow with healthy radiant loveliness. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A product of LEVER BROTHERS CO., *Cambridge, Mass.*

It's New!

Lifebuoy Shaving Cream

New double-dense lather soothes, lubricates and protects . . . ends tender spots that hurt when you shave. ***At your druggist's***

Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor

SEPT. 5, 1931

Liberty

VOL. 8
No. 36

A Weekly for Everybody

Editorial and Executive Offices:
Macfadden Building, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.

Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue.
Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Lee Ellmaker, Publisher; Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

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Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ **Address all communications to 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

STARVING THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS

The farmers have received a " dirty deal."

That term is doubtless crude, but it is strong and it will probably be indorsed by every farmer in the country.

The good times for which we are all yearning depend to a large extent upon the prosperity of the farmer. When the farmers have good crops and are able to sell them at reasonable prices the money filters through almost every form of business activity. And prosperity comes to all of us!

But we are slowly killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

The goose in this particular case is the farmer. He has but few golden eggs to pass around at this time. The farmer is operating under what might be called cutthroat competition, while nearly every other form of labor has had its wages boosted—through wartime and other influences—far beyond the pre-war standards.

The farmer is, therefore, selling his products at a price in many instances far below the pre-war period, and he is paying a price for practically everything he buys much above the pre-war standards.

And the farmers have had the advantage of a Farm Board to keep up their prices!

During the war the importance of wheat as a food was so great that the government concluded that it should not exceed two dollars in price, and the price was held at this figure. The price of potatoes and other foods went up enormously—potatoes, in some instances, costing ten or twelve dollars a bushel. But wheat was still held at two dollars a bushel, and the farmers would doubtless have conceded that this standardization of price was a good thing provided it could be indefinitely continued.

But now the price of wheat has gone " staggering." It is even said to be below twenty-five cents in many instances. What the farmer wants to know is why he should have been restricted from securing a proper price for his wheat when he could probably have sold it for from five to ten dollars a bushel, and then when it goes down practically to nothing he must stand the loss. He was denied the gain, but now he has to assume the loss.

This is just another example of an attempt to standardize commercial values by governmental edict. If the Farm Board had kept out of the situation entirely, wheat would have gone up to a price in accordance with the demand and the situation would have regulated itself. Many farmers are now maintaining that there would have been no twenty-five-cent wheat if that policy had been followed. This low price at this time, they contend, is caused by the fact that buyers everywhere fear that the huge stock of wheat, running into hundreds of millions of dollars in value, is liable at any time to be dumped on the market and, consequently, the price of wheat is down to almost nothing.

Many great business leaders have accepted the principle advocated by Henry Ford and have tried to keep up wages. Workingmen cannot spend money if they are not capable of earning it, and they usually spend all they earn.

But while this principle has been applied to labor in general, it has somehow missed the farmer. Organized labor has boosted wages and commodities everywhere, but there has been no organization among the farmers. Every attempt along this line has met with failure.

And it is just a case of " dog eat dog " with them.

They are in the midst of the worst kind of cutthroat competition, and although the Farm Board may have served an important purpose, its endeavor to maintain prices seems to have had a reverse effect.

If we want prosperity for the nation, some means must be adopted that will pass it on to the farmer. But if we starve or kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, why be so foolish as to expect a continual supply of this source of wealth?

Labor in nearly all its various avenues has received fairer treatment, financially and otherwise, since the last war than in any previous time in the history of civilization; but we have forgotten the farmer, or the plans of the Farm Board have gone wrong. What can be done to relieve this menacing situation? It is indeed a serious problem.

The farmers must get more money for their products. If they could organize as the unions have done in many instances, they could compel us to pay any price they demand. But they cannot seem to " get together." If the means could be adopted to bring prosperity and even riches to these tillers of the soil, this wealth would be passed on to all of us. Therefore, let us encourage every effort that may be made to bring proper appreciation to the farmer, financially and otherwise.

IN THIS ISSUE

Co-Pilot—*A story* . . . . LLEWELLYN HUGHES 5

The Pope and Mussolini . . . . RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD 13
An impartial view of the problem of Italy's youth

The Woman He Wanted—*Part II* . . . ALICE DUER MILLER 18

The Mystery of the Cottage by the Lake—
EDMUND PEARSON 26
A problem in circumstantial evidence

A Whiff of Lilac—*A short short story*. STEWART ROBERTSON 33

Ringing the Bell in Pictures—*Movie reviews*
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 38

The Turn Is Coming . . . . EDDIE CANTOR 40

$500 a Week for Limericks—*Some winners and a new offer* . . . 43

To What Red Hell—*A story* . . . . . . CHANNING POLLOCK 46

A Party at Sheriff Bob's . . . . KONRAD BERCOVICI 50
A page out of the past of a genius

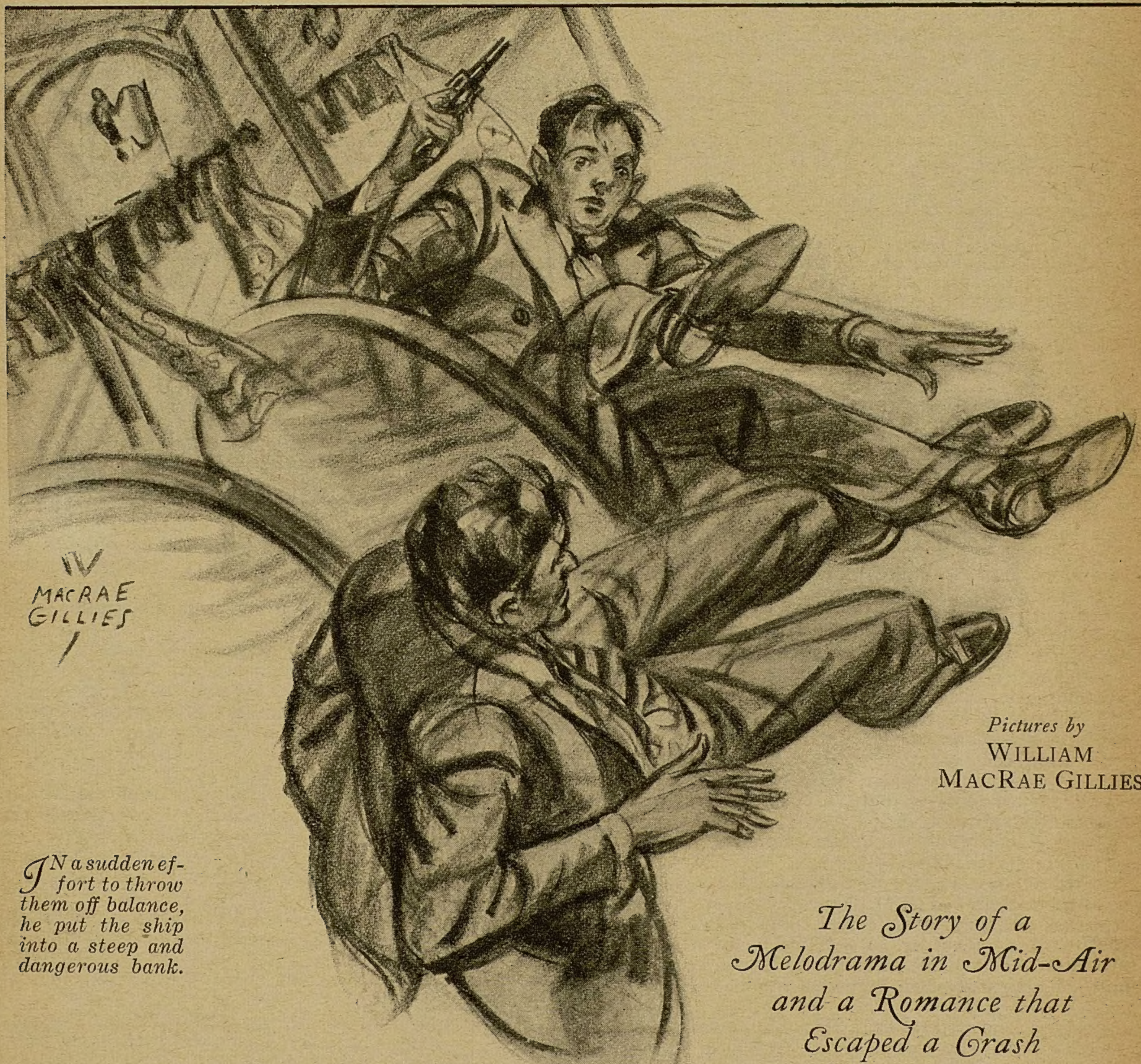
Silver Bride—*Part V* . . . . ETHEL M. DELL 56

To the Ladies! . . . . . . PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 65

Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (12); Civilization's Progress (36); For the Love o' Lil (37); Vox Pop (44-45); Cross-Word Puzzles (48-49); Bright Sayings of Children (54)

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

CO-PILOT



In a sudden effort to throw them off balance, he put the ship into a steep and dangerous bank.

Pictures by
WILLIAM MACRAE GILLIES

The Story of a Melodrama in Mid-Air and a Romance that Escaped a Crash

By

Llewellyn Hughes

(Reading time: 31 m. 55 s.)

GARY HASKELL brought the great trimotored transport up alongside the No. 1 canopy. It was still dark enough to require the aid of the tower searchlight, but as soon as the ship was in position this was turned off, leaving the field in darkness.

For an hour the mechanics had been crawling all over her. Groomed, her three motors warmed up, fed to a nicety with oil and gas, she'd had the attention of a duchess. Now she was purring contentedly, ready to take the air.

San Fernando Valley lay under an eiderdown comfortable of ground mist. To right and left of the Glendale airport the range tops were faintly being etched in gray.

It was 4:45 A. M., and Gary idled down his motors to a minimum so that the passengers coming aboard might be least inconvenienced by the draft from the propellers.

CO-PILOT
Continued from page five

This done, he shifted over to the other control seat, slumped back in it, his chin on his chest. Ever since the ship had been placed in the transcontinental service Gary had piloted her himself. He was back now, back where he had started over a year ago. Co-pilot!

Somebody ran the canopy out. It sheathed out from the stationary one and ran on rollers. In the manner of a gangway it was brought up as near as it would go to the cabin door. Half-heartedly Gary turned his head to see. He had gauged the distance within a few inches.

Beyond, in the lighted terminal building, it was hard to detect anybody among the few early sight-seers, hangers-on, who remotely resembled a passenger about to embark on a long air journey. Still, one never knew. The least likely person might have a reservation in his pocket taking him all the way from Los Angeles to New York City.

Sometimes Gary had carried as many as ten passengers; as often only the mail. But it still wanted twelve minutes to five, and as a rule passengers seldom climbed on board until the last few minutes.

He winced a little when he saw Luke Willard coming through the gate. Luke had taught him to fly, had prophesied a brilliant future for him.

Luke, a short, muscular-looking man of thirty-five, propelled himself up through the passenger cabin into the control compartment. "How's things by you, kid?"

"Couldn't be better," said Gary.

Willard dropped back into his seat. He laid a hairy, thick-wristed hand on Gary's knee.

"I'm sorry, kid," he said huskily. "It's plenty tough—the way you've been working and studying day and night. You're the best flyer in the company and everybody around here knows it."

Gary said nothing.

"Bigelow's got it in for you—that's what it is. Ever run foul of him in any way?"

"Not that I know of. Except the day I first came here and planted one on his whiskers. But that was before I knew he was traffic manager."

"Um, um! What he pick on you for this time?"

Gary hesitated. The reason for his demotion, like other reasons that had intermittently held him back since the day he soloed, had always been the same. Some trifling forgetfulness on his part, due to the fact that for the moment he happened to be thinking of something else—his invention, his aërodynamic studies, ambitions, future.

LLEWELLYN HUGHES

who has written other stories for Liberty—one, an air story like Co-pilot, having been dramatized for the screen. He was born in Wales and is a World War veteran, having served with the Canadians. New York is now his home.

THEY had no fault to find with him when he was actually on duty. His mind was strictly on his job then and never for one moment did he slacken attention.

"I guess," he admitted to Willard, "I am kind of absent-minded occasionally. My head is full of figures, designs, and all that. This time it was my revolver. I left the blamed thing back home—in Amarillo. Bigelow found me unarmed when I flew in here two days ago with the transport."

"Tough," repeated Luke. "They're getting so strict with us I'm scared to chew gum any more."

He shot a glance in the direction of Gary's belt. "Got a gun with you now, haven't you?"

Gary clapped his hand to his side, then nodded. "Borrowed one," he said.

Willard was silent a while; then he said: "Bigelow gives me a pain in the neck. He's riding you, kid—you can be sure of that. Say! What's back of this story about you robbing him of his girl?"

Gary's lips tightened. "Nothing," he muttered. "Nothing in it at all."

The first passenger came through. Automatically both Luke and Gary took a squint at him while the reservation officer examined his ticket. Gloves, spats, the collar of his tight-fitting overcoat turned up, dark fedora pulled down over his eyes, he somehow suggested Broadway.

Luke Willard grinned. "Another of them vaudeville actors who didn't quite click out here," he decided.

Back of the fence rail a fair-sized crowd of late merrymakers had gathered. Most of them were in evening clothes. They were laughing and shouting and throwing rice. The more sober ones seemed awed by the huge transport.

Bride and groom were being tossed around in a maelstrom of farewells and good wishes.

A short, fat, elderly business man with brief case and kit bag came through the canopy. He was followed by another man in dress and general appearance similar to the first passenger.

"The other half of the act," said Luke. "What's the hour?"

"Two minutes of."

WITH the bridal couple safely aboard, the passengers, it seemed, would be no more than five. Luke Willard was waiting for a signal from the tower to advance the throttle and rev up the props. The ground mist still clung to the valley. The range tops were a shade more clearly etched.

The reservation officer was about to close the cabin door when, at the last moment, a woman came running from the waiting room. Her fur coat was open, her scarf trailing behind her. In her hand she carried a small traveling case.

"For the Lord's sake!" said Gary.

In the light over the ticket desk, the woman's face attracted attention by reason of its beauty, pallor, dark eyes, and the crimson gleam of a slightly parted mouth.

"Never expected her to be aboard," he said.

"Know her?" asked Willard, reaching for his passenger list.

"Yes. I was talking with her only yesterday afternoon. She said nothing about taking the trip then."

"Moving-picture dame?"

"No. Her name is Miss McKaig. Her father's a rich steel man back in the East."

Willard checked the name on his list. "Them's the sort," he commented dryly. "Own your own plane, kid—then nobody can demote you."

Gary went back to help her on board. She smiled when she saw him.

"Just made it," she said, a little out of breath.

He looked at his watch. "I'll say you did! Decided to take the air route after all, eh?"

"At the last minute," she smiled. "I told you I'd be going along with you one of these fine mornings."

"New York?"

She nodded. "I might stay overnight in Amarillo," she promised, "if you're not too busy and can show me around the town."

"Fine," said Gary without enthusiasm. "I'll come back and talk with you later. I'm courier," he said lamely, "on this trip."

"Not pilot?" Like her tone, her gray, luminous eyes seemed curiously disturbed, agitated.

Gary shook his head. "Luke Willard's at the controls."

With a cursory inspection of the other passengers, he went up forward again, the ship already being in motion. Willard taxied her up to the north end of the airport, turned her nose around, and opened the throttle. Her roar was instant and terrific, the personification of power and Gargantuan, batlike appearance.

Although she was the latest development in scientific invention, although man and his skill had fashioned, planned, and made her, human eyes gazed spellbound in terror as she gracefully left the ground and lifted into the mist.

On board, the noise of her engines gradually diminished and the ordinary talking voice became audible. Through the mist the valley looked black beneath them. In the east the whole horizon was being flooded with dawn. Behind them a single searchlight cut the gloom at an oblique angle.

The lights of the terminal twinkled and went out.

"How far do you usually take her up at the start, kid?" inquired Willard.

"About six thousand. It saves climbing too sharply when we strike the pass."

"O. K.," said Luke.

Gary took up the passenger list, studied it a moment. The married couple were a Mr. and Mrs. Greenlees, honeymooning to Kansas City. They sat opposite each other, holding hands across the aisle. The groom was narrow-shouldered, wore glasses, looked frightened to death. His bride had better looks and, apparently, more courage.

The name of the fat little business man in seat No. 4 was Carlin Roseburg. He was booked to New York City. The two other men were separated the length of the cabin. One of them, Edward Gilman, headed for Chicago, had the seat next the washroom. The other, Frank Happel, sat up forward, his destination Springfield. Luke had been wrong in taking them for a vaudeville team. They didn't even know each other.

Dawn broke in a beautiful display of pastel shades against which the San Bernardino Mountains appeared black and threatening. Glancing back, Gary waved reassuringly to Miss McKaig; then, having nothing to do for a while, he settled down to a sharp contemplation of his past and future.

He was twenty-five! A man of that age had no right whatsoever to hold the attention of any girl if he couldn't succeed in life and—and support her. So Gary had written a letter! It was included in the air mail they were carrying as far as Amarillo.

He had forced himself to lie to her. Maybe he flattered himself that she cared for him, but in any case it was just as well to bring things to an end. When she read that letter it would be all over between them. She would marry Earl Bigelow, and that, in a way, was what Gary wanted for her. Bigelow had a swell position. He was rich. He had promised to take her on a trip around the world. He could buy her anything she wanted.

Why, Gary argued, should she be compelled to waste her youth, her life, on an isolated New Mexico ranch? Waiting for a no-account pilot who no sooner appeared to be getting somewhere when he was back again where he started? No, it wasn't fair. Wasn't fair to any girl—least of all a girl like Betty Wetherell.

Deliberately he compared her with Miss McKaig, the heiress three seats behind him. Betty was fair, her eyes a clear blue. She was twenty-one, and the open-air life she led in New Mexico had tanned her arms and cheeks a rich brown. Betty could throw a lariat, ride an outlaw, put a bullet through a barn knot hole at twenty paces. (Let Miss McKaig try anything like that!) Possessing little of the svelte attributes demanded by fashion and the motion-picture world, Betty Wetherell had capable shoulders, a strong, firm, elastic body. She remained Gary's ideal.

VERA McKAIG, on the contrary, was dark, slender, and languid. Late parties and too many cigarettes had paled her complexion, filmed her gray eyes. For all her culture and education—Gary presumed all this from what she had told him—she was the product of a sham world. Superficially, maybe, she was beautiful. But she was the type Gary read about in the magazines, the society girl so tirelessly depicted on the screen. He pictured her lounging about in pyjamas all day, spending hours over her dainty hands, her hair. The sort of girl who preferred a life of sophisticated elegance and ease to that of domesticity and—motherhood.

The comparison was strictly one of fiber. Vera McKaig was too delicate, too soft. Everything had to be done for her, undoubtedly had been done for her since the day she was born. She could do little or nothing for herself. On the desert, in any emergency, she'd be a helpless and forlorn figure. In the face of danger she'd go all to pieces!

And yet, he recalled that she had been cool enough when he had taken her up in that Curtiss-Wright Fledgling. She had given little indication of nerves that day.

Gary had first met her two weeks ago. While in Los Angeles he occupied a shack belonging to another Company pilot up in a cañon back of Glendale. One afternoon, when he was working out details of his new wing invention, Miss McKaig happened to drive by in her roadster and suddenly found herself with a flat tire.

The occasion had instanced her utter helplessness. All she could do was honk her horn and sit down and wait. Betty Wetherell would have had the wheel off in a jiffy, fixed on the spare, and been on her way again. Vera McKaig didn't even know where the tools were.

SORE at having to leave his work, Gary had gone out to help her. That was the first time he had seen the girl. When he had completed the job, nothing could have been more sincere than the look of gratitude in her eyes, and for a long time she lingered there talking to him. It interested her to know that he lived there all alone, and when she learned that he was an inventor and a professional airman her interest was all the keener.

Would he take her up some day? She had never been in a plane. Wasn't that amazing? She had always been too scared to try it. But when she returned East—at present she was out here visiting friends in Hollywood—she really thought she would venture to fly back, at least as far as Kansas City.

Gary had been inclined to doubt one of her statements when, the following afternoon, he took her up in the Fledgling. If that was her first flight her behavior failed to show it. She acted more like a veteran.

"I thought you'd be scared stiff," he told her. "Particularly when I flipped her into that last tail spin."

She laughed, shaking her head.

"I'd trust myself anywhere with you," she complimented him. "I've always admired aviators. They're so cool and collected. So awfully romantic. But you're in a class all by yourself," she went on, looking up at him in unabashed admiration, "and quite the best-looking one I've ever seen. With your looks and build you'd be a star in the movies."

Gary blushed. "Applesauce!" He frowned. He didn't care much for women—Betty, of course, excepted—and praise of any sort always rubbed him the wrong way.

He hadn't expected to see her again, had, in fact, forgotten all about her. But on his return from Amarillo he heard the sound of her horn the next morning outside the shack. She invited herself in, and for an hour or more smoked incessantly.

"You never called me up like you promised to do."

"I've been away," he said. "Only brought the transport in last night. Eight o'clock."

"All the way to Texas and back, eh?" Cigarette smoke poured through her nostrils. "Did you have a nice trip?"

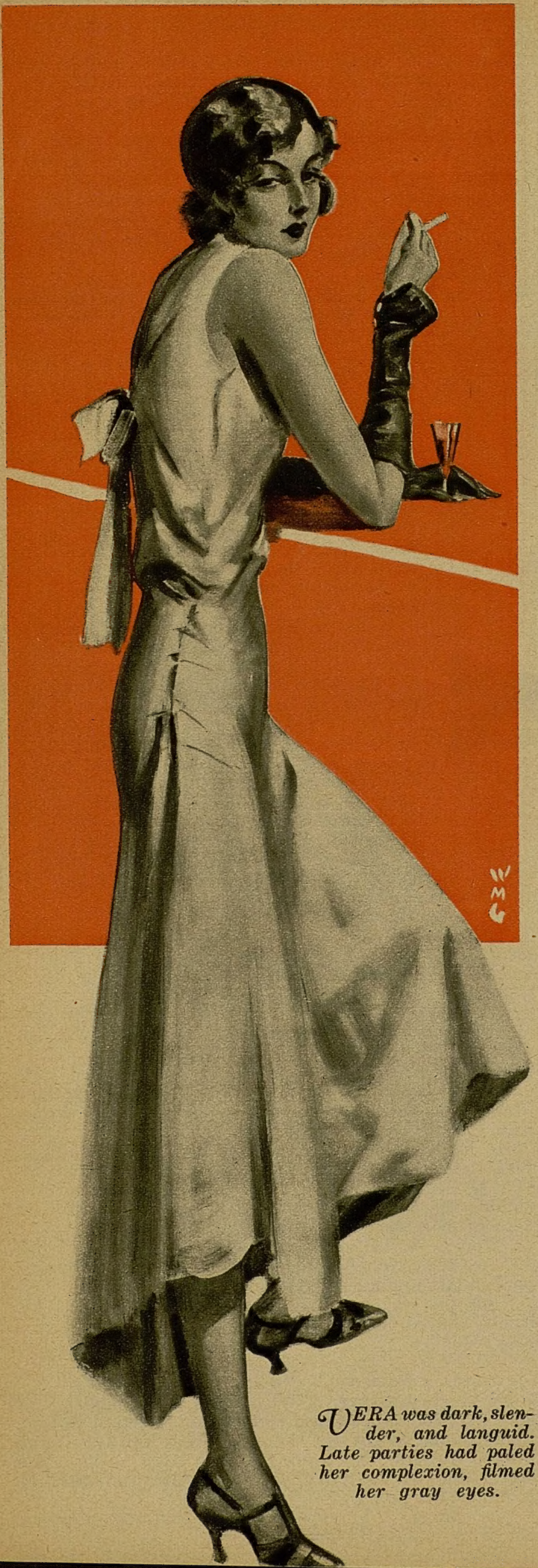
"Fair."

"Nothing happened? No accident or anything?"

He laughed at her. "Why, what could happen? A ship like that is a darned sight safer to travel in than that car you've got out there. Nobody to dive at you around corners. No traffic lights to bother with. You don't even run the risk of getting a flat in mid-air," he reminded her lightly.

She smiled. "I might be taking that trip with you one of these days."

"You'll have to get up bright and early if you do



VERA was dark, slender, and languid. Late parties had paled her complexion, filmed her gray eyes.

CO-PILOT
Continued from page seven

We leave at five in the morning. I imagine," he told her bluntly, "by that time you've only had a couple of hours' sleep."

Even when smiling, her gray eyes remained slightly analytical.

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, I don't know," he evaded. "Theaters, lots of gay parties—all that bunk."

She nodded. "I'm a bit of a night owl, I admit."

"That way," he went on dispassionately, "you miss the best part of the day. Early morning. That's the time when the world looks fresh and clean. That's the time I do my best work. My brain seems clearer than ever then."

Miss McKaig showed no enthusiasm. She rose, wanting to know if she could drive him anywhere.

"Afraid not. I've got to get busy with this brain child of mine. You've lost me a full hour on it already," he said frankly.

Again she favored him with a smile. "Call me up sometime."

The look in her gray eyes flustered and embarrassed him. She had written her telephone number on the back of an envelope. Gary Haskell didn't know where in heck it was.

"Maybe—some day," he half promised, looking down at the floor.

HE hadn't seen her again until late yesterday afternoon. His whole attitude on life had changed by then. He had been demoted to co-pilot and in consequence surrendered the last vague claim he had on Betty Wetherell.

In his ramshackle car he drove to the terminal building to post an air-mail letter. The letter had taken him all day to write, but now it was sealed and stamped and the effort was over.

DEAR BETTY:

I thought it might kind of interest you to know that I'm thinking of getting married. She's a girl I met in Glendale. Her name is Miss McKaig and her father is a New York steel man. So when I fly over the ranch tomorrow afternoon I guess I'll be waving to you for the last time.

All the luck in the world to you, Betty. I think Earl Bigelow is a grand guy. Yours, GARY.

In all his life, Gary Haskell believed, he had done nothing more noble! He might have asked her to wait for him, told her about the possibilities of his invention, confessed to her that to the very end of his days he would think of no other woman. But that wouldn't be fair. So he had lied like a trooper, pen clutched in a desperate hand, and given her the swiftest reason to forget all about him.

It was therefore a little awkward, to say the least of it, when in the terminal building he came face to face with his so-called wife to be. Contrary to the spirit of his letter, Gary tried to duck. But he was unable to escape the lady.

Now, as he carefully peeked back at her through the small mirror above the instrument board, he wondered just what she might have been doing in the terminal yesterday afternoon. She certainly hadn't given the slightest intimation that she intended taking the transcontinental trip the following morning. She had had every occasion to do so, even if her immediate return East had been only a remote possibility. Because, at her request, he had taken her back through the hangars, pointed out the actual transport in that particular service, taken her inside it, explained the controls, shown her all over the ship from mail compartment to washroom.

Her presence on board the transport must therefore be important, as it had been a last-minute decision. Something was evidently taking her back East in a hurry!

Again he peeked at her. She had turned her head and was looking back at the man in the rear seat. The man was staring at her. When he caught Gary's eye in the mirror, he quickly looked away.

The ship was riding smoothly. Willard held her at about two thousand feet over the flat New Mexico desert.

"Got any chewing gum?" he asked Gary.

"Sure." Gary felt in his right-hand coat pocket, then in his left. "Darn it!" he said. "I left a package out on the table. Put it next my cap so as to be sure and take it with me. I guess I forgot it, after all."

Luke grinned good-naturedly at him. He had been watching Gary's examination of Miss McKaig in the mirror.

"Boy," he said, "your head sure *is* full of figures." He, too, squinted at Miss McKaig. "Don't blame you, at that," he added. "Look at that leg, will ya!"

Kingman, Winslow, and Albuquerque had already been passed. They were now within forty minutes of Amarillo. During the day Gary, as courier had gone back through the ship several times, distributing sandwiches, ginger ale, coffee. The bridegroom wasn't exactly enjoying the air journey. He looked somewhat green. Both he and the fat little business man firmly refused breakfast and lunch.

AT a point near Tucumcari, where in the desert they picked up the U. S. Highway and practically followed it to Amarillo, Gary, when handling the ship himself, always swung north a little. It was only a matter of a few miles and the detour never interfered with his arrival on schedule.

The object was a small ranch near the Canadian River. At 3:10 P. M. every other day—1:45 P. M. on the western journey—Betty Wetherell would be standing outside the porch, waving to him. On clear days he could see her from a distance of four miles. Today it was cloudy, threatening rain.

Gary wondered how he could broach the subject to Willard. Luke might not agree to the detour. But it was a pretty desperate matter to Gary. He would be waving to her—seeing her—for the last time. In the morning she would get that letter.

How often, coming and going, had he flown over that ranch? On night trips, when he couldn't see her, he flashed his ground lights. She would answer him on those occasions with a storm lantern. She had always been worried about those night trips—could never sleep, she had told him, until his signals assured her that everything was all right.

His practiced eye took in the familiar terrain. Going north from the U. S. Highway, a gravel state road wound up to the Wetherell ranch, dimly seen in the far distance. On this state road Gary could see a car. It threw up no dust, so he knew it was standing still.

One look at the instrument board and Gary realized that it was now or never! Through the mirror he noticed that Miss McKaig was beckoning to him. But for the moment Gary had another matter to consider and paid no attention to her.

"Luke," he began anxiously, "see that ranch way ahead of you—on your left?"

"Sure do."

Gary swallowed. "There's a girl there. I've kind of flown over that way for the past year. I've just written her a letter—telling her good-by. So I thought—for the last time—"

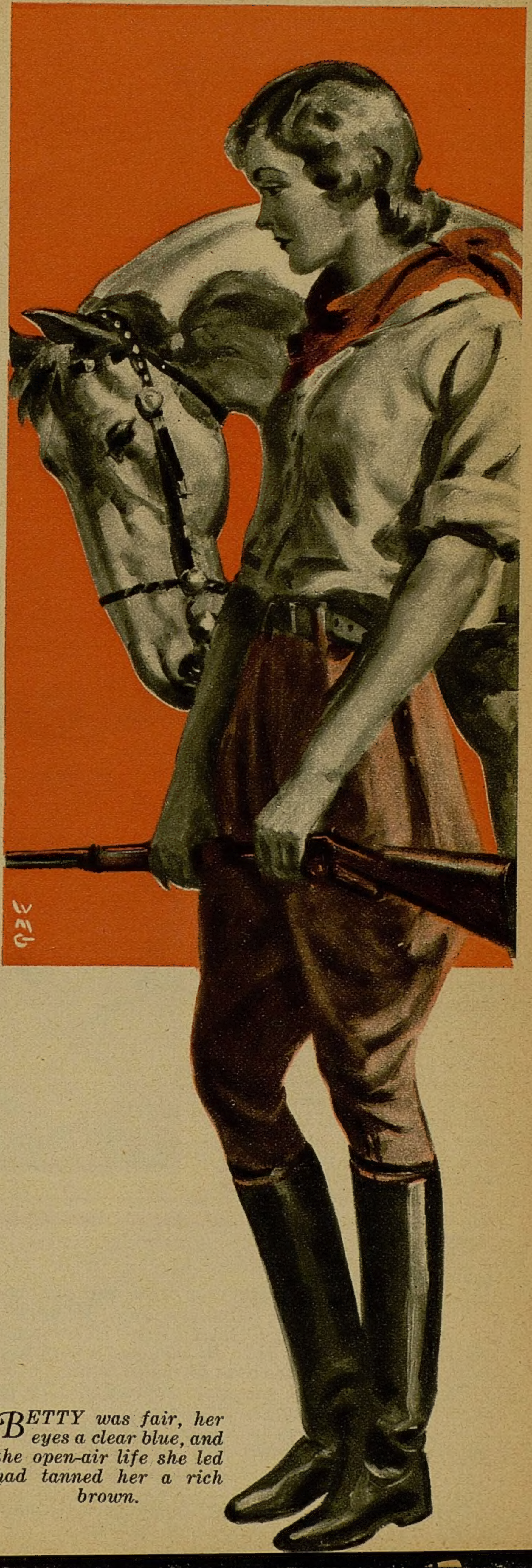
Vera McKaig was now frantically trying to attract his attention.

"Won't take you but a minute, Luke. We'll be in Amarillo right on the dot."

Luke grinned. "Sure, kid. Sure thing. Here," he said, "take her over there yourself. I'll see what's biting the dame back there."

Silently Gary thanked him and took over the controls. Luke Willard went back through the cabin. Gary paid no heed as to what Miss McKaig may have wanted. His eyes were fixed on the Wetherell ranch.

A noise like a slammed door distracted him. He glanced into the mirror. Willard was not in view. The washroom door was closed, so he might have been in



BETTY was fair, her eyes a clear blue, and the open-air life she led had tanned her a rich brown.

CO-PILOT

Continued from page nine

there. But the man in the rear seat was also missing. Then Gary was suddenly electrified by the sight of Miss McKaig. She had an automatic in her hand—was covering the rest of the passengers!

At the same instant Gary felt the hard barrel of a revolver shoved into his back. The man in seat No. 2, Frank Happel, knew his business. In a flash he had Gary unarmed. With the butt of his gun he smashed the radio transmitter. He spoke in a calm, matter-of-fact voice.

"Ease her down nice, buddy," he said. "Right next the state road. Right there where you see that car."

"I'll see you in hell first!" Gary said savagely.

"NO," said Happel, pretending to argue with him. "Do as I tell you, buddy. Next the state road—right near that car."

Gary struggled with a frantic desire to turn round and close with him. But he had the lives of innocent people to think of. While he was tackling Happel the ship might go into a nose dive. And there was the woman to contend with. Also—and this realization hit Gary with all the stunning force of a bullet—the other accomplice, Gilman. He now fully understood the significance of the slammed door. Luke Willard had been shot, was probably lying dead in the washroom.

He kept going, slightly increased his speed.

"No, no," Happel repeated smoothly. "Do just as I told you, buddy—or we'll rub you out!"

The warning failed to intimidate Gary. He knew that he was very necessary to their safety. They couldn't dispense with his services. He also had a duty to perform to his ship and the lives intrusted to him.

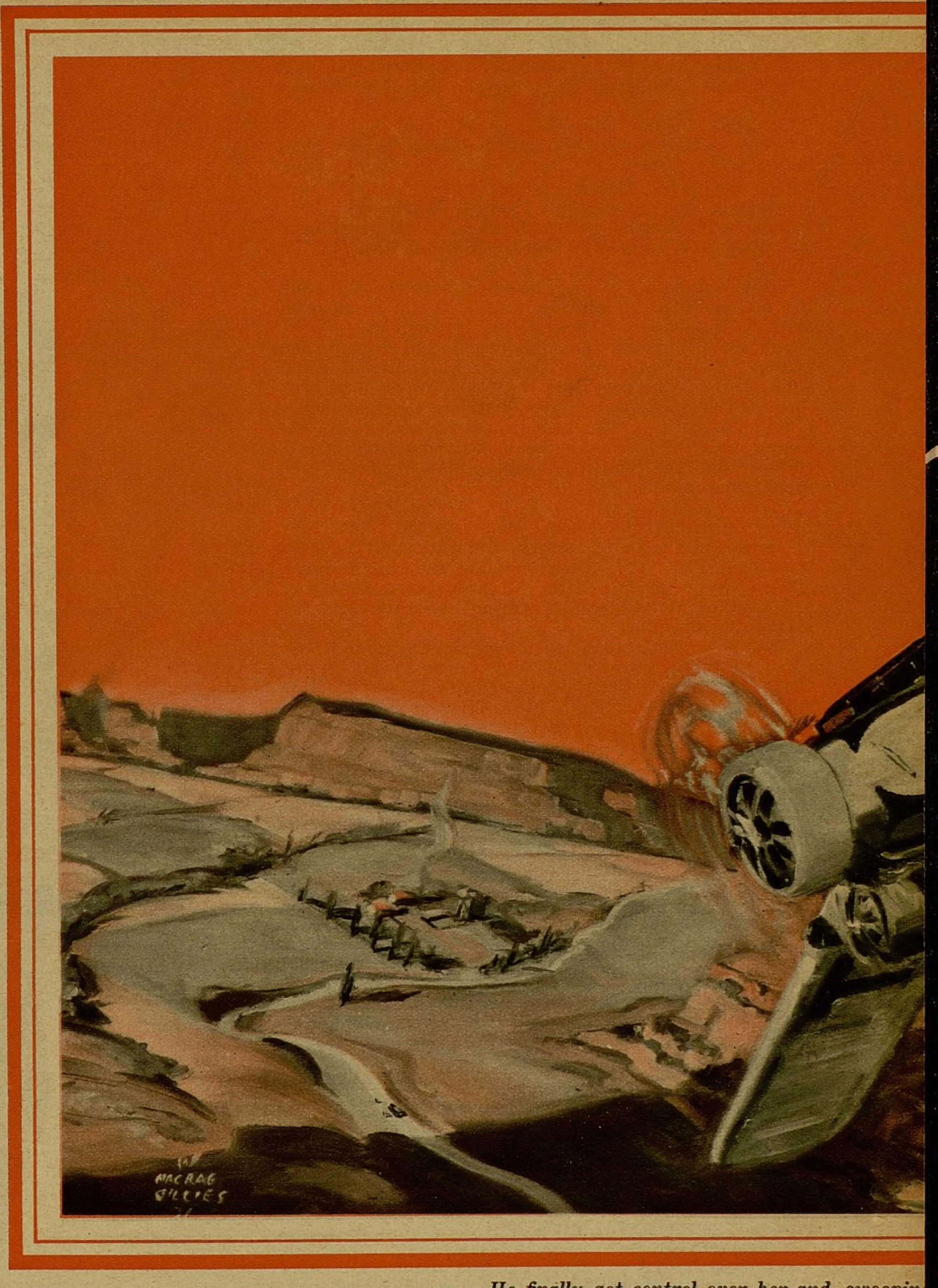
The revolver barrel was again jammed into his back, jammed by a more determined hand.

"I can't set her down back there," shouted Gary, fencing for time. "We'll crack up—back there."

"Take a chance on it, will you, buddy? Just for my sake."

"We'll crack up, I tell you! You'll go with the rest of us! I've got innocent passengers on board."

Happel grinned at Gilman, who had now joined him in



He finally got control over her and, swoopin

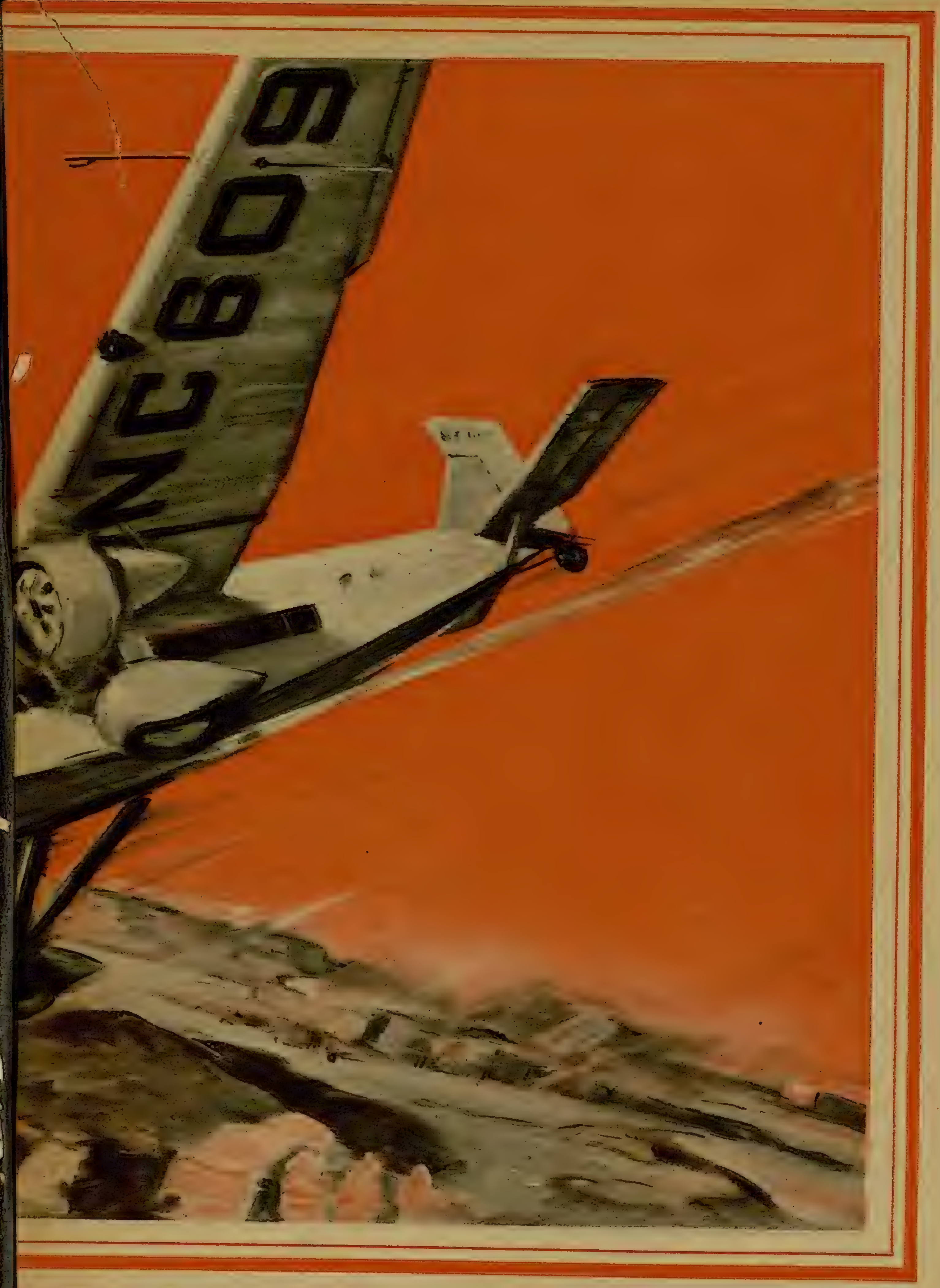
"Ed," he said casually, "the lad here says we'll crack up."

"Yeah?"

The tone of Happel's voice now changed. "Come round with her, buddy—and rest her down near that car back there!"

"That's what I'm trying to do," said Gary. "I'm coming round with her. I've got to land with her headed into the wind."

In a sudden effort to throw them off balance, he put the ship into a steep and dangerous bank. Happel and Gilman pitched headlong into the other side of the compartment. Gary had to call on all his skill in righting the big transport. For one horrible moment he didn't



wn even lower, he streaked for the ranch.

over her and, swooping down even lower, he streaked for the ranch. Like a speck, three miles away, he could see a small figure waving to him.

Happel motioned to Gilman. "Wipe him out!" he said. To Gary's surprise, Happel had taken the dual-control seat. The man knew how to handle a plane!

At once Gary's instincts warned him to act quickly. Although it was probably too light for anybody at the ranch to read his ground lights, he flashed them in a signal of distress. Ed Gilman, using his automatic for the purpose, then knocked him senseless, and proceeded to complete the job by bludgeoning him again two or three times in succession.

When Gary recovered consciousness, the plane, tilted on her side, was on the ground. The left wing was smashed. There was nobody in the cabin. Gary's head was throbbing in violent pain. He put a hand up to his face and discovered it covered with blood.

Soon he realized that the ship was vibrating, her three props still turning, her engines idled down to low speed. Gary fought hard to regain control of his faculties, his muscles. With an effort he straightened his legs under him, climbed to one knee, peered back from the forward window.

The McKaig woman was still covering the huddled passengers. Happel and Gilman had hold of the mail pouch. With some sort of instrument evidently brought for the purpose, Gilman slit the pouch open as if it were made of paper. The contents were dumped on the ground, one or two of the lighter letters dancing away in the draft from the propellers.

GARY'S brain was a muddle. But the moment he saw those letters being blown away he didn't hesitate! Reaching back, he threw wide open the throttle of the three engines. With the first puff the propellers, roaring into action, created a veritable sandstorm, blotting out everything. It scattered the mail far and wide and blew even the torn mail pouch clear across the desert.

Gary then scrambled through the cabin and flung himself headlong at Ed Gilman. His weight bore the man to the ground. With his bare fists Gary struck at him with all the strength he could muster. He felt Gilman relax under him. In the whirling dust and sand he dived for Happel's legs. A shot in the back, fired by the woman, brought his resistance to an end.

When he next came to, it was ten o'clock the following morning. He was in a room, lying on a couch-bed. Outside it was raining, and despite the proximity of a warm stove Gary Haskell was shivering with cold. Close above him he gazed unbelievingly into misty blue eyes. For the moment, he didn't know what it was all about. He felt he had left the world and had suddenly returned to it for a second, only to leave it again forever. But he knew that those eyes belonged to Betty Wetherell, and if

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

CO-PILOT
Continued from page eleven

this was his last wish in life, he prayed that she was going to lower her head and kiss him. Her lips were very close. He had often dreamed of them being as close as that. Why didn't she kiss him? And what was the meaning of her tears? "Oh, Gary!" she said.

Things came back to him then—came in a rush, a helter-skelter confusion of strange and vivid impressions.

"What happened to Luke Willard?" he asked first.

"They shot him. He's pretty badly hurt. They've taken him to the hospital at Amarillo."

"Did they—did the thugs get away?"

"No—thanks to you."

"Thanks to me?"

"You mustn't talk," she said. "Doctor's orders."

"Yes; but—"

"When you opened the throttle and set the propellers going you upset all their plans. They were forced to stick around searching for a registered package they were after. There was a whole mob of them. Three on the plane and two more in a car waiting on the gravel road.

"I got your signals and immediately phoned through to Tucumcari and Amarillo. I knew something was wrong, but I couldn't figure out what it could be. But I took no chances, and phoned for the ambulance, police, and everything. Father and I reached there first, and we learned what had happened from one of the passengers.

"My! but we had a regular pitched battle before we rounded all of them up. One of them, a man called Happel, was killed, and one of the police badly wounded. But they're all under lock and key now. Three men and a woman. Awful pretty she was, too."

Gary squirmed. "You say they were after a registered package?"

She nodded. "Diamonds. They were being sent from some jewelry store in Los Angeles to New York City. It was just a small package. The police reckoned it contained over a hundred thousand dollars' worth of uncut stones. I never did get to see them." She smiled. "With the rest of the mail you blew it a mile!"

"Where did you find it?"

"Heaven only knows. One of the boys found it this morning. They had a whole mob out there all night searching for mail and stuff. Some of 'em's still out there. But they found everything, they reckon."

With a sigh of relief, Gary grinned. As suddenly his grin deserted him.

"Found everything, eh?" he repeated, staring at her. "Then you—you—"

"NOW you've just got to remain quiet," she insisted. "The doctor's just been here again, dressing your head and shoulder — where somebody shot you. He told me I wasn't to let you speak a word. You've been raving all night. Saying the most awful things about Earl Bigelow—of all people."

"Earl Bigelow?"

"Ah-um! I never knew you used such terrible language, Gary."

"Me?" he gasped. "Saying things against Bigelow?"

"Saying things? Calling him the worst names you could lay your tongue to. I don't know what for," she continued. "I thought you and Earl were real good friends."

Gary tried to remedy matters. "Why, sure! Sure we are. The best of friends. I think he's a grand guy, and I'm awful glad, Betty, that you and he—"

"You mustn't talk," she emphasized. Bending, her lips brushed his ear. "It's all right with me," she whispered. "I don't care for him any more than you do. There's only one person in the world for me—and if you don't know who that is, Gary, you need a brain specialist."

Kissing him, she rose and went to the door.

"Wait!" he called wildly. Something inside his head was hammering away like mad, but desperately he propped himself up on one elbow. "You—you say they found all the mail? All of it?"

"Ah-um! Every bit of it, they reckon."

"But didn't you—" He tried to speak less excitedly. "You got a letter, didn't you, Betty?"

"No," she said. "Not this time. There was nothing for me. Now, Gary, you've got to lie down and be quiet. I'm not going to stay here another minute."

She went out of the room and closed the door.

THAT letter! It must still be lying somewhere out on the desert! They'd find it sooner or later in the chaparral, back of some cactus, in a gopher hole, buried in the sand!

What was it he had written? "I'm going to marry Miss McKaig, daughter of a New York steel man." Gary Haskell groaned. *Steal* was the way he should have spelled it!

Lord!—they'd find it and hand it over to Betty. Even now they might be bringing the blamed thing up to the ranch! And she had just told him she had no use for Earl Bigelow.

Gary got out of bed. If it killed him, he'd have to prevent Betty from getting hold of that letter. He'd go in search of it himself, find it and burn it.

He was so weak he staggered to his knees, slid face forward on the floor. Slowly, groggily, he crept over to a chair on which his clothes and uniform had been thrown.

The room spun around him as he tried to put on his trousers. His fingers refused to retain a grip on anything. Seated on the chair, he suddenly toppled over backward, one leg in, the other out of his trousers. Flung off from the back of the chair, his coat disgorged something from the inside pocket.

It was a letter! Gary Haskell, lying full length on the floor, stared at it. A letter! It was addressed in his own handwriting to Miss Betty Wetherell, Wetherell Ranch, Tucumcari, New Mexico.

He had forgotten to post it!

The door opened, and Betty, with a shriek, instantly closed it again.

"Gary Haskell," she screamed, "whatever are you doing down there on the floor?"

"Hey!" he said. "You keep out of here! We aren't married yet."

And, before he lost consciousness for the third time in twenty-four hours, he managed to tear the letter in bits and drop the pieces in the stove.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What two bodies of water are connected by the Dardanelles?

2—Who led the Green Mountain Boys in the Revolutionary War?

3—In what month does the spring equinox occur?

4—What is a poult?

5—What is cacophony?

6—Which country of South America extends farthest west?

7—What is Mayfair?

8—What is a quahog?

9—Who was the first Vice President to succeed to the Presidency?

10—Who wrote The Outline of History?

11—In what state is Pike's Peak?

12—What is the official maximum length of a baseball bat?

13—Who was called The Serpent of the Nile?

14—How many square yards in an acre?

15—What is copra?

16—What is dactylology?

17—What university was founded by Thomas Jefferson?

18—What river is nicknamed Big Muddy?

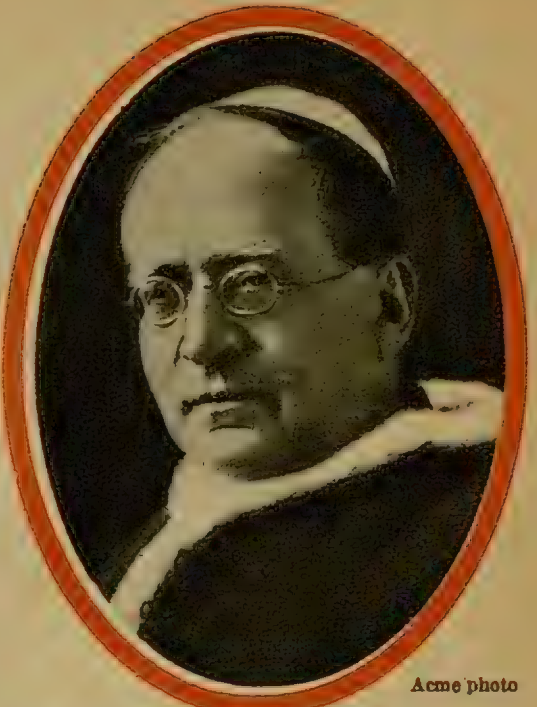
19—Of what country is Montevideo the capital?

20—What is the birth stone for September?

(Answers will be found on page forty-two)

Wide World photo

The POPE and MUSSOLINI



Acme photo

A Diplomat's Impressions of the Conflict between Church and State for Control of Italian Youth

By

Richard Washburn Child

who in 1921–24 was United States ambassador to Italy, dealing constantly with Mussolini officially and with the Vatican unofficially. So in this article, discussing their differences and the real issues, he knows whereof he writes. He has written much on foreign affairs, and some fiction.

(Reading time: 18 minutes 8 seconds.)

CHURCH and State in Italy signed an accord and a treaty in 1929 but there is still a real contention brewing. Too bad!

That the world did not expect the Vatican and the Fascist State to come to an agreement up to the time the announcement was made was plain enough to me when the foremost American publications refused to believe me when I wrote from Rome that a peace was inevitable and how it would come about.

And now today the deeper meaning of this treaty between the oldest and the newest of the institutions of religion and of state in this old world is little understood by us—the read-and-run Americans.

What we see on the outside is that the Lateran treaty and accord appears in the outward results to have been more like a declaration of war than a guaranty of peace! We throw down the evening paper with the remark, "What's the matter now between the Pope and Mussolini?"

Let me state the situation. It is so important to the world that it may involve the whole question of the relationship of individuals to government—regulation and guidance by state, regulation and guidance by religious authority. In it may be the sparks which will set the fires of revolt against all authority. Remember, for instance, Russia, Spain, Mexico—where in recent yesterdays State and Church were challenged together, and were upset by clever forces which pried apart Church and State and set them against each other.

Is this what is really going on in Italy? Is the real conflict between Pope and Premier? Or is it the undercover intrigue of the hidden forces of disorder in the world? These secret forces overturned Russia, raged like a fever in Chinese civil war, upset peace in Europe, made the mob set fire to churches and monasteries in the wake of a deposed king leaving Spain, and only a few years ago set Mexico aseethe with civil strife and persecution.

Who is staging this conflict in Italy? Who is egging it on? Who gives it publicity? None of this can be answered until we know something of the behind-the-scenes story of the relations between Church and State.

Mind well: I do not speak for the Vatican. There is a rule there, older than St. Peter's, that the Holy See speaks for itself. And although some of the so-called liberal newspapers in the United States, which hate Mussolini and defame him, would like to paint me as prejudiced in his favor, I see no signs of my words being either as clear or as forceful as his own. For Liberty I am an unprejudiced reporter. I have dealt a great deal with both sides, officially with one as ambassador, unofficially with the other. I happen to be almost as familiar with the broad, low-tread travertine steps of the Vatican as with the clicking marble floor of the office of the Duce. Telling the truth as I see it is my adventure in life.

The Fascist State and the power of a Mussolini who recognizes, with the Papacy, a need for unity and peace, is quite a different state and quite a different power and personality from that of a state and of statesmen led by old-fashioned "liberalism" and by the intrigues of the political freemasonry (which has nothing in common with our Masonry) which once dominated the parliamentary attitude of Italy.

The Church deals with a *new* State.

And it deals with a friend—valuable enough to have

THE POPE AND MUSSOLINI
Continued from page thirteen

saved it from the invasion of communism and violence not over ten years ago.

A final adjustment between the Italian State and the Vatican of historical irritations and remnant difficulties growing out of the seizure of the Papal dominions, after not much more than half a century, had in it the essence of a world's biggest news story at the time when the story came forth.

A settlement of all difficulties between the Papacy and the Italian State is of immense political importance.

It is of immense importance to the future of the Papacy.

It is of immense importance to the future of the new Italian national unity.

It is of importance to all of us because it promises to change materially the status of the Papacy as a diplomatic center and as an instrument of influence upon the whole fabric of international affairs.

This is the interest of the world and of America in any further negotiations between Italy and the Papacy for a new status of more understanding peace. Most persons, however, must confess a sublime ignorance even of the fundamental facts. We at home are feeble as to the history of the differences between Church and State. Most of us suffer from absurd and distorted yet persistent misconceptions of the Pope, the Vatican, and their activities. Some persons misinterpret the whole intent of the interest of the Roman Church in the peace of the world and the spiritual welfare of mankind.

Wide World photo

Pope Pius XI broadcasting a message to the world of science from the Vatican radio station, HVJ.

New conditions in Italy and in the modern world and the present-day expediency of the Papacy have brought new reasons for peace and dignity. The present Pope and his former secretary of state, Cardinal Gasparri, on the one hand, and Mussolini on the other, were sufficiently realists and sufficiently strong each in their sphere to cut through the jungles of phrases, prejudices, and ghost obstacles which had slid into the hollows of the yesterdays. They made the Lateran Treaty and its agreements, good or bad. A settlement of the so-called "Roman Question," once and for all was made by strong men who could brush aside empty play with words and precedents.

The taking of the Papal lands by the Italian State was not so long ago. It was after the wounds of our own Civil War had begun to heal. And yet sufficient time had elapsed so that those who felt bitterly on one side or the other had softened their opinions or had, with good sense, allowed some of the bygones of no consequence to be abandoned.

SO true is this now that it is possible to review the general outline of the story without prejudice or partisanship. The issues were well defined. Clearer and clearer was the fact that what remained of the Roman Question was not, in its true aspect, a question of faith or religion. In foreign lands, even those who sensed the importance of the reëstablishment of a sovereignty or of a new independence of the Papal State now give little heed to the factors which the sixty years before 1929 had built up into a great mass of controversial matter.

No one seriously sits down to contend that the removal of the seat of the Roman Empire to the shores of the Golden Horn in the fourth century was not the primary cause for the building of a temporal power by the Papacy in Rome. The Papacy could not have lived without taking up, as fast as relinquished to it, the control of an expanding territorial domain. The Papacy and the Roman Church without defended territory would have been wiped out. As an Italian historian writes to me, "Any spiritual domain would have perished without territorial self-defense."

Times have changed. Today the self-defense is a tiny Papal State guaranteed by treaty rather than by a one-sided act by Italy. Like all guaranties of international law, public opinion, public will and right, rather than arms, are its defenses.

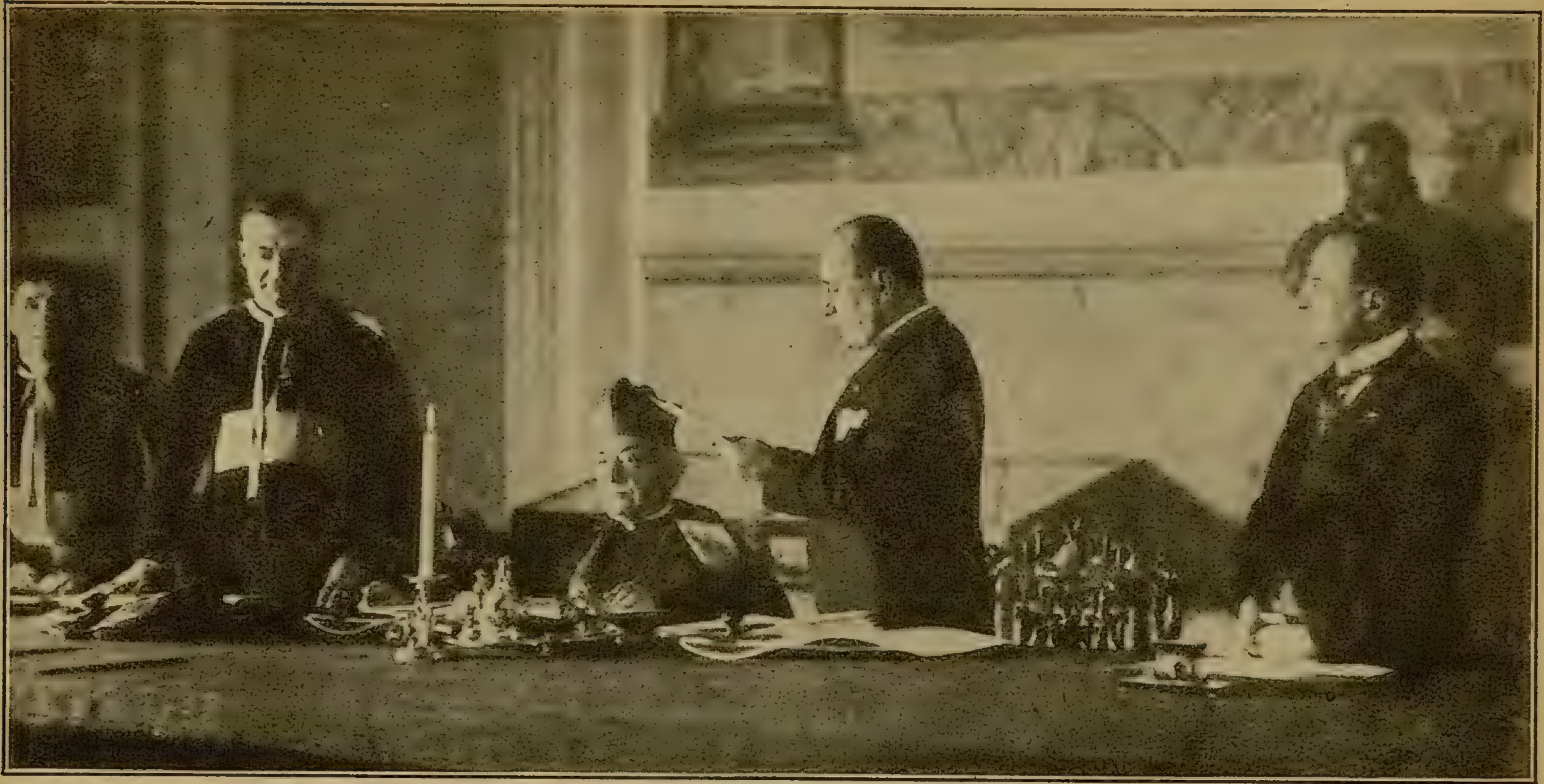
THE old Papal dominion, however, was built around Rome as, even to this day, probably any dominion of Italy must be built around Rome. It was extended and invaded from within and from without, contracted and extended again and again through the Middle Ages.

The almost complete extinction of temporal power and domain of the Papacy is still recalled by any number of living men and women. In these days when clashes between Mussolini and the Vatican have come again it is not unusual to hear repeated the yarns spun by eyewitnesses of Garibaldi's storming of the Eternal City in 1870. An old woman, to whom men active in those days to unify Italy into a political whole may have written love letters, can tell you of her first meeting with Cavour, the Italian statesman who planned a united Italy. Listen to her brief review:

"It was Cavour who from 1858, when he dealt secretly with Louis Napoleon, until his death was the leader of the attempt to unite Italy. Garibaldi captured the whole South, Sicily, Calabria, and Naples by mere audacity and a handful of men projected against the stale armies of the Bourbons in Sicily and Naples. In 1861 the grandfather of the present King of Italy took over Naples, Sicily, The Marches, and Umbria after the Pope and the Bourbons had been assailed without even a declaration of war, and in 1861 Cavour died. England under the leadership of Lord John Russell had aided the creation of a new Italy. But the Papacy still had over 5,000 square miles of dominion in the surroundings of Rome and Venice and nearly a million subjects. This was considered a menace to the national unity of Italy."

To defend itself, the Papacy sought foreign aid from Austria and France, and possibly this appeal to foreigners solidified the new national sense of the Italians. Indeed, there sprang up a wildfire of anticlerical sentiment and, if the truth must be told, an anticlerical fanaticism which then and later, and probably as it always will be, was sometimes rowdy and rough. On September 20, 1870, the same Garibaldi directed the capture of Rome. This was the last military stand of the Papacy. The invaders had entered Porta Pia and the Pope had ordered resistance to cease. A week later the historical Castle of Saint Angelo was given up.

In Rome, that part occupied by St. Peter's, the Vatican, its gardens and some other property has been known as the Leonine City. The students of the past say today in Rome that Garibaldi never intended to occupy it, but the



Acme-P. & A. photo

Premier Mussolini reading, before signing it, the Lateran Treaty between Italy and the Vatican. Seated beside him is Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal secretary of state.

mob invaded it and to keep order Cardinal Antonelli asked to have it occupied. The taking of Rome and of every last scrap of the once great temporal dominion of the Papacy had been accomplished! No foreign Catholic power had effectively intervened; thus the Roman Question—the question of the respective final rights, possessions, and status between Papacy and State—was left to be adjusted between Italy and the Church.

The first adjustment was made by the Italian parliament. It was one-sided. Being one-sided it could be withdrawn. It was called the Law of Guaranties. Its validity and its righteousness have never been subscribed to by the Church. That is why the Pope remained in the Vatican, calling himself a prisoner; that is why the vestiges of bitter controversy were found separating certain families whose titles or allegiance were tied to the Church from those whose titles and loyalties were aligned with the State. That, it was supposed, was why a complete unity and peace in Italy was lacking.

After nearly fifty years without any direct religious issue involved, the Roman Question was settled two years ago. The Law of Guaranties had offered the use of the Lateran palaces and of the Papal villa at Castel Gandolfo to the Holy See, but the Papacy occupied them without admitting that it was a tenant rather than an owner. The Law of Guaranties offered to the Pope an annuity of over three million lire, but no penny and no soldo of this was ever accepted. The one-sided law declared that the Pope was a sovereign and his person inviolable, but at no time did the Church find it necessary to lean upon the State law to claim an inviolable sovereignty of the Pope. The Vatican saw the Law of Guaranties merely as a unilateral law; it had no bilateral treaty of peace with Italy, such as the Lateran Treaty has now furnished.

MOST of the past may be forgotten. "If peace is to be permanent," says one retired statesman who is old enough to be out of active politics, "it must be made so by looking at realities of the present without technical discussions and with an embargo against too many memories. The clashes of today have nothing to do with the past. They concern temperamental and philosophical differences of opinion—as, for instance, the control of youth."

There is the essence of the news story. New factors! And solutions will come if Italy and the Church are not set against each other to shake each other's stability by those who want no stability and who loathe order and authority.

Therefore the American who wishes to dispel his own fog about the "you-did-and-I-didn'ts" heard in Rome should understand that wholly new questions are at issue. These questions might as well be raised in the United States as in Italy. They are not historical at all!

No one seriously contends that Italy is not Catholic. No one seriously contends that a Fascist general and his family from the religious point of view are less Catholic than the "blackest" of the old "black" (pro-Vatican) Roman families. But to what extent is the Church and to what extent the State to take over the control of the individuals in that or other families?

This is the new and tremendous question. There is nothing peculiarly Italian about it.

THE Roman Question touched the interest of the whole world; even more so do the new questions of the State's alleged invasion of the domain of spiritual and social authority of the Church or of the Church's alleged invasion into political affairs or into the authority of the State.

Fascism and Papacy made peace on the Roman Question.

Is a world-wide battle to begin everywhere between Church and State for the control of the individual?

Putting it more fairly to the Church, let us say, "Is the State to own the development and dictate to a certain extent the individual wills of its citizens, or is the Church to have its sway by a somewhat free but no less effective method of development of youth and individuals through spiritual control of parents?"

Mussolini knew what he could offer in the Lateran Treaty. There were some limitations on that offer. One was the sentiment of the Italian people. They would not go far toward setting aside substantial territory for the Papal independence, but Mussolini had already learned, so he told me, that any quantity of territory, with the attendants and responsibility needed to govern, police, and finance it today, was the last thing the Church wanted. He knew that to many minds there was nothing very substantial materially to be created by a treaty—a bilateral agreement between Church and State; but he knew also that there was a great intangible gain to be made not only in creating the independence of the Vatican as a free dominion but also in laying all the ghosts of the old controversy.

Mussolini has not worked against the Church. Not even the Church would say so. On the contrary, the Pope

Wide World photo

A view of St. Peter's Square in Rome, thronged with hundreds of thousands of reverent spectators as the Pope is borne around it. He may be distinguished under a white canopy in the procession passing through the opened lane. In the background are the façade of St. Peter's and, at right, part of the Vatican.

THE POPE AND MUSSOLINI
Continued from page fifteen

has praised him—on and off. Mussolini has expanded and not contracted the sphere of Church influence throughout state institutions. When he built up a state conceived with emphasis upon the organization and upon the whole rather than upon the individual and upon the separate souls which compose the new Fascist state, it was natural enough that the Pope and the Church felt, in the philosophical sense, that in this Mussolini super-state concept there was much which weakened the emphasis upon loyalty to God and the importance of the "free" development of the individual. In method of thought and in final ends sought it became plain, and is plain today, that the symbol of Fascismo—the bundle of sticks or rods bound together—has in it something of both ideas. The Mussolini thought is that the combined strength of the sticks is the primary symbol. The Church, however, may point out with considerable truth that the strength and spiritual development of each rod is important, since rotten sticks would fall apart, and that after all better mankind is developed by developing better individuals. Mussolini says, "Very well—I will take them and make them strong."

But that is philosophy. That really is the second question. Today the record of Fascismo toward the Church is one in general of respect, loyal aid, and liberality, which hitherto the Church has acknowledged. The symbols of worship have been restored to the schools and courts, and the coöperation of the Church and its bishops has been asked and given in great civil ceremonies. I saw the Armistice Day mass for the dead in the war said outdoors in the Piazza San Marco of Venice, on a platform adorned with the Fasces, and a vast square filled with soldiers of the king and with cordons of Fascisti militia. Mussolini has gone to far extents in restoring religious instruction to the youth of Italy throughout the civil institutions.

Although the emphasis is not completely on sect and not completely given to the Roman Church, it would be difficult to formulate a workable policy more favorable even in a country which is overwhelmingly of the Catholic faith.

The press reports in the United States which from time to time give the impression that Fascisti have raided "Catholic headquarters" are almost invariably based on a willful propaganda intended to deceive, the same propaganda of disorder which attacks all factors in the world's stability whether of Church or State. The Partito Populare, which before Mussolini, Fascismo, and the march on Rome held some power, was a political party which was often called the "Catholic Party." To be sure, it was something akin to the parties which owed their conception and birth to the idea that a White International should be formed to combat extravagant communism as exemplified by the Red International. But this party failed to save Italy from the chaos which only Fascismo turned into order and into a new strong government and a new unified Italian State.

THE Papacy never openly took the responsibility for the Partito Populare and finally indirectly repudiated it. One might as well say, then, that the Democratic Party in some American city ward where Catholics predominate is the Catholic Party. The raids of reprisal, such as they were, were conducted not against Catholic headquarters in our American sense, not against the Vatican, not against the Church in any sense. On the contrary, to the extent that Fascismo saved the disorders and pillages of communism or any other subversive movements, Fascismo was the protector and salvator of the Papacy itself.

Then, too, Mussolini's attempt to wipe out freemasonry in Italy has been equally misinterpreted in the United States. The Papacy has every reason to be grateful for the shearing of freemasonry in Italy, because, from the Risorgimento, from the restoration of a united Italian Monarchy in 1870, freemasonry of the political secret order type has been the archenemy of the Papacy. Just as we have been misinformed as to Mussolini's "raids on Catholic headquarters," so also we have been gulled by reports of his attacks upon freemasonry.

The Italian freemasonry which he has assaulted was not the freemasonry of our English-speaking countries. It was secret as to membership and aims, it was political in its activities—so political that it was barely possible before the revolution in Italy to have any political influence without its mysterious backing. It had associated itself so much with the kind of liberalism which upsets ordered institutions that it was the foremost obstacle in any Parliament to moves to settle differences between the Church and the State.

Today Mussolini is aware of the fact that his daring warfare upon all secret societies—that which had driven to cover the Mafia in Sicily and the Camorra in Naples—has not exterminated the Italian brand of freemasonry in Italy. It still exists, but it exists under deeper coverings and behind thicker secrecy and may starve under the weariness and attrition of limited activities. Certainly it can no longer play the part it used to play. This is one new element which makes possible today clear issues which in 1922, when I first knew Mussolini, I regarded as wholly impossible to draw.

I can say on my own authority that Mussolini, as he matures in his unparalleled experience with power, increases rather than decreases his own personal respect for religion and the Church. It would be too bad if bickerings turned him away.

BEFORE he became the head of the government, and when he spoke in the Chamber of Deputies in his striking machine-gun style, he declared the debt of the Italian people to their religious faith. Since coming into power he and his followers have repeatedly shown that Fascism not only recognized loyalty to State but loyalty to faith as well, not only because the Church may be an aid to the cause of Fascism in a political sense, but because in almost all respects the two forces are in agreement as to the necessity of building a personal, individual strength upon which to found a strong and virile society. In spite of the Italian's love of unhampered individualism, the Fascist organization has probably gone as far in building high standards as any country.

The conflicts between Fascism and the Vatican, if they are of a bickering nature or on either side old-womanish, give other forces—forces of disorganization of character and of society—a chance to chortle and crawl up in the rifts between godliness and virility.

The Roman Church is a force for stability. The Fascist State is a force for stability.

The Roman Church and the Italian State have their foundations upon the doctrines of man's *obligation* to man and to his own soul.

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How and how much they are at odds I will tell in a second article describing the men and measures, the incidents and doctrines.

Mr. Child's second article will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

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The WOMAN

A Story of One Mad Moment

(Reading time: 32 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is the amazing story of Ina, the young Austrian Countess of Zydov. An orphan, and penniless, as a result of the World War, she went to visit her Scotch cousins, the Grants. Tim Alden, an American, met her and instantly fell in love with her, but Ina hardly knew Tim existed. When she met Tim's bachelor uncle, Ivan Cross, at Kinfrew Castle, which he had rented, unaccountably Ina fainted. Ivan lifted her and carried her from the room.

PART TWO—THE BLOW

THE effect of Ivan's leaving the room like that—striding out with the unconscious girl in his arms—was so marked that for a few seconds no one followed him. He had time to lay her on the library sofa, and as he bent with his arm still under her head, Ina opened her eyes and looked straight at him, with the vague yet meaningful stare of those returning to consciousness. Then her blue eyes clouded. They did not speak—there was perhaps hardly time for speech—but Cross had a clear impression that something had taken place between them before Lady Grant and Tim were both in the room.

Tim, who had never seen a woman faint, least of all the beloved woman, was terrified. "What can it be, Lady Grant?" he asked, peering down at Ina.

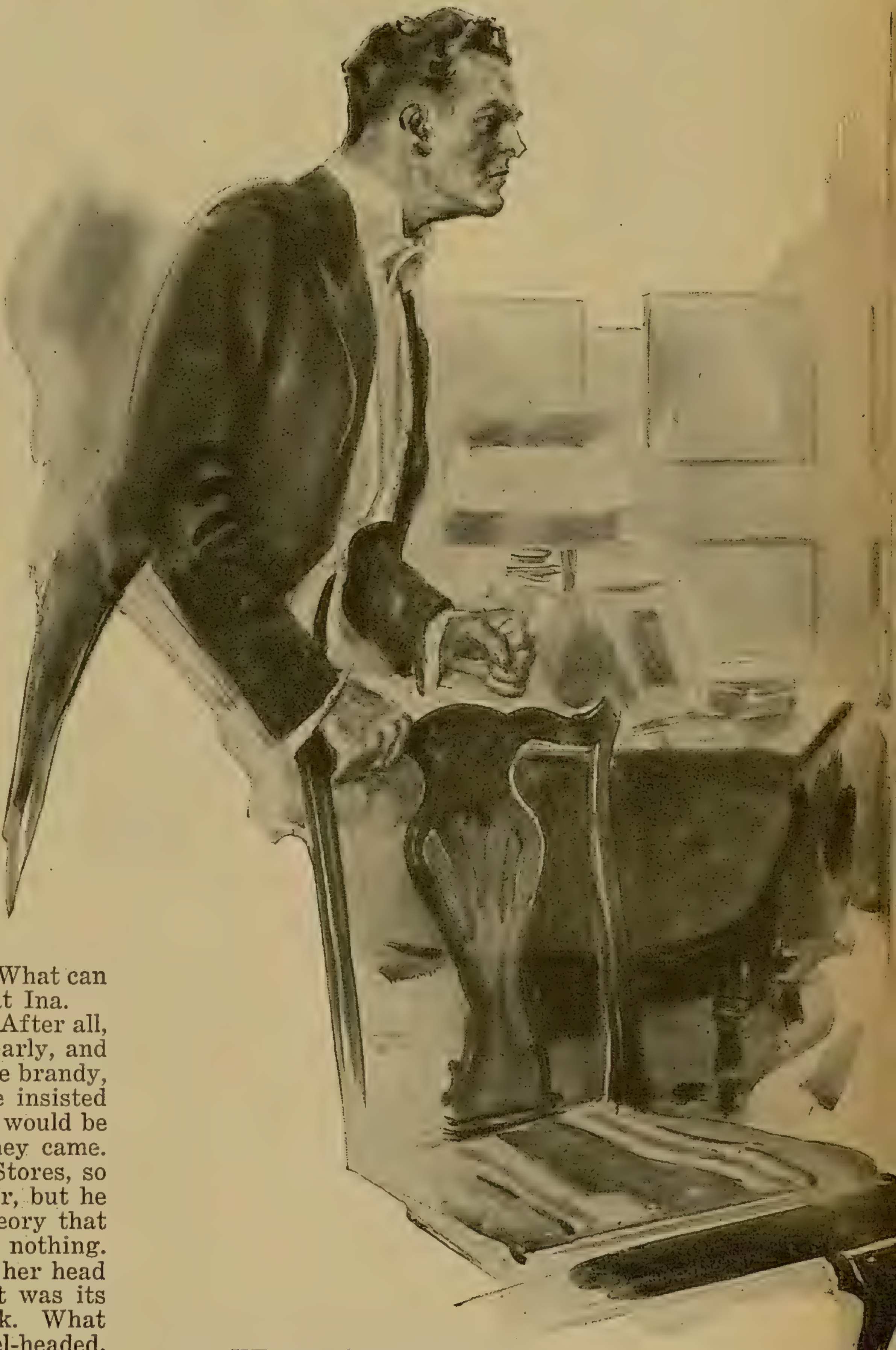
"I think she's hungry," answered Muriel. "After all, it must be nearly nine, and we had luncheon early, and Ina won't drink tea—" Cross had sent for some brandy, and she held this to the girl's lips. Then she insisted that the men should go to dinner; she and Ina would be there directly. It wasn't very long before they came. Ina's place was down the table, next to Lord Stores, so that Cross had no opportunity of talking to her, but he found himself watching her. Lady Grant's theory that she needed food was not confirmed, for she ate nothing. Once, as if feeling his eyes on her, she turned her head very slowly and gave him a long look. What was its quality? Wonder? Yes, a long wondering look. What a look! If a man weren't cold-blooded and level-headed, he might easily get the idea—

He heard Muriel's voice beside him and brought his mind back to Lady Grant, who was saying: "Rodney and I like your nephew so much, Mr. Cross." He saw that if he had encouraged her she would have spoken more of the boy's admiration for Ina, but he wasn't ready for that—hardly knew, yet, what he himself thought.

He did not let the men sit long over their port. When they came back to the drawing-room the Storeses and the Grants sat down to just one rubber of bridge. Tim approached Ina, and managed to get her away to look at some of the Kinfrew portraits, about which, with infinite forethought, he had spoken to her at dinner. Cross watched them go. There was something gentle and attractive in the boy's manner, as if he knew he was [illegible] gift in asking for a little of her exclusive attention. Turning, he found Patty Mortimer at his side.

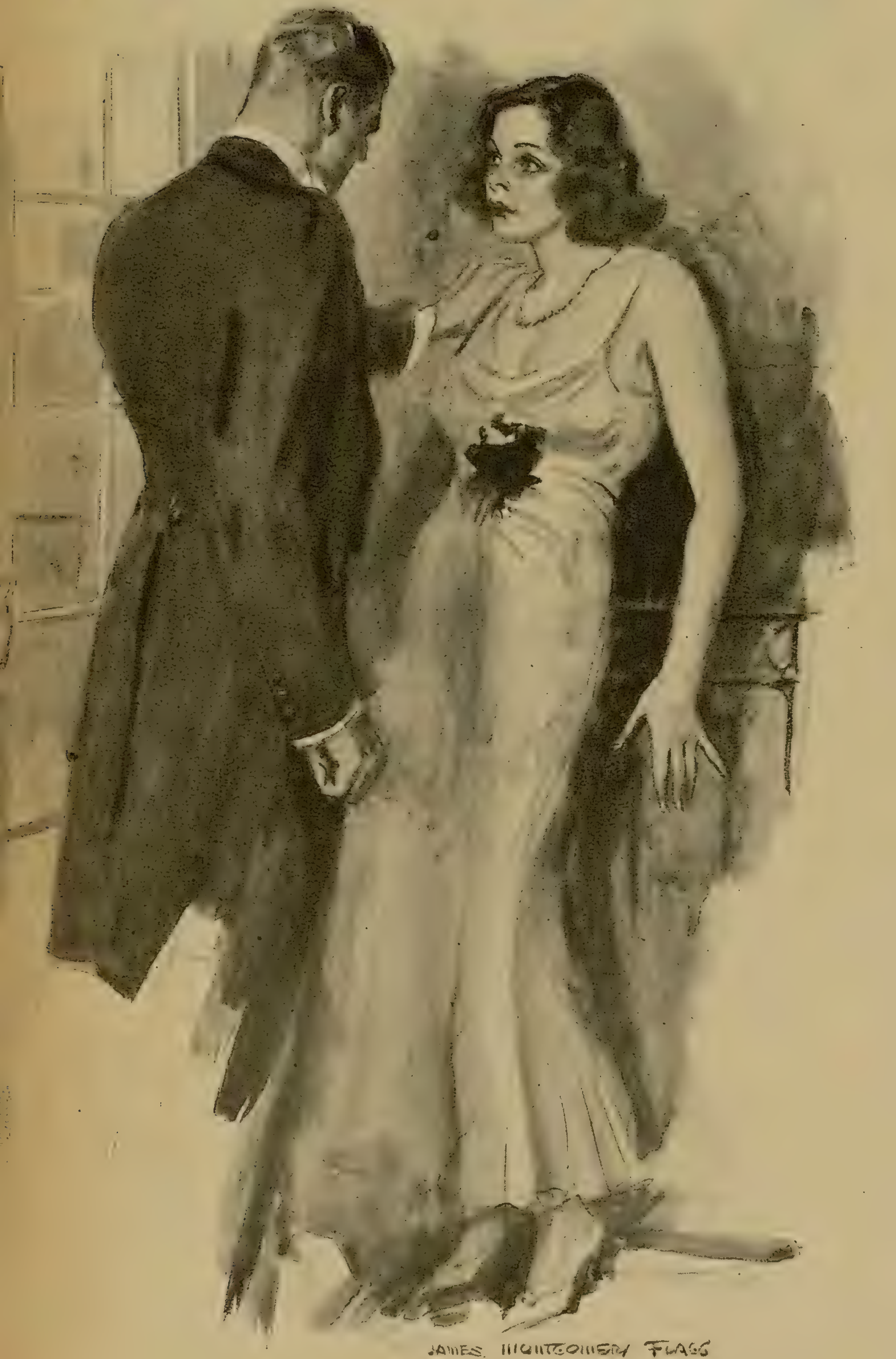
"Well, well," she said, "and what an entrance your countess made!"

"Yes," he answered. "I already have heard your opinion. Your voice rang out like a steam whistle." He knew he was being grossly rude, but one of the things he liked about Patty was the stony way in which she received blows that other women would resent. She laughed now.



THE next instant he saw that he had put his hand on Ina's shoulder and had forced her to take a step backward into the outer darkness of the balcony.

He WANTED



By

Alice Duer Miller

Pictures by

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Lucy, who was helping arrange the bridge table, pleased him much better with her open admiration. "Isn't she lovely?" she whispered, as they stood side by side watching the dealing of the first hand. "I don't wonder Tim is so mad about her. And I don't think she is so indifferent to him. Did you see the smile she gave him when he asked her to go out and look at the portraits?"

"Yes, I noticed it," said Cross.

line of Kinfrew ancestors, was saying: "What a charming girl Miss Brigham is. Are you fiancés, you and she?"

"Mercy, no!" said Tim.

"You would be most awfully lucky if you were, let me tell you. And who is that other American lady, in the hard silver dress and the bracelets?"

"Oh, that's Mrs. Mortimer," said Tim, "a friend of my uncle's."

"A great friend?"

"Oh, no, I don't think so," Tim answered quickly, so quickly that he suggested he did think so.

"I THOUGHT her quite detestable," said Ina pleasantly, and she added almost tenderly, "I'm so glad she isn't a friend of yours, or we might quarrel about her."

"You'd find it pretty difficult to quarrel with me."

"Oh, don't say that; quarreling is such fun."

"Not with people you love." His voice shook.

"No? I think you are wrong. Quarreling is fun, and making up is even more fun." And then, before he could answer, she went on: "And isn't this a naughty old Kinfrew, with his lovelocks and his pretty lace collar?"

He could not bring her back to the more interesting subject of quarrels between those who loved.

Then the Grants came, saying it was time to go home. Before they left, however, an evening had been set for the Kinfrew party to go and dine at Tobernackie.

The next day, the twelfth, was given entirely to the moors. Every man was down for an early breakfast, and there was talk of nothing but boots that were water-tight, contraptions to keep heather from getting inside of boots, guns, gloves, caps. They drove in motors to the end of the road, walked a few miles over the moors in a drizzling rain, and took their places in the first set of butts just as the sun began to come palely through the clouds.

Tim was in an end butt, partly because he was the youngest and the worst shot, and also because it was the safest place for an inexperienced gun. At the end of the

THE WOMAN HE WANTED
Continued from page nineteen

first drive he had shot nothing, and had only escaped peppering his neighbor in the next butt owing to the intervention of his loader. He felt depressed and inefficient.

With luncheon the three ladies appeared. And now Lady Stores was the only one whose costume was praised. Her dim tweeds and heavy shoes were exactly right. Patty Mortimer, in a smart new tweed suit just ordered for the visit in Sackville Street, had spoiled everything by a pair of high-heeled shoes. "I can't walk in flat heels," she wailed, but no one paid any attention to her. All the men scolded her as if she had committed a penal offense. Lucy's heavy stockings and shoes were pronounced correct, but she offended by wearing an orange sweater. "You would frighten the birds five miles off," the men said angrily, and she was obliged to cover her brilliance with an old stained mackintosh. Unlike Patty, Lucy was wounded by criticism, and, trying to console her, Ivan invited her to his butt. While they were waiting for the beaters to come in, the girl suddenly asked him a question that startled him:

"Mr. Cross, why did Tim's girl faint when she saw you?"

"It had nothing to do with me, Lucy. I never saw the girl before in all my life."

"You are quite sure?"

"I give you my word. After all, she's not a girl to forget. What made you think so?"

"Something about the way it happened, and the way she asked about you afterward."

"No, I give you my word." He hoped she wasn't going to make the same suggestion that Patty had made—that the girl had fainted at the mere impact of his personality. There was something in such a thought that made him seem ludicrous in his own eyes; and yet the gross and ludicrous egotist that lurks deep in all of us would not let him quite forget or ignore the possibility. Why the deuce had she fainted? That dark-red hair— If she was so clearly his type of woman, wasn't it conceivable that he was— Whatever the truth was, clearly he must have nothing to do with her. The girl attracted him, but no one would ever know it. He had no doubt of his own strength.

"I SUPPOSE you know, Lucy," he said after a little, "that if I were picking out a girl for Tim, it would be you and not the Countess Ina."

Lucy looked at him and colored deeply. "Oh," she said, "that's very nice of you to say that, but—but—"

"Is there a but?"

"No girl likes to be picked out for someone else."

"Well, I couldn't pick you out for myself—at my age."

"Yes, you could," said Lucy. And before he had time to answer, the first bird whirred over his head, and he gave his attention to other things than Lucy's meaning. He became simply a highly organized machine for killing grouse.

But later in the day, in a warm dressing gown, beside a coal fire, after a bath and a cup of tea, he had time to think of a woman. Not of little Lucy, but Ina. He did not believe that Ina had fallen in love with him at first sight, but there *was* something between them, though what it was he couldn't imagine. He had never been mistaken about that sort of thing. He had often put his beliefs to the test, acting upon them recklessly—even at Tim's age.

He tried to think of himself as he had been then: crude, rough, sullen perhaps, lacking all Tim's experience of educated, well bred people. And yet, he thought, possessing something Tim hadn't—a power, a vigor, a willingness to take his own chances and play his own hand in a way that these sheltered boys, sent to private schools and babied into colleges, never got at all—not until it was too late, at least. Strange, how men, in America elements of training the absence of which had been of such priceless value to themselves. He had sent Tim to an Eastern school, he had smoothed his way to college.

The plan was that after college Tim was to take a course in engineering, and then to go into the firm, and eventually, on Ivan's retirement, become its head.

Ivan's father had been the head of a small and, in those days, not very successful engineering company. Ivan had gone straight from high school to an engineering school, and, graduating before he was twenty, had hurried straight into the field—dams, irrigation, hydraulic projects in the Andes or Switzerland or, most often, Russia. The elder Cross on one of his first constructions had met and married a Russian girl of the commercial class, and her influence had been enough to help her husband to several good jobs. Ivan hardly remembered his mother, who had died when he was seven and when Olga, his sister, was sixteen. Much of Ivan's youth had been spent in Russia. He spoke the language fluently.

In 1912 the elder Cross had been putting in a great hydraulic plant in southeastern Russia. The work was hardly begun when he was killed by a premature blast. Ivan never forgot the sound of that dull underground thud.

THE next two years had been critical and terrible years for Ivan. He not only had loved his father deeply, but he had revered his opinion and copied all his practices. He was still much too young for the responsibility which inevitably he now assumed. For those two years he lived entirely alone, asking no advice, getting no pity or sympathy, and working all his waking hours—an aging, or rather a maturing, process. Much to the surprise of everyone, he finished the contract within the designated time. To him the new plant was a sort of monument to his father, built with love, and not without tears.

By the time it was finished Russia was already at war. Ivan's sympathies were of course with his mother's country. Men of his abilities were needed in the Russian army, and he managed to get himself attached to a division and made one of the early Galician campaigns.

It was the only fighting he ever saw. He went home in 1916, eager for America's entrance into the war, and soon found his shoulders decorated with gold maple leaves. But he never reached the French front. He was kept busy with constructions of bases and plants and railroads.

He came out of the war with a reputation for honor and efficiency. In the period of expansion that followed he made his fortune—cashed in, he would have said, on all his father's hard work; and now, still under forty, he found himself rich, free, and not particularly happy.

By no means a cold-blooded man, he had loved many women in many countries. At twenty he had been passionately in love with a beautiful loose-living girl who danced in an Argentine café. He would have married her, even after all the facts about her were laid before him, but his father made it worth her while to refuse. Since then Ivan had been without impulse to marry. He might have considered it now, just for the sake of a settled home and companion, if it had not been for Tim. Some kind, companionable person like Lucy, if she had been five years older. Not, of course, a red-haired mysterious nymph like Ina Zydov; that wasn't the kind of woman a man selected in middle life to make a comfortable old age for him. That was the kind of woman that you ruined yourself for, ran off with, cut your throat over—or cut other men's throats.

The day after the opening of the shooting Tim drove over to Tobernackie to inquire after the countess' health. Sir Rodney was out, and Muriel Grant was kind enough to remember a letter to be written for the evening post, and to leave Tim half an hour alone with Ina over the tea which time she was gentle, almost tender with him, and asked questions about his youth and his family—his mother—his uncle.

"You admire him very much, don't you?" she asked. Tim said simply, "Yes, I do."

"And I suppose he loves you, too?"

"Yes, I think so."

"More than anyone else in the world?"

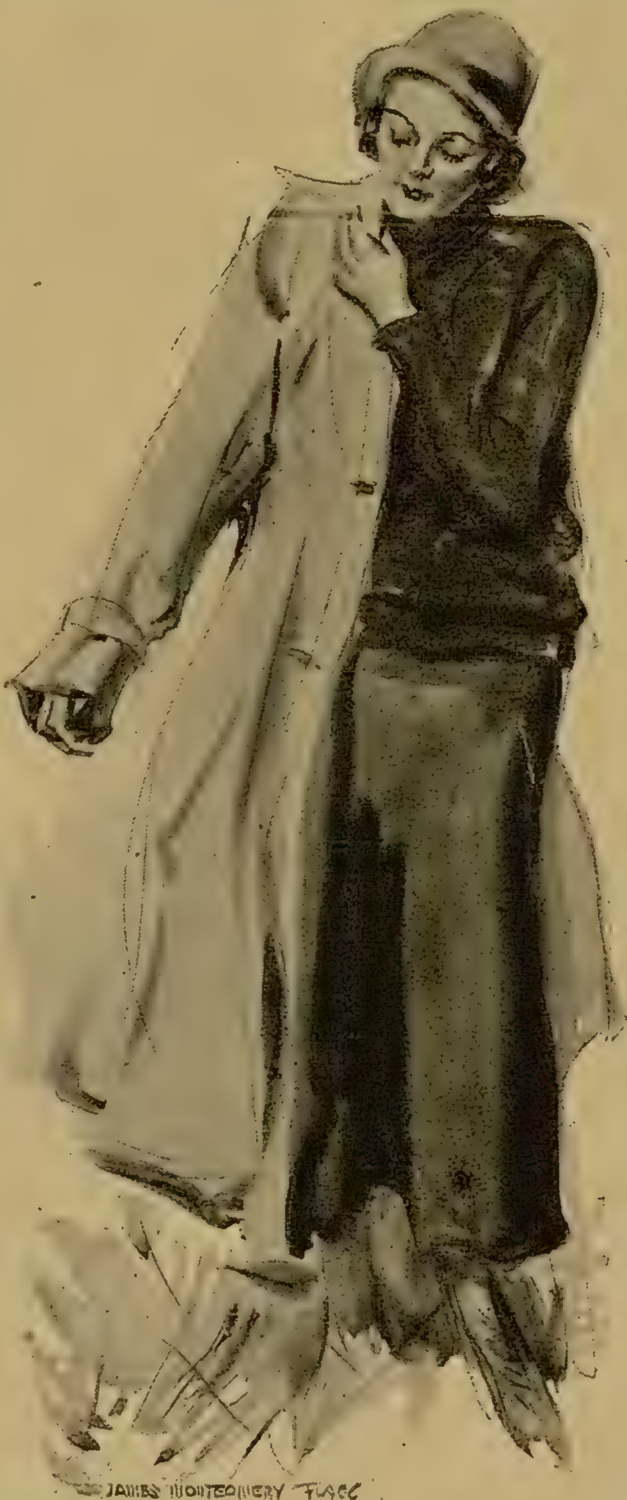
Tim was a little embarrassed at her direct questioning, but admitted the fact. "You see," he said, "really Ivan hasn't anyone much else to care about but me, and I suppose everyone gets attached to the people they are kind to, and he certainly has been kind to me."

She smiled at him. "I don't think it needs all that explanation," she said, and set his heart wildly beating.

He drove home in an aura of joy, of joy and of gratitude to his uncle, for he did not doubt it was Ina's meeting with Ivan that had created this change in her bearing. His heart swelled with pride. How wonderful to be such a man, so naturally great that anyone related to you was at once established in everyone's estimation! It was like being related to royalty in the old days when royalty meant something. He knew very well that some people—people like that horrible Mrs. Mortimer—would say that what the countess had seen were evidences of great wealth, but he knew better. If wealth had been what Ina wanted she would have been civil to Rae of Kinnairdine.

Tim came and went constantly now to Tobernackie, but Ina did not come to Kinfrew. Even the night when they went to dine with the Grants, Ivan had only a few words with her. Indeed, on this occasion he had the impression that she actually avoided him.

He sat just across the table from her at dinner, and watched her as she talked first to a handsome young guardsman on one side of her, and then to Tim on the other. Certainly she gave a more vivid attention to Tim. Never once did her eyes stray across the table. Did that mean, Ivan asked himself, that she had forgotten his existence, or that she was continuously aware of it?



She was obliged to cover her brilliance with an old stained mackintosh.

A few days later, on a day when there was no shooting at Kinfrew, they made an expedition across the firth to Castle Amster, a ruined fortress that had once belonged to the Grant family. The extra men of Ivan's party had managed to secure invitations to neighboring moors, and Patty had refused to go sight-seeing, so that the only people from Kinfrew were Ivan, Tim and Lucy, and the Storeses.

THEY had tea at the castle, with scones and marmalade sandwiches, all delicious and brought in neat baskets. Grant, who knew the history of his country as if it were a favorite storybook, and spoke of characters dead for six hundred years as if they were friends met only yesterday in Prince's Street, told them legends of the castle. The most interesting was that Mary Stuart and Bothwell had spent the first night of their flight here, and that a spy of Cecil's, discovered among their train, had been tortured to death in the dungeons. His ghost, of course, still moaned and rattled chains nightly.

Stores said at once that he did not see how this was possible. Why should Bothwell and the queen have gone out of their way to stop a night at Amster on their way to Dunbar? Lady Stores said why, indeed! Grant replied that Bothwell might have been trying to throw pursuers off the track; and Stores said there were no pursuers; the queen had taken jolly good care of that.

"What?" cried Grant. "Don't tell me you believe that malicious old story of Lethington's that the queen consented to her capture?"

"Doesn't everyone believe it?" said Stores.

A second later a dispute of the utmost violence was raging—as violent as any dispute can ever appear among well bred residents of the British Isles—as to whether or not Mary had been a willing or an unwilling victim of Bothwell's abduction of her.

Lucy and Tim, who had been restless since the first mention of there being dungeons, drifted away to find the caretaker, who would give them candles and lower them through an opening not three feet square. Cross, amused at first by the archæological passion of his friends, finally began to weary of it, and had risen to his feet, meaning to make a tour of inspection of the towers, when Ina spoke to him. "And you, Mr. Cross," she said—"how do you stand on the guilt or innocence of the queen?"

"I?" he answered, rather startled by the way her direct question to him and no one else seemed to separate them from the group. "I don't know much about it. But, yes, I must say I have always assumed that she was in love with Bothwell. He was just the sort of brute that a spoilt, overrefined woman like Mary would be in love with."

"Oh, so women love brutes, do they?" said Ina, and laughed.

FOR the first time he felt something bitter and unattractive about her; that edge of acid scorn that is more repulsive to some men than physical ugliness. He did not trouble to make his exit courteous; he simply turned on his heel and strolled away to one of the towers.

Each one of the four had a little winding stone staircase in it. From a small top turret he emerged on the rampart which connected the four. He stepped out into the golden sunlight of a fine late afternoon. Out of the opposite tower Ina stepped. She must have followed him instantly. He found his heart beating a little faster than the steep climb warranted. She came slowly toward him in her clinging white dress, one hand just touching the parapet, the other trailing a wand with green leaves which Tim had given her to ward off a wasp at tea.

"Mr. Cross," she said, "I asked you a question down there which you did not answer." Her manner was one of a queen reproving a derelict serving man. "What I asked you was how you could be so sure—how you dared to speak so positively—about Mary and Bothwell. You said that delicate, refined women like Mary always loved brutes like Bothwell. How did you know that? Is this a bit of personal experience?"

He stared at her in surprise. Her tone was insolent and bitter. "Well," he began, "it is really so long since I have read any history—"

"History!" she retorted. "In those days all history was written by men for men. There is in all men a deep masculine psychology that makes them believe all women welcome their love, whatever form it takes, whatever women say to the contrary—"

He interrupted her; for, glancing down, he saw that the

THE WOMAN HE WANTED
Continued from page twenty-one

girl was shaking from head to foot, and, forgetting everything else, he exclaimed: “You’re cold, you’re trembling—this detestable climate! Let me take you down and get you a cup of hot tea.”

“You are quite mistaken,” she said, although as she spoke her lips were by no means steady. “I am not cold. I am not trembling. You are simply trying to evade the question.”

“Now why in the world should I do that?” he answered. “I am not evading the question. I’m afraid I’m doing worse—I’m losing interest in it. I can’t somehow feel it makes a lot of difference to us today how Mary felt. But if you are assuming that I think it reflects on her—that it makes her contemptible to have loved Bothwell—let me assure you it doesn’t. I think it was grand of her. I like to think of her yielding to a sudden mad passion for him.”

She laughed. “Of course you do.”

She was really very irritating, he thought.

“I imagine,” he said, “that Bothwell, with all his faults, was a man.”

“A man—a man! That is the phrase men always use to excuse a man for being a brute.”

“Countess,” said Cross gently, “you distress me very much. You give me the impression that you are trying to pick a quarrel with me for nothing.”

“For nothing? If you have such insulting ideas about women— You call that nothing?”

“My ideas about women are not insulting,” he said.

They stood an instant silently staring at each other. He saw her eyes, a vivid blue in the afternoon light; her eyebrows drawn a little together, very dark in the middle. His mind drifted away from the subject and turned to other things: the softness of her skin, the hardness of her heart, a strange little catch and lisp in her enunciation in moments of stress. He found it would be better to be talking.

“ARE my views insulting?” he went on. “This is the way it has always seemed to me.” He tried to assemble his thoughts. “In the early stages of a courtship a woman has all the power. She’s safe then. And she is apt to be a little more provocative than perhaps she really feels. A man is apt to be a little tamer and more docile then, too.

“But later, when he is in full control of the situation, both of them repudiate their former attitude. She thinks she was never provocative and he that he was never tame. I fancy, without knowing much about it, that Mary and Bothwell were pretty much true to this pattern. First she maddened him into carrying her off, and then she reproached him for having misunderstood her so completely. No, really, I don’t believe that women, especially queens, get run away with unless there is some measure of consent on their part. They scream—I agree that they scream—but the scream comes just too late—”

He paused, astonished to see that her hand, still holding its slender wand, was rising—rising, he said to himself, almost as if she intended to strike him; and as he half formed the idea he felt the sting sharp as fire across his face. She had struck him! The Countess Zydov had struck him in the face.

She had used her whole force and the blow stung intolerably. He caught her wrist in one of his great hands. “You will apologize for this,” he said.

She did not pay him the compliment of looking at him. She slanted her eyes aside and laughed. “*I* apologize to you!” she said.

“Are you mad?” he asked.

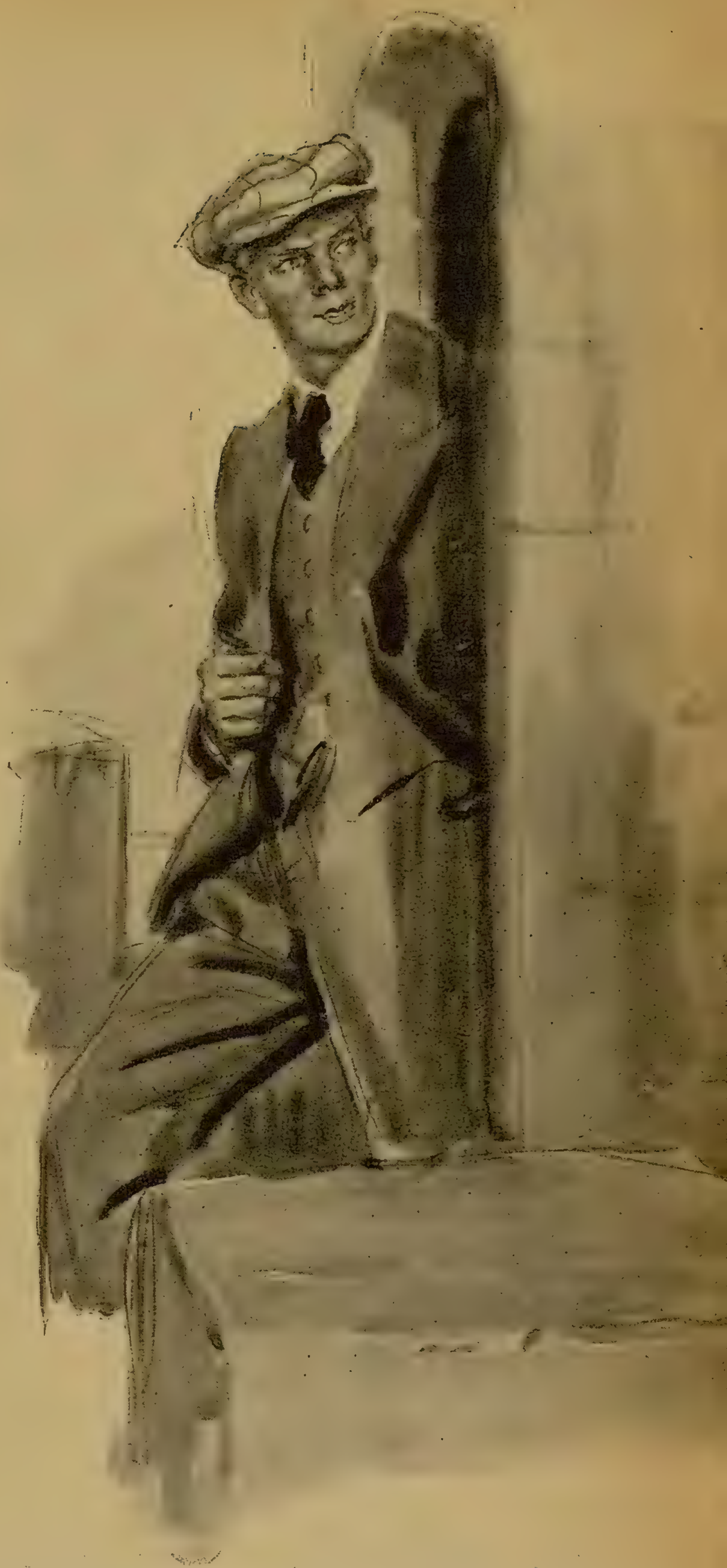
“That would certainly be one explanation.”

His fingers tightened still more, and she said quietly, “You are hurting my wrist.”

“So I imagined.”

At this she looked at him under raised eyebrows, as much as to say: “Really, that is going rather far for a worm like yourself.”

Then a voice came from the tower: “I was wrong about the date of the foundation. It isn’t twelfth century.” Grant’s figure emerged. He saw only two



people standing close together, for Cross’ tall figure hid Ina’s grasped wrist. “I believe,” Grant went on, “that you can see Tobernackie from here. Yes, there it is; those are its chimneys.” He pointed eagerly over the parapet, while Cross slowly released the girl’s wrist, and she turned away and disappeared down the turret stair, still holding a broken wand in her hand.

Grant looked round at Cross. “My dear man, what’s the matter with your cheek?”

“The matter is,” answered Ivan, “that the countess has just struck me in the face.”

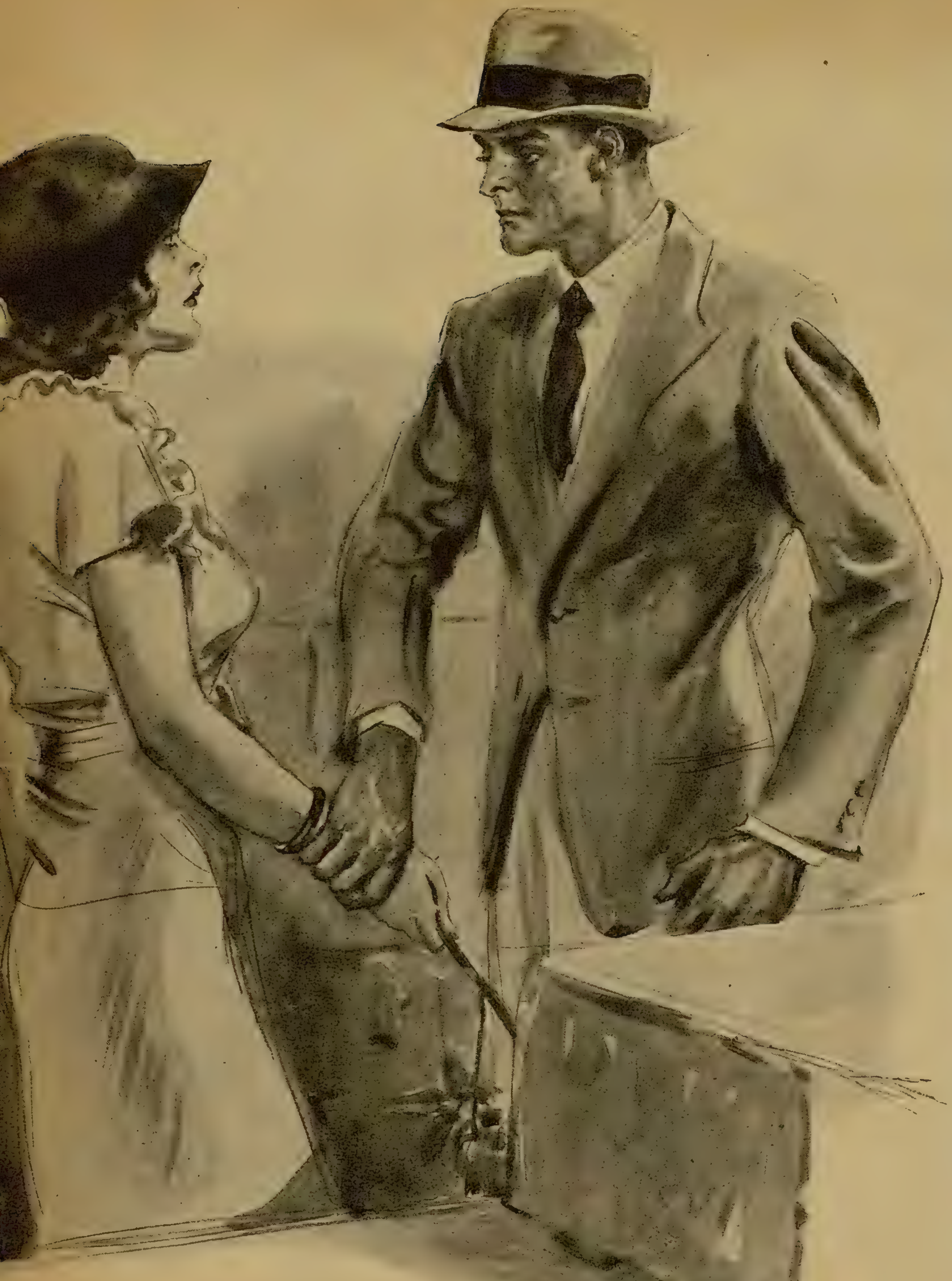
“What in the world were you doing?” asked Grant.

“We were discussing Scotch history, as far as I remember.”

“Not Bothwell and Mary?”

“Yes, exactly.”

Grant smiled as if everything were now clear. “I’m very sorry, Cross,” he said. “I did not suppose Ina was



GRANT'S figure emerged. He saw two people standing close together.

as Scotch as that. We have just had rather a row ourselves. Stores is such an Englishman. Did Ina really strike you?"

"Will you be so kind as to glance at my face?"

"I mean you're sure it wasn't accidental?"

"I am quite sure," said Cross. "It was as if she had gone suddenly mad. Upon my word, I think if she had had a gun in her hand, she would have killed me."

GRANT shook his head, but Cross could see the incident did not seem quite inexplicable to him. "I'll speak to her," he said, and hurried down the turret stair. Ivan remained alone, leaning his elbows on the parapet and staring out over the trees. It was a long time since he had been angry. Was the girl mad? He thanked heaven that Patty hadn't come. He knew very well the interpretation she would put on it—another effort to attract his attention.

The first drops of a shower that came up like a gossamer veil brought shouts from below. He descended to find the Storeses busily engaged in stowing away the tea things. Tim and Lucy were helping. Grant and Ina standing apart made no secret of the fact that they were discussing deep and important things.

As Cross emerged from the turret door, Ina saw him, and almost at once approached him.

"Mr. Cross," she said, quite clearly, so that everyone could hear, "Rodney tells me that you have an idea I meant to hit you with my little branch. And I'm afraid I was too much embarrassed to explain—"

"What's that?" cried Tim, as ever listening to Ina's words. "You hit Ivan? I should say you did!" He gave a hearty laugh. "Why, Ivan, whatever had you been saying to the lady? Fie, fie!"

"We had been discussing Scotch history," said Ivan rather icily.

"I'm afraid it must have hurt you," said Tim, growing instantly grave.

"I can assure you that it did," answered Ivan.

INA turned to the others. "Isn't it a pity?" she said. "I am so terribly afraid of wasps. I was laying about me with this little wand that Mr. Tim was kind enough to give me, and it seems I struck poor Mr. Cross." She came close to him at this, and almost, but not quite, laid the tips of her fingers on his arm. Her face turned up to him seemed almost to invite his kiss. "But you do understand? You are going to forgive me, aren't you?"

It must have seemed to everyone else the sweetest of appeals. "I asked only for an apology," Cross returned, "and I have had it."

"How nice of you," she returned, "to be so easily satisfied."

"Did I say anything about being satisfied?"

Grant approached them.

"I was perfectly sure when you told me," he said, "that Ina could not have meant to do it."

Ina slipped her arm through her cousin's. "And now you understand, too, don't you, Mr. Cross?"

"Yes, I understand that point clearly."

"Whether I meant to do it or not?"

"Yes, that I understand."

"Well, that's something." She smiled at him like a good and therefore happy little girl. He hoped she had got his meaning. He did not want her to think him such a fool as to believe one word she had said. Her action had been absolutely intentional. . . .

At home, Cross went straight to his room. His mirror told him that the mark of Ina's blow was almost gone. There would be no need to comment on it before Patty. Lucy, he knew, was a discreet child; she would not men-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE WOMAN HE WANTED
Continued from page twenty-three

tion it. The Storeses had hardly taken in the incident.

They were hardly seated at table before Tim, who had come downstairs a little late, asked gayly:

“ Well, how is the poor face ? ”

“ Quite all right,” answered Ivan stiffly, and Patty was at once alert.

“ Your face! What was the matter? Yes, I do see a redness about that left eye. What happened ? ”

Tim began to laugh. “ A lady struck him.”

“ Who ? ”

“ Lady Stores, of course,” said Ivan.

Lady Stores smiled and said that it was well known that her nature was a violent one; but Patty was too curious to be amused.

“ Was it you, Lucy ? ”

Lucy shook her head, and Patty added: “ It was that wild, red-haired countess. Why, Ivan, what had you been doing to the poor lady ? ”

“ You are the third person who has asked me that, Patty,” said Cross. His manner was excellent, though inwardly he was in a fury that the whole question had come up. “ I may tell you that I was doing nothing more amorous than discussing Scotch history with her.”

“ I never thought,” said Tim, “ when I gave her that nice little wand for the wasps, that she was going to belabor my poor dear uncle with it.”

“ It was an accident,” said Lord Stores.

They were all talking presently about the dungeons and what Lucy and Tim had seen.

As soon as everyone else had gone up to bed, while Vernor was still engaged in the long process of locking up, Patty contrived a few words with Ivan.

“ Now come, Ivan. You know by experience it's ever so much better to tell me everything. What did you do or say that made that stiff girl slap you? How I should love to have been there! ”

“ I'M sure I wish you had. You might have explained it.”

“ You two were quite alone ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Talking about Scottish history? Just what portion ? ”

“ I believe it was Mary Stuart and Bothwell.”

“ A romantic incident of history—a lovely woman of high birth and a great, rough, long-armed man.”

“ We said nothing like that, Patty.”

“ My dear Ivan, can you think I don't remember that your methods are sometimes rather more rapid than conventional when—”

“ Methods, Patty? I hope you don't seriously think I would make love to a girl whom my nephew—”

“ I think no woman—no mature woman —would even look at your nephew when you were about.”

“ Well, I dispute it.”

“ Then why did she strike you ? ”

“ You suggest it was a method of charming me! ”

“ I certainly do.”

“ Not a very successful one, I may mention.”

“ Are you sure? You are simply on edge about something.”

“ Well, it isn't very agreeable to be struck in the face.”

“ No? But what I mean has been going on before today. I believe you think a lot about that girl—”

“ Will that be all, sir? ” said Vernor.

“ Yes, that is all. Mrs. Mortimer is just going up. Good night, Patty.” He walked firmly upstairs, away from Patty Mortimer, but not away from the ideas she suggested to him. Well, one thing was clearer than ever: that any relation between them was impossible; was, for reasons he did not see, too deep and turgid. His resolution to keep out of it was adamant.

II

IN September the Storeses left Kinfrew, moving on to stay with the duke. In the earlier days of the season the duke had been occupied with visits from royalty, cabinet ministers, and local grandees. Now he had time for his family and a little German prince. The Kinfrew party went over to dine one evening. The duke was a very calm old gentleman who had commendable impulses toward graciousness which his poor memory seldom allowed him to carry through.

“ Ah, Mr. Cross! ” he exclaimed as Ivan entered. “ How are you ? ” (He really said “ Ha-ar-ye ? ”) “ My daughter tells me she had such a pleasant week with you at—at—” His voice died away: he simply could not remember which shooting it was that Cross had taken. He passed on to another guest.

The presence of a royal prince in the house necessitated the lining up of the guests; bobbing on the part of the ladies, deep bowing on the part of the men. The prince, a tall pink-faced and obviously shy boy hardly Tim's age, was not in the least embarrassed by this ceremony. His Highness took it as naturally as a policeman walking his beat or a fireman hurrying to a fire. It was to him simply his profession. Nor was the duke in the least chagrined when his own introductions were found to lack accuracy, and sometimes even died away altogether. He simply bent his fine head to his secretary, always near by, and corrected the last mistake.

About Ina there was no difficulty. Both men knew all about her, and made a pause in their circuit.

“ The Countess Ina of Zydov, sir. I think you knew her father.” Ina sank elegantly to the floor, not in a faint this time, but in the most easy and respectful of curtsies. Ivan, who up to this point had viewed the ceremonies of rank with a temperate interest, suddenly found himself feeling austerely republican. Imagine a woman like Ina curtsying to this rat-faced boy! They were chattering in German. Ivan's German was not fluent, but he knew enough to know that they were talking of their families—they had played together as children —they were equals among a group suddenly made to feel itself mixed. Ivan folded his arms and scowled to himself. What nonsense!

At dinner Ina was on one side of the prince. Ivan, without rank, was delivered to a thin little lady of middle age. Muriel Grant was on his other side, but so absorbed in the Conservative member for the district that she had no more than a smile for Ivan until after conversation had been interrupted by the entrance of the duke's pipers, swinging round the table in the plaids of the duke's clan, making their strange, gusty, unearthly music. Then she turned to him.

“ I want to ask you about these young people of ours. How do you feel about the possibility of a marriage? I don't mind telling you that I was not in favor at first. I wanted her to marry Kinnairdine. I don't mean that he asked her—he didn't, because she would not let him, but he would have. But now I can't help thinking she has fallen in love with your nephew, and that does alter things, doesn't it? ”

NEXT WEEK—

CHEVALIER, The Charm Vendor

by

Adela Rogers St. Johns

also

stories and articles by

WARWICK DEEPING
ALBERT M. TREYNOR
RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD
ROBERT BENCHLEY
EDMUND PEARSON

"Nothing seems to alter a situation more," answered Ivan.

"This is September," Muriel went on. "Rodney and I are shutting up Tobernackie next month and going, as we always do, on a round of visits; then London, where I haven't an inch of space for a visitor, and anyhow, much as I love her, she can't spend her life stopping with her English relations. She must soon be going back to that forlorn wilderness in which she lives.

"I have made up my mind to favor the marriage, and when I make up my mind, Mr. Cross, I don't remain passive. I wanted to be perfectly sure that I should have your help before I began to go into action."

"You may be quite sure."

She looked at him closely. "You see," she said, "Ina has an idea you still resent that unfortunate blow she gave you at Amster. But I tell her no sensible person could resent what was so obviously an accident. She insists that you have a secret conviction that it was not an accident. But what motive can you attribute to her? Unless it were sudden madness, and Ina, I assure you, is not at all mad."

He was saved the embarrassment of being obliged to reply that he wasn't so sure, by the rising of the ladies. Sir Rodney sat down beside Ivan to tell him the duke was getting out the Napoleon brandy in honor of the prince. "And don't miss it," he added.

THE prince did not miss it; he consumed, indeed, a great deal of it before the men rejoined the women. The party had now transferred itself to the great hall of the castle. Music for dancing was playing at one end, and at the other the pipers were waiting for their turn. Ivan had been held in the dining room a few minutes by a little gentleman who was of the opinion that his shooting would be far better for Mr. Cross another season than Kinfrew.

By the time they entered the hall the pipers were already in action, and one of the great sights of Scotland—a reel danced by experts—was in progress.

Ivan, instantly looking about for Ina, saw that she was standing in one of the long open windows which gave on a little balcony, and in front of her, with his back to the room, was his Royal Highness.

The prince was evidently obscuring the girl's view of the dancing. Ivan could see her craning her neck, standing on tiptoe. Heavy, stupid fellow, Ivan thought. The next instant he saw that he had put his hand on Ina's shoulder and had forced her to take a step backward into the outer darkness of the balcony. Ivan saw a look of surprise on the girl's face, and then nothing. The darkness swallowed them both.

In next week's installment you'll learn how Ivan deals with the prince—and how the enigmatic Ina treats Tim.

Trust no substitute *because* "it looks like Kotex"

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THE great value of Kotex . . . to women with high standards . . . is its absolute cleanliness. It's so much more than surface-clean. Kotex is made clean . . . by modern, sanitary methods, which eliminate any possibility of careless handling. Kotex is really, hygienically clean. Unfortunately, this care in making cannot be shown in any outward way. So thoughtless shoppers may be deceived, when offered a substitute that looks like Kotex. This resemblance proves nothing. It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex.

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brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX

The MYSTERY *of th*

A Problem in Circumstantial Evidence and an Attempt at a "Perfect" Crime

By

EDMUND PEARSON

(Reading time: 25 minutes 12 seconds.)

IF you were actually a chief of police, and caught a man holding a smoking revolver and standing over the dead body of a man with whom he had just quarreled, you would snap the handcuffs on him in a second. And nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand you would be right.

But not in a novel. In a novel or in a play, I hope you know enough not to do that. For you may be sure that, of all the population of the earth, that man is the one man who is spotlessly innocent. Anyone else may be the murderer. The grand lama of Tibet, maybe; or the lady principal of a girls' seminary three thousand miles away. But not—trust the novelist!—not the man with the gun in his hand, who is leaning over the still quivering corpse.

These are some of the reasons why many people are in a foggy state of mind about circumstantial evidence; why, when a crime is being considered, they are afraid to believe that what seems to be the truth is really and actually the truth.

This is the story of a crime in which the solution rested entirely upon circumstantial evidence. Without it there could have been no proof; there was not one atom of direct evidence of the crime itself. After you have read this account, consider whether circumstantial evidence can be satisfactory. Consider if the evidence leaves you any conclusion but one.

FREDERICK SMALL and his wife were up early in the morning of September 28. He was planning one of his rare trips to the city, while Mrs. Small, busy with the housework, was dreading the night, when she would be left by herself in this lonely place.

Their cottage was on the south shore of Lake Ossipee in New Hampshire. The year was 1916, when Europe was at war and much disturbed; while America was at peace and almost as much disturbed. In neither Europe nor America, I think, were there many places more lovely, and certainly no place so peaceful, as the shore of this mountain lake on that autumn day.

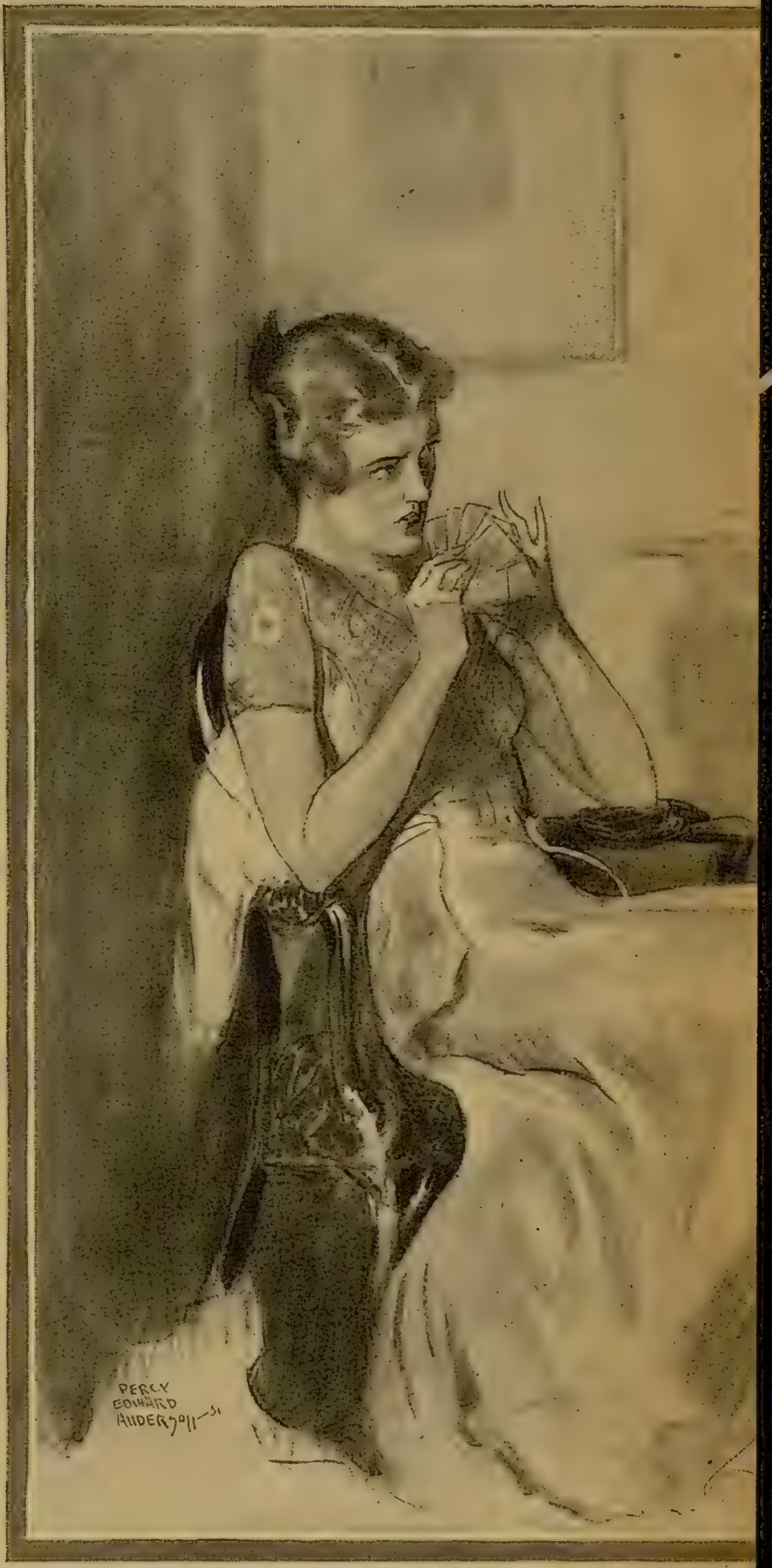
Behind the half dozen cottages the dense woods closed in. The maples had turned scarlet. The warm September sun brought out the smell of the pines, while the woods were so still that the whirring of a squirrel or the dropping of a cone could be heard at a distance. In front of the houses was a narrow beach, and then the waters of a lake as clear and blue as any of those in Italy, England, or Switzerland, which we travel so far to see. The background was a misty blue wall of hills: the peaks of Chocorua, Moat Mountain, and Mount Washington, half covered by clouds.

In such a place, some writers and makers of moving pictures tell us, the wicked heart of man turns from wickedness. All is virtue, as compared with the great and evil cities.

Mr. Small, however, like many other dwellers in the woods and fields, had sometimes to descend into the tents of wickedness to look after his investments. The objective of his journey today was Boston.

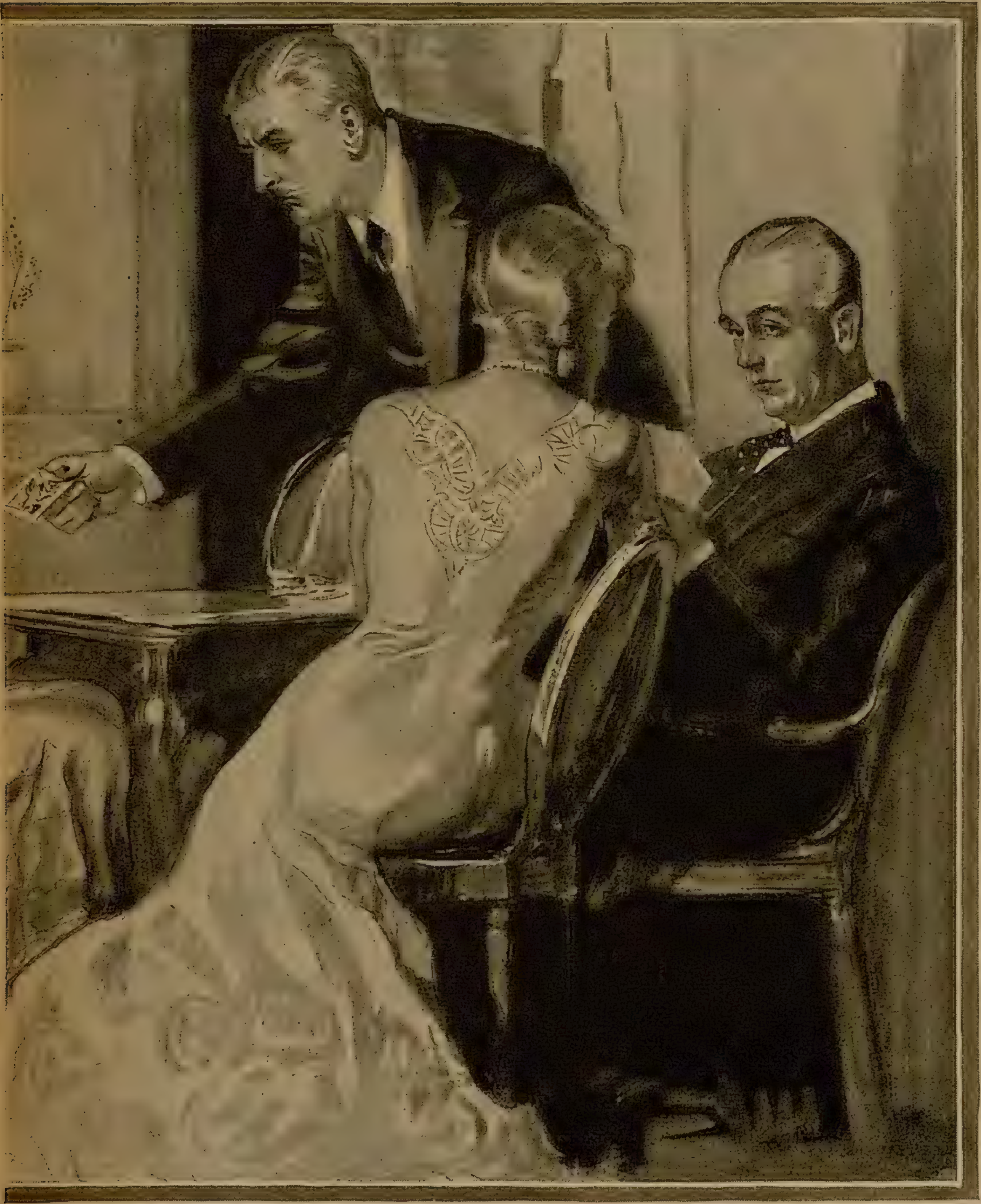
By the way, Sherlock Holmes, who had some practical knowledge of crime, did not share the belief—so dear to the writers of movie captions—that sin departs from the sinner when he leaves the city and goes to the great open spaces; nor that the wicked will cease from troubling if they can only be transferred to the rural regions. The beautiful country cottages impressed Holmes with their isolation and the ease with which crime might be committed there. The lowest and vilest alleys of London, he told Dr. Watson, had no more dreadful record of sin than the smiling countryside.

When the good doctor cried out in horror at such an



They played hearts. His wife dealt Mr. Small the q

Cottage *by the* Lake



Picture by Percy Edward Anderson

He spoke to her in such fashion that she went into the kitchen in tears.

opinion, Holmes added that in a city street the scream of a tortured child or the sound of a drunkard's blow elicited sympathy and indignation. A policeman was usually close at hand. But in lonely country houses hidden wickedness, deeds of hellish cruelty, could go on year after year, and no one the wiser.

Frederick Small had almost always lived in places where the face of nature was fair to see. Nevertheless, he seemed to be pursued by ill fortune. In Portland, the city of his birth, he had broken his leg playing baseball. As a result, he halted noticeably in his gait and seemed to be an undersized man. His face was heavily lined, gray, and, to men, not very agreeable in aspect. His physical disadvantages had not repelled women, however. Even as a young man he had sometimes successes to other youths; while since maturity he had been married three times.

First he wedded Miss Nettie Davis of his own State of Maine. A year later she died in childbirth. After some years he was married to a lady in Salem, Massachusetts, whose name was Laura Patterson. Mr. Small had moved to Massachusetts. This second marriage was broken up by a misfortune of a different kind: the superior attractions of a wealthy sportsman, one Arthur H. Soden, president of the Boston National baseball team. Or did the second Mrs. Small turn to the baseball man as the easiest way of escape from a husband whose temper was intolerable? I cannot say; but of all that I have heard about Mr. Small, from men who knew him personally, the most charitable remark was that he was a man you could get along with "if you knew how." And that is not the usual description of an all-round good fellow.

SMALL felt deeply grieved, however, and decided that the only thing that Mr. Soden could do to mollify this injury was to pay him half a million dollars. This flattering compliment to the value of Mrs. Small attracted a good deal of attention when, in 1908, the papers in the suit were filed. A judge ruthlessly cut down the damages to $10,000, and final settlement was made at a figure not disclosed. Mr. Small was granted a divorce.

About three years later, in a village near Southboro, Massachusetts, Frederick Small, after only ten days' acquaintance, prevailed upon Miss Florence Arlene Curry to become the third Mrs. Small. Miss Curry was thirty-two and her husband was forty-four.

In May, 1914, after a year or two in Massachusetts, they had moved to this lonely place on Lake Ossipee, where, unlike the other cottagers, they lived the year round. Perhaps the reason for coming to the lake was the opportunity for motorboating; perhaps because it gave Mr. Small room for the workshop he had installed in one end of the cottage. He was ingenious, mechanical, inventive. He liked to work with motors, with electricity; to make little devices with batteries and wires, such as the electrically illuminated clock he had rigged up. He was always repairing and improving his motorboat and his other machines; he lived surrounded by mechanical gadgets and by chemicals.

For all this, of course, he needed a great amount of wire; spark plugs; dry-cell batteries, a couple of dozen of them; and more wire of various kinds.

THE MYSTERY OF THE COTTAGE BY THE LAKE
Continued from page twenty-seven

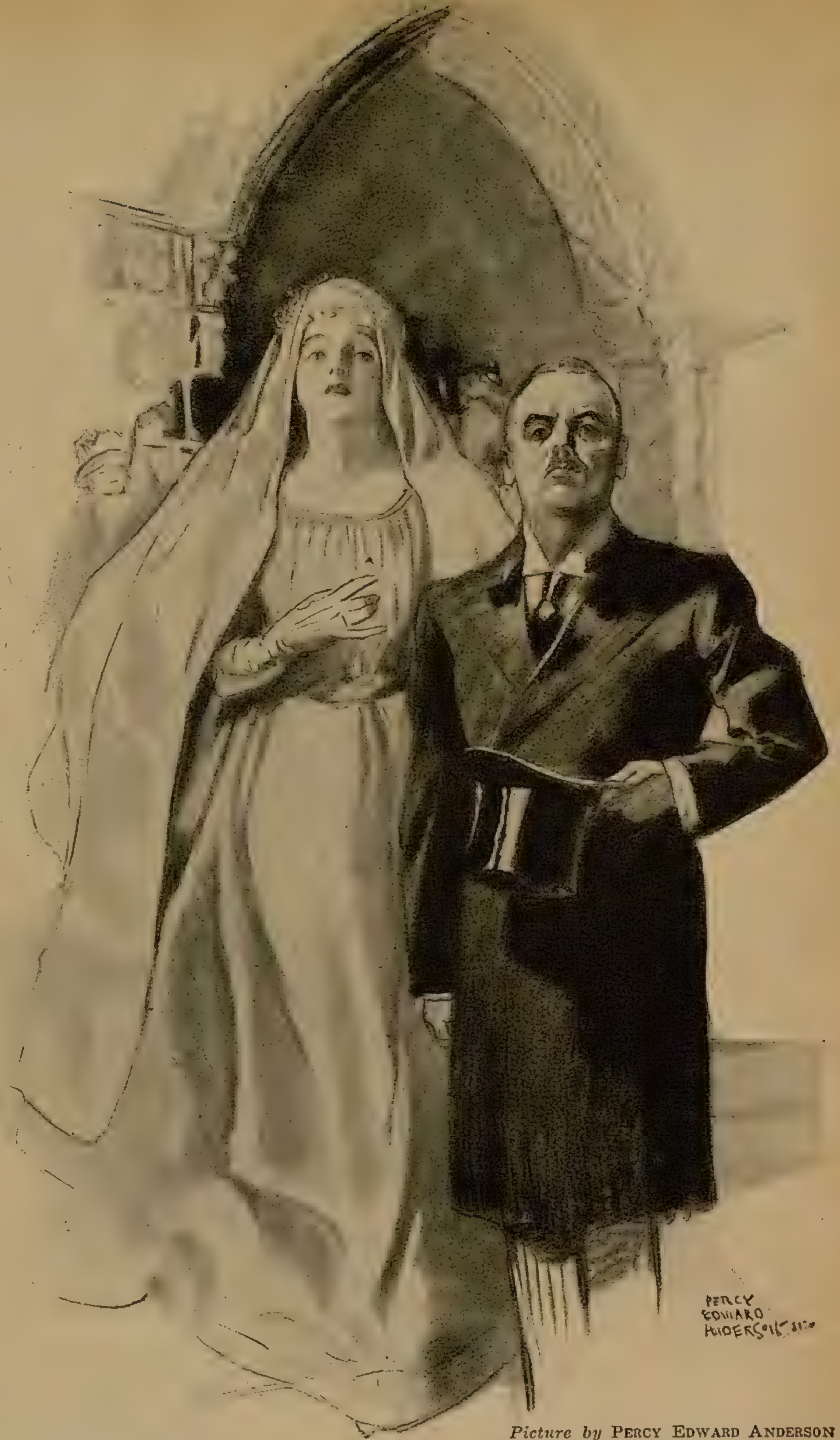
Besides the tragic ends of his two former marriages, Mr. Small had been attended by bad luck of another sort. Fires pursued him. While the second Mrs. Small was still with him, they were living on a farm in Hudson (another charming rural place) and were driven from their home by a fire. And the day after his removal with his third wife from their home in Southboro, that house was destroyed by a fire of unknown origin. Mr. Small's historians have traced at least six removals from place to place after he left his native Portland, and by reckoning "three moves as bad as a fire," and adding these to the Hudson and the Southboro burnings, you may estimate the extent of his misfortunes.

Yet he had found ease for some of his wounds. Just as the episode of the baseball president had finally resulted in a substantial cash payment, so, it is said, at least one of the fires, perhaps both, had been indemnified by insurance, prudently arranged.

So, as we look at little Mr. Small limping about his cottage on this bright day in September, and notice his gray hair, his thoughtful face, and his pale-blue eyes, we see a very busy man, going in and out of his workshop and inspecting his motorboat, now drawn up on the beach. Is he also a saddened man, a tragic figure, so beaten down by the storms of life that we should pity and excuse him for anything he may do?

WELL, he had his third wife, a pleasant woman, of whom no one ever said an unkind word, and who is never reported to have spoken unkindly to her husband—even under great provocation. He owned his cottage in this delightful spot, and he had, not long before, been able to insure it for $3,000. He had his motorboat, as well as rifles, fishing rods, skates, snowshoes, and skis; so his lameness would not seem to have disabled him utterly. He owned musical instruments—an organ, a violin, and a victrola; his evenings need not have passed in gloomy silence. He had a bank balance of more than $4,000, and a safety-deposit box in Boston which presumably contained something.

And he had recently, and likewise prudently, spent no less than $1,107.60 as the first annual premium on an insurance policy on the lives of Mrs. Small and himself in the sum of $20,000.



Picture by PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

Frederick Small's physical disadvantages had not repelled women. Since maturity he had been married three times.

Saddened? Tragic? Frustrated? I think that most of the men in Mountainview would have been glad, could they have been as well fixed as this "Boston broker." Mr. Small was called that, in tribute to the days he had once spent speculating on the Boston stock market.

Like a genial old Santa Claus, he had even tried to arrange a golden surprise for his wife, in the event of his own death, by keeping absolutely mum about this life-insurance policy of $20,000. When he had applied for it, through Mr. Edwin Connor, the school principal of Center Ossipee, he had himself signed his wife's name. The John Hancock Company, for which Mr. Connor was an agent, wished to have Mrs. Small's signature as well as her husband's. So, after some objection [illegible] Mr. Small, his wife was let into the secret, and they both signed a new application.

The policy provided that, on the death of either husband or wife, the sum of $20,000 should be paid to the survivor. On the death of both, a nephew was the beneficiary: one Nathaniel L. Mitchell.

On this morning of September 28 the Smalls were alone. If all the residents on the shore of the lake had not gone, all of them had gone from this section, and there was probably no one in any house within a mile. The Emersons had been the last family to depart; they had left the day before. This was the first day in which the Smalls had it quite to themselves.

Three or four days earlier, the Emersons had been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Small at supper. Afterward they played hearts. An incident occurred which, as some of their acquaintances knew, was characteristic of Mr. Small. His wife dealt Mr. Small the queen. My recollection of the game of hearts is foggy, but I believe that the queen—some one of the queens—is quite undesirable. At all events, the little man spoke to his wife in such fashion that she went into the kitchen in tears. After the Emersons went home, they heard Mrs. Small screaming. They discussed the question of going back to make the peace, but cautiously decided "not to come between a man and his wife."

Before eight o'clock, this morning, Mr. Small rang up Mr. Connor, the teacher and insurance agent, on the phone. This was the day, said he, when they ought to take that business trip to Boston. Mr. Small was going to drum up some insurance business for Mr. Connor and look after his own investments. The trip had been planned for October, and Mr. Connor reminded the other of that. He had not had notice; he had to attend to his duties at school; and he was rather surprised to be asked so suddenly.

"Well," said Mr. Small, "the train goes at four-seven this afternoon—your school is over for the day. The way the market is going makes me feel I ought to be there. You ought to come along, and we can close up that insurance business. Can't you get off, somehow? It will only be one day."

MR. CONNOR was terribly sorry. But he would give Mr. Small a ring later in the day if it turned out he could go. What time? Mr. Small would be waiting near the phone. Oh, at one o'clock.

And at that time the teacher called again. But everything still looked dark. The cause of education in Ossipee seemed triumphant over insurance and speculation in Boston, and the little toot was off, as far as he was concerned.

Mr. Small continued to urge and insist, and this time Connor said that "if the situation cleared up" he would meet his friend at the train. Clearing up the situation may have meant finding a substitute teacher, or it may have meant squaring Mrs. Connor; I do not know.

There were two callers at the Small cottage during the day. Both were invited, and both drove down the wooded road from Mountainview with horse and carriage. The first was Charles Sceggel, the venerable and courteous grocer, who came in the morning to fill an order telephoned by Mr. Small. He brought pork, eggs, soap, potatoes, and other things—especially five gallons of kerosene. The important incident of Mr. Sceggel's errand was that then, at 11 A. M., he saw and spoke to Mrs. Small, who was standing in a doorway between the kitchen and the living room.

At one o'clock came Mr. Connor's message of regrets. Then, for an hour, there was again quiet along the shore of the lake. At two the master of the house was at the telephone, asking Mr. Kennett of the Central House, the Mountainview hotel, to come with his carriage in time to catch the 4:07 train. Mr. Kennett had learned by experience to like to do this. He had come to expect to be paid, over and above the fare, in rye whisky. Mr. Small was accustomed to bring out a bottle, and a pitcher of water for a chaser (if required), so that he and his driver could pledge each other before starting for the station.

Certain drinks recur, like a *motif* in music, throughout the stories of some famous crimes.

The Molineux case bubbled with bromo-seltzer; the Borden house smelled strongly of mutton soup. But any recital of the tragedy of Lake Ossipee compels frequent reference to a more agreeable beverage, *viz.*, rye whisky.

However, it was only a blighted hope in the breast of George N. Kennett.

He drove down that mile-long road; he stopped at the R. F. D. box, as Mr. Small had asked him to do, and got the mail. And all the time he was thinking of that rye whisky.

Either this, or professional enthusiasm, or something, so urged him along that, instead of arriving at 3:30, as Mr. Small had suggested, he was there nearly an hour ahead of time. That might have been very embarrassing—for everybody.

Mr. Small, to his surprise, was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Here's a SECRET some Wives *never* learn!

INSTANT COFFEE

"OF course I've never deceived Tom purposely. But just the same he thinks I'm the most marvelous cook ever born—and all because I serve him coffee made in an easy new way!"

Serving a ten-minute breakfast—and making it *good*—is more than half a matter of coffee making. Make your coffee the old way and you have fuss and waiting before meals and messy cleaning up afterward. What's more, your coffee may be a failure half the time!

Make coffee the new G. Washington way and you end all this trouble. Put a teaspoonful in a cup, add hot water and serve! That's all there is to it. Every cup is perfect because every cup is fresh-made in the same easy way.

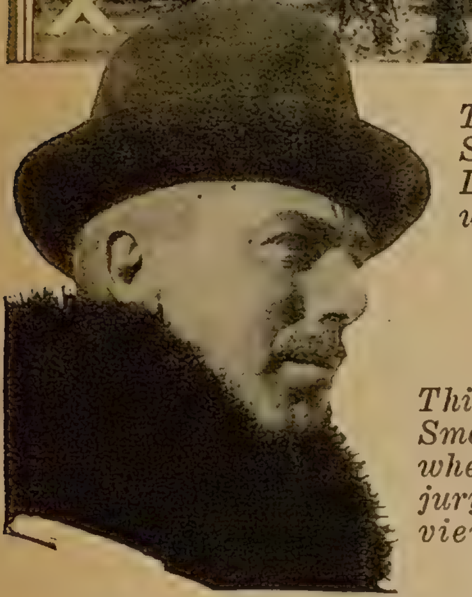
G. Washington's is real coffee that has been brewed for you at the plant. The tiny can of brown crystals makes as many cups as a large can of ordinary coffee.

Get G. Washington's with your next grocery order. Try it for breakfast tomorrow. For FREE sample, write G. Washington, 214 Hanover Avenue, Morris Plains, New Jersey.

G. Washington's
COFFEE
the coffee part of the coffee bean

The cross marks the Smalls' cottage at Lake Ossipee as it was before the fire.

At right: Mrs. Small, for whose murder her husband was hanged. Was he guilty?



This picture of Small was taken when he and the jury were led to view the ruin.

All that the thermite-fed fire left of the cottage. The body was still in the ruins when this picture was taken.

THE MYSTERY OF THE COTTAGE BY THE LAKE
Continued from page twenty-nine

ready and waiting for him. There he was on the porch, with his hat and overcoat, his traveling bag and walking stick. But—no whisky. There was no invitation to come inside. Sadly Mr. Kennett turned the carriage around; sadly he brought it up alongside the porch and near the door; sadly he handed over the letters. Mr. Small opened the rear door of the house and threw the letters inside.

Then he stepped within for a moment and called out:

"Good-by!"

Mr. Kennett heard no reply. Mrs. Small was too far away from the door, or her voice too weak, or she was too much overcome with grief to make herself audible. Mr. Small came out again and stepped into the carriage, and the two men drove away together.

Mr. Kennett did not know it, but he had been made the subject of an experiment. When he was a boy he might have seen, at the town hall, a hypnotist who performed tricks which were, in a way, similar to the little bit of hocus-pocus which had just been tried with him. The proprietor of the Central House was probably unfamiliar with the words "psychological suggestion"; but like many simple folk, long before the learned men brought Greek terms into the language to describe old familiar things, he may have known just as much about it as the "Boston broker."

But of all this, at the moment, Kennett was thinking nothing at all. He was merely saying "Giddap!" to the horse and reflecting that Fred Small was getting pretty close with his whisky.

IN the village they met the still teetering Mr. Connor. Once more the masterful little man exerted his witchery, and Connor was at last persuaded. He made a rush for his house, changed his clothes and got his bag. When the 4:07 pulled out, both men were comfortably smoking in the Pullman.

Off for the big city; off to bask in whatever bright lights then blazed on Tremont or Boylston streets. Tobacco and drinks, and food in the restaurants. Theaters. And money to be made next day—more money, as a result of a few hours of business sagacity, than could be earned in Ossipee in six months. Pleasant drinking at wide-open and legal bars; no dodging into speakeasies in that far-off year. White-coated and genial gentlemen smiling gravely at you in Frank Locke's or the Adams House, or Young's, or the Touraine. "So sad," as Lord Tennyson remarked, "so strange, the days that are no more."

THEY ate in the dining car between Portsmouth and Boston, and had with their meal "some rye." In Boston they registered at Young's and took room 113. Then they started out to see a show, stopping on the way at the Parker House, where Mr. Connor bought some picture post cards to send to his family. Mr. Small asked for one of them, and posted it to his wife. He even showed it to Mr. Connor, with the message he had written:

> Fair weather at Young's. FRED.
> September 28, 1916. 8:40 P. M.

As he did so he remarked:

"Mrs. Small and I are always very exact."

Clever, clever man! He not only had a living witness to his presence in Boston at that moment: he now added documentary proof, with the government's postmark to make it more impressive. The air-tight alibi; the perfect—well, business arrangement. It had been a good day, the climax and crown of many months of careful thought. All had gone according to plan; all his puppets had danced as he pulled the wires. Everything had gone off like—like clockwork.

At about this time two young men, named Glover and Boynton, went down to have a swim in Lake Ossipee.

They were living in a cottage across the lake from the colony in which lived the Emersons and the Smalls. As usual, they glanced across the water where, night after night, they had seen lights in some of the houses. Now, they noticed, there was not a single light; all that shore was dark.

Messrs. Connor and Small went to the Majestic Theater and saw a moving picture called Where Are My Children? The theme was abortion, and the picture was thought rather daring. After this, Clark's Grill on Washington Street, and a supper of fried scallops with a pitcher of Pickwick ale.

Mr. Small could not have been surprised when they reached Young's Hotel again. The clerk told him that Mountainview had been calling him on the telephone. He went into a booth, leaving the door open while the connection was made again. It was Mr. Ferren, at the Mountainview Hotel. Said his voice:

" Mr. Small, we have had a bad accident up here. Your house is all in flames—nothing can save it. We have looked everywhere for your wife, but can't find her. Where is she? "

Mr. Small broke down and expressed no hope. He instantly adopted the idea that the worst was true.

" My God! My house! My pet! Gone! I am alone in the world! "

The scene which followed in the hotel office is still remembered by those who heard it. It seemed very pitiful. Mr. Small continued to wail, and Mr. Connor had to take charge. He ordered a motorcar for a quick trip into New Hampshire, and packed both the bags. They left Boston at one in the morning, and raced along the dark highways for nearly five hours.

The bereaved husband ceased to sob only long enough to brace himself, now and then, from a bottle of Monogram Rye which he had ordered as soon as they had arrived at Young's —ordered it for precisely this occasion. Once, however, he checked his moans long enough to glance up at Mr. Connor and say:

" Do you suppose there will be any question with Merritt? "

Merritt was the general agent of the John Hancock Company.

He also opined that his wife must have fallen asleep while reading in front of the fire, and that a spark from the logs had caught her dress.

When they reached Mountainview it was still dark. The road to the lake is a fair one, and the car had good headlights. Nevertheless, Mr. Small did not go to inspect the ruins of his home, did not hunt for his wife. He went to the hotel and ordered breakfast.

EDMUND PEARSON

is an author most widely known for his telling of real-life murder stories, such as this one. He used to be a librarian.

LATER, with the others he went down to look at the smoking ruin of the house from which he had driven away so blithely sixteen hours before. The building had been destroyed by a fierce and terrible heat—an unusual heat. During the short time that he stayed there, Mr. Small remarked:

" There are six thousand dollars' worth of diamonds and other jewels in there; anyone can have them who can find them."

Then he departed—to see about the insurance.

Mr. Connor, with the sheriff and the doctors, continued their search. There was water in the cellar—it always seeped in from the lake—and unmistakable signs that a body was burning there. Under some embers they discovered the corpse of Mrs. Small. The arms and legs were destroyed—absolutely vanished—but the head and trunk were intact. She had been strangled by a cord tied round her neck; she had a bullet wound in her skull, and eight other wounds, as from an iron instrument.

The news that any part of his wife's body had escaped destruction was received by Small with surprise and—had anyone seen into his mind—with rage and liveliest terror. But he soon began arranging for the funeral, and for twenty-four dollars' worth of American Beauty roses with a ribbon bearing the inscription To My Love.

A still more unpleasant surprise awaited the little man. To his great indignation, despite his tearful and eloquent protestations, he was actually arrested for murder.

AFTER all these careful, these minute plans, after his ingenuity, his mechanical skill, the whole plot had been ridiculously defeated by four or five inches of water in the cellar. The elaborate structure he had erected, the absolutely faultless murder he had contrived—all had come down with a crash, just as his wife's body, with the bed on which it lay, had come crashing down through two burning floors into the cellar. And there to be preserved by the water from the lake: preserved to rise against him, as the vengeful cat in Poe's story cried out against the murderer who had walled it up alive with the body of his victim.

There is much wisdom and instruction in the Small case for any clever man who may think he can plot a perfect murder. It almost seems to indicate that, however adept he may be, however smart with electrical or other contraptions, he may fail to reckon on some very simple but unforeseen factor.

Even the funny little trick with Mr. Kennett failed. One of Small's first blustering remarks, as the sheriff confronted him, was:

" You know what Kennett's story is. . . . Kennett knows that my wife was alive when I left home; he saw me kiss her good-by, and heard her say, 'Don't forget the lace.' "

No doubt, on some earlier occasion, Kennett had seen and heard something like this. But as to this day he was perfectly clear in the matter. The attempt to reawaken an old image in his brain, to arouse again something once heard, had failed. Kennett had heard the husband say " Good-by." And, from the house, only silence—the silence of death.

Kennett was probably one of those exasperating creatures: a Yankee from the mountain regions of New England. They have no poetic imagination, no human emotions; they are hard-sided; and often, when you try to hornswaggle them in one way or

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

HERE'S HOW

Tek fits behind your front teeth

How precisely Tek fits even the sharp curve behind your front teeth! Its *Better Bristles* trained against the danger spots where stain and tartar form. Tek carries no leisure bristles as old-fashioned brushes do. But each well-placed, springy tuft does efficient work at every stroke—cleaning teeth and vitalizing gums. See and feel Tek's *Better Shape* and *Better Bristles*—its double value at no extra cost. Sterilized, Cellophane-sealed and guaranteed, Tek is a product of

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NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek

the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

THE MYSTERY OF THE COTTAGE BY THE LAKE
Continued from page thirty-one

another, they show an irritating respect for common sense.

A day or two after Christmas, when the snow was deep in Ossipee, they put Frederick Small upon his trial.

The accused man and his attorneys (Messrs. Matthews and Stevens, who had a record for securing difficult acquittals), together with the jury and lots of reporters, visited the snow-covered ruins of the cottage. Small, the sleet and rain freezing on his black fur coat and black soft hat, stood knee-deep in the snow, leaning against a sleigh, shaking with sobs. It was hard on the little man to make him look again at the place where he had lost his pet, where some one of his mysterious "enemies" had slain Mrs. Small.

Back again in court, Attorney-General Tuttle and County Solicitor Hill had no trouble in establishing a motive: the evidence as to the life insurance was too clear for argument. But there was further evidence of his intent to collect all the fire insurance as well. In his bag, at the time of his arrest, was a careful inventory, in his own hand, of the contents of the cottage—even down to a broom at fifty cents, and so perishable an object as candy at $1.40. In other words, the contents of the house on the day the fire was planned.

The bag also contained account books, legal papers of value, the deed of the cottage, and the prisoner's Masonic apron — all thoughtfully saved from destruction.

A flock of witnesses from Mountainview and other towns testified as to Small's disposition toward his wife. It was a dreary recital of brutal language and violent actions, and need only be exemplified by one remark, made to Dr. Bacon in Southboro. In explanation of a wound on Mrs. Small's head, the husband said casually:

"Damn her, I hit her on the head with a bootjack. I'd ought to killed her, and I will yet."

The cord with which Mrs. Small had been choked was from Small's motorboat. The bullet in her brain was from his Colt .32 automatic, found in the ruins. The blows could have been struck with the poker also found there. All weapons available to Small. And all, you see, nothing but circumstantial evidence.

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And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

One of the medical men who testified was Dr. George Magrath, medical examiner in Boston and frequently an expert witness in various New England courts. As a pathologist, learned in legal medicine and criminology, Dr. Magrath is to the New England officials what Sir Bernard Spilsbury is to Scotland Yard.

THE doctors found Mrs. Small's body prepared like a victim for a sacrifice. There was a mask of cloth over the face, and under this was rosin—of course, highly inflammable. But in addition to this, and to the kerosene and gasoline which were probably sprinkled about the house, there seemed to have been something employed to make the heat even more intense, the fire completely destructive.

The stove in the living room had stood directly under Mrs. Small's bed. And the stove, in places, was melted. Dr. Magrath noticed on the stove a substance which was shown to be the slag left by thermite—the welding agent which, when ignited, may produce a heat like that of a This also accounted for the fact that parts of the body, portions of the arms and legs, were not burned in an ordinary sense but entirely consumed, even the bones.

The wreck of an alarm clock was found in the ruins. It was suggested by the state that with some simple device, employing a clock, the fire was timed to start seven or eight hours after the owner had left. Ten o'clock was the hour when it was first noticed, and when the first of Mr. Ferren's crew of men arrived the building was a roaring mass of flames.

Any exact or completely satisfactory reconstruction of the machine was never made, nor was the source of the thermite discovered. The defense made the most of these two minor defects in the case for the prosecution.

I do not know if Mr. Small had ever read Melville Post's story The Corpus Delicti (which some readers have accepted as fact), but clearly he had determined that upon that great problem of the disposal of the body of the victim he would not fail.

THE defense was weak. Mr. Small did not go upon the witness stand—a significant fact which the law, fatuously enough, commands jurors to consider.

Many guilty men have testified in their own behalf; but for an innocent person, accused of murder, *not* to go on the witness stand is, I believe, rare.

The jury took an evening to deliberate, found the prisoner guilty, and fixed the punishment at death. The higher court and the governor concurred, and at midnight, January 15, 1918, New Hampshire turned Mr. Small over to an official rarely employed in that state—the hangman.

The little lame man showed no fear; expressed no remorse; and, so far as known, made no confession.

Had you been on that jury, could you have found any other verdict?

Disregarding your sentiments as to punishment, was not the *fact* of guilt established? Unless you are one of those persons who would convict no offender except on the testimony of three eyewitnesses, could you have come to any other conclusion? What are the chances that so many circumstances could unite to incriminate an innocent man? Are they one in ten million? Can they be reckoned at all?

The south shore of Lake Ossipee is once more as peaceful as it was when Mr. Small first brought his wife to live there. The ruins are covered, and the trees—except a few, still blackened—have grown up again.

Someone has built a bungalow over the site of the cottage. His is a robust spirit, and he is not at all troubled by ghosts or other horrors. The water of the lake still gets into his cellar; I saw it there when I peered in.

He and all other dwellers in that region doubtless prefer to have their quiet unbroken. They are likely to remain at peace.

Not twice to any such lonely spot comes such an hour as that when startled men ran down the road, or came hurriedly in boats across the lake, to gaze at the flaming house—and then to scatter through the dark woods, calling frantically, over and over again, the dead woman's name.

This is the first of a series of stories, by Mr. Pearson, of famous murders. The second will appear in next week's Liberty.

A Whiff of Lilac

A Short Short Story

By
STEWART ROBERTSON
who was born in Montreal and whose experiences include working as a cashier, day laborer, investigator, billposter, actor, soldier, and writer. At present he is in construction work and writes fiction in off times.

(Reading time: 5 min. 24 sec.)

“YOU make me tired,” said O'Malley to his daughter, as he watched her preening in readiness for a party. “ You and your perfumes! What's that one you're using now? It smells just like spring.”

“ Lilac,” confided Miss O'Malley, dabbing a generous portion under one ear. “ Elegant, isn't it? ”

“ Why don't you stick to it, then? ”demanded her father.

“ Because I'm not always the same, that's why. I've got moods and—oh, you wouldn't understand! ”

“ Maybe not, but one of these nights I'll be sweeping your dresser clear of all that junk.”

“ For the love of Mike, why don't you be modern? ”

“ I heard that line today already,” grunted O'Malley. “ Some smart young bucko from the chief inspector's office at Washington was down at the post office this morning. ‘ Be up-to-date,’ he says to us, ‘ and so-and-so, and so-and-so.’ The gall of him! ”

“ He was two degrees better than right,” trilled the girl. “ Here, dad, help yourself to springtime.” She flicked the crystal stopper under his nose.

“ Ahhhh! ” said O'Malley futilely, and went back to his evening paper.

. . . . .

Next morning he found a summons on his desk from the superintendent, and he clumped into his chief's office, hoping that the scent of lilac, which still lingered in the midst of his mustache, was not noticeable.

“ What's on the card? ” he inquired.

“ The Burnham Heights station this time. Complaints regarding mail that's been tampered with, all handled through that branch. Bulky letters, for the most part.”

“ Got the envelopes? ” The chief handed over two.

“ They've been knifed,” muttered the postal inspector, gazing at the faintly shredded edges on the flaps. “ That means a hurry-up job, done in the office.”

“ Sherlock himself! ” mocked the superintendent. “ Roll out of here and get to work! And, O'Malley, you heard that expert's talk yesterday; try and profit by it.”

O'Malley sniffed, and the act sent an increased volume of perfume up his nose.

He lumbered out to the Burnham Heights station and, under the pretext of doing a little political fence repairing, spent a morning in aimless chats with employees who were unaware of his calling. His wanderings brought him to where six colorless young men, each at his individual table, were sorting mail.

“ Pretty soft! ” chuckled O'Malley. “ Listen, boys, I'm taking names for the next big rally and—ahhhh, there goes me pencil point! Any of you guys got a knife? ”

Four were thrust at him.

“ Thanks,” he said, hiding his disappointment. “ Well, as I was saying, you got it nice and easy here. I'll bet every one of you is r'aring to go when the bell rings, huh? ”

“ All but Smeaton,” volunteered one youth. “ He must believe in the poor-boy-to-postmaster-general gag, because he usually trails the rest of us.”

“ More power to him,” grinned O'Malley, wondering which one was Smeaton. Then a quiet little man identified himself.

“ I don't like to rush,” he said, “ and what's ten or fif-

“ It's guys like him get some place,” O'Malley observed to the cynical five, and departed looking at his watch. Almost noon.

Lunch and two picture shows killed five hours, then he drove homeward, still sniffing, and began scrubbing viciously at the offending mustache. Suddenly his hand fell slack.

“ What's got into you? ” inquired his wife.

“ I got a date,” burbled O'Malley, commencing to run wild through the apartment.

He departed in a rush, and eight o'clock found him unlocking the side entrance to the Burnham Heights station. The six sorting tables were swept clear save for their identical assortment of rubber stamps and bands, mucilage pots, clips, and other impedimenta. O'Malley grinned as he noted that each article was labeled with the name of its user—Allen, Smeaton, and so forth. . . .

“ SURE, you're guilty,” boomed O'Malley, sprawling in his chair. Smeaton, standing before the superintendent's desk, shuffled uneasily. “ You held out likely-looking envelopes and slit 'em during your lunch hour.”

“ That's just shooting in the dark.”

“ And stayed overtime once in a while to seal 'em up again and slip 'em in their proper pigeonholes in time for delivery.”

“ Prove it,” demanded Smeaton.

“ Yes,” cut in the superintendent hesitantly, “ I think you'd better, O'Malley, and not sit there talking like some dick out of the movies.”

“ Jake with me,” said the inspector cheerily. “ Well, here's the latest envelope you gave me only this morning; the one that did the trick. Suppose you smell it.”

“ Hmmmmmm! ” commented the superintendent, sniffing cautiously. “ Why, it's just like spring! Not bad, eh? ”

“ Not so good, either,” said O'Malley heavily. “ Y'see, two nights ago I paid a visit to Burnham Heights and doctored up the sorters' gluepots. A drop of violet in number one, see, with sweet verbena in number two, and lilac for three, et cetera. And number three is Smeaton's table. He must have sealed up this envelope last night during the fifteen minutes' overtime I saw him putting in from across the street.

“ Ah, that lilac sure has an aroma all its own! Am I right, Smeaton? ”

Smeaton's face assured him that he was right.

“ I'll be going, then,” said O'Malley, ignoring the superintendent's congratulatory gaze, “ seeing that my part's finished and this up-to-date sleuthing kind of wears on a fellow.”

He walked slowly up the street to a drug store and went into conference with a clerk.

“ Give me seven one-ounce flasks of the niftiest perfumes you've got,” he ordered. “ Some dirty crook was after swiping me daughter's supply. And say,” as his eye fell on an octagon bottle of purple glass, “ what would that be—*Heureusement Joyeuse?* ”

“ It means you've got the world by the tail,” translated the clerk liberally.

“ Then wrap me up a pint of that one,” chuckled O'Malley, “ seeing as how it coincides with what we moderns are pleased to call me mood.”

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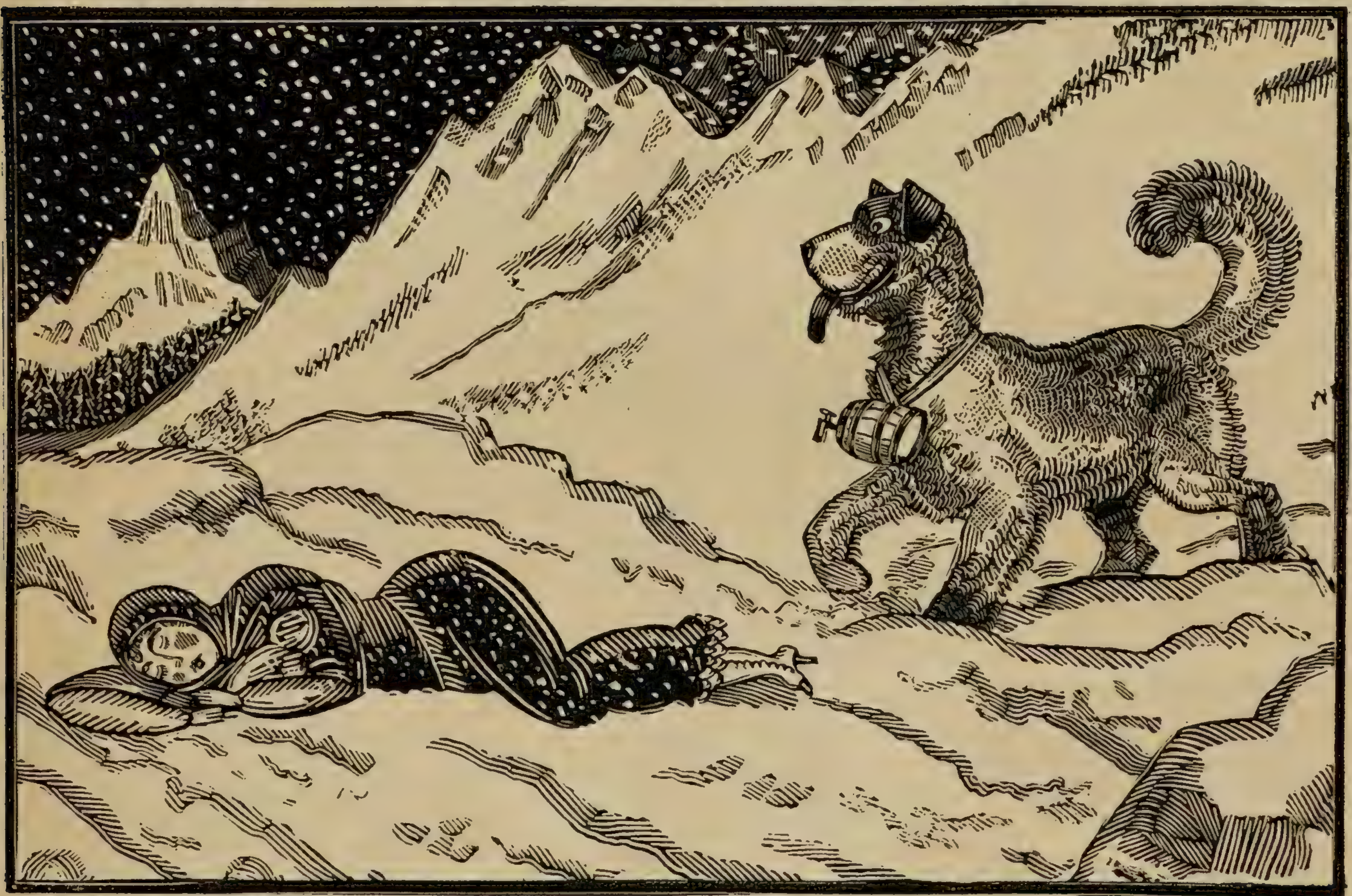
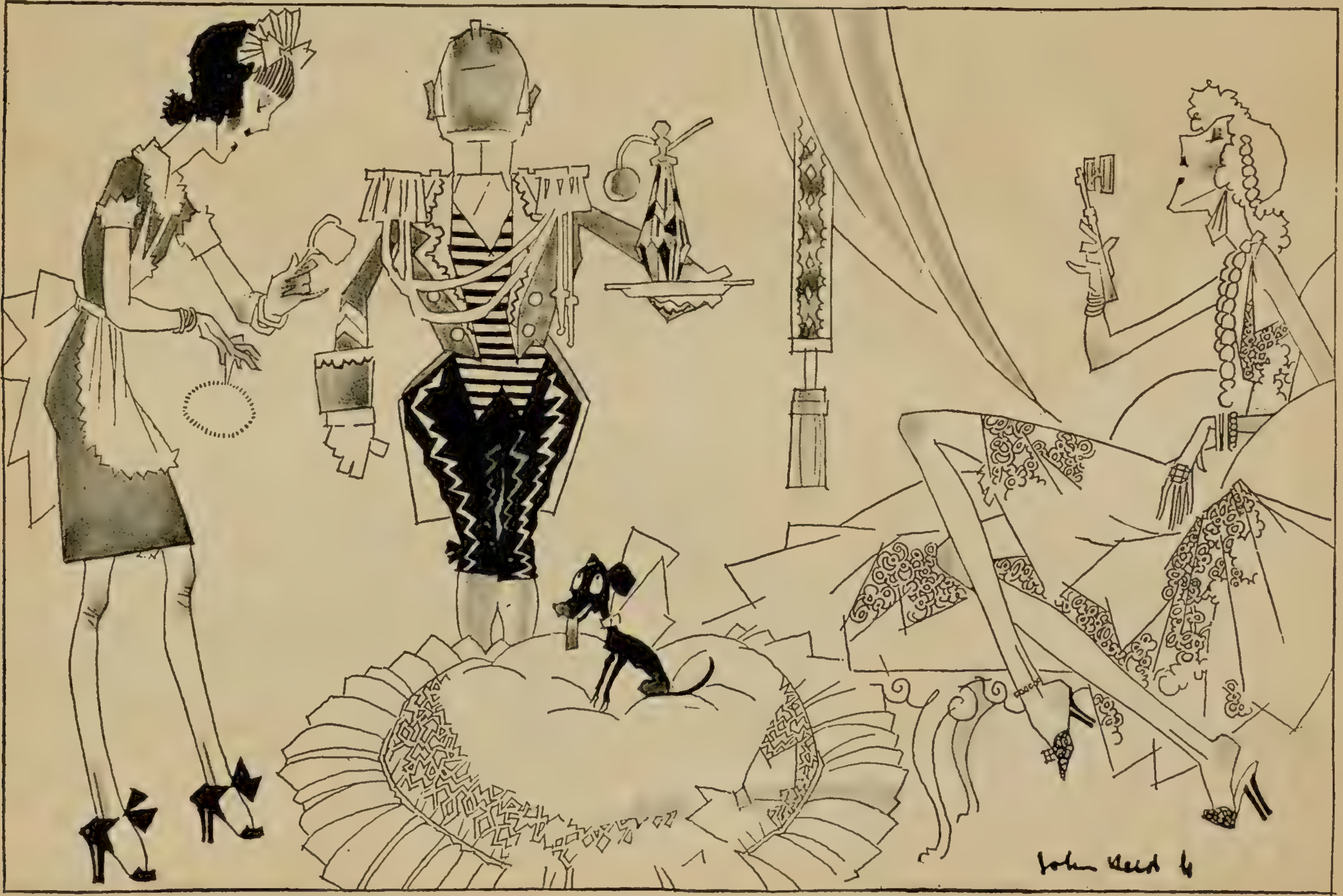
GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



Man's Best Friend--- The Dog In Our Schoolbook Days



Man's Best Friend---The Dog . . . As We Now See It

BLOW, Breezes, BLOW!

A New FOR THE LOVE o' LIL

"OH, there's Mrs. Tree!" Lil raised herself from the sun bath that little Ulysses had so rudely interrupted by skidding over on the sand. "You-hoo, Mrs. Tree-ee!"

"Don't encourage her," pleaded Sandy, *sotto voce*, combing back his wet hair with his fingers.

"Pa, blow this up, will ya?" demanded U. for the twentieth time.

"What do you mean encourage her?" piped Lil. "We're her guests, aren't we? Do have some manners, Sandy."

"Pa, blow this up, will ya?"

"You-hoo, Mrs. Tree! Here we are, waiting for you."

"I hope she trips over her poodle and breaks her neck," grumbled Sandy. "And breaks the pup's neck too. Breaks both their necks. Giving me a waffle for lunch! Good grief, a man's *hungry* at lunch."

"Blow this up for me, will ya, pa? Huh?"

This week's cover picture.

"Keep quiet, can't you?"

"Sandy, don't speak like that to the child. Why wouldn't you blow it up for him? Honest, such a temper to be in! All over waffles."

"It wasn't waffles. It was *a* waffle. Aw, give me the thing."

Sandy sighed and reached for the big garish life-saver water toy, and began patiently to blow.

"Um-m-m." Lil regarded the figure of her approaching hostess. "Edna Tree is getting fat."

"Not on her own food, she isn't," grunted Sandy, and as he talked half the air escaped from the turtle balloon. "You can take it from me, she's been visiting. Oh, damn! How can a hungry man blow up a thing like this? Here I get all cooled off in the water, and have to overheat myself blowing. . . . How much did this dinged thing cost, just for the fun of it?"

"Don't remember," shrugged his wife. "It was a sale or something. Five dollars, I think."

"Five bucks! Think of the food I could buy with five bucks, if there was only a hot-dog stand near by. Believe me, the next time I go visiting, I pack my own sandwiches."

"Say, pa, are you hungry?"

Sandy quit blowing and, disregarding the sizzling sound of escaping air from the toy, he regarded his son dolefully.

"Well, that was the rough idea," he nodded. "Yes; in a word, I'm hungry."

"Oh. Well, Buck Jones an' Ella Hall an' Red Masters, they got a big bag of cookies an' a watermelon down there."

Ulysses' eyes shone as he jerked his head toward the far end of the beach.

"Son," said Sandy—and his voice shook a trifle with deep emotion—"if you could get papa a piece of that matermelon, I'd blow up balloons for all the kids on the beach."

"Sure, I'll get it," agreed U. proudly. Then, following his mother's eyes and her party smile, he turned to Mrs. Tree.

"Hey, maybe you'd like watermelon, too. Aren't you starved, like us, after that lunch?"

(Next week's cover adventure: Her First Love.)

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MILK OF MAGNESIA

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NYAL MILK of MAGNESIA

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and
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in the features and stories
in every sparkling issue of

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station and exact time to tune in.

RINGING the BE

By Frederick James Smith

(Reading time: 6 minutes 15 seconds.)

BECAUSE of his direction of All Quiet on the Western Front and Front Page, Lewis Milestone recently was selected, *via* a pool of the nation's movie critics, as the big director of last year.

After seeing Bad Girl I am willing to hazard a guess that Frank Borzage will get the vote for 1931.

Borzage's career has been an interesting one, typical of Hollywood's sudden glories. Child of Italian parents (and one of a huge family), he worked as a mucker in the Silver King Mine in Utah. With his savings of fifty dollars he took a course in acting in Salt Lake City. The course was pretty poor, but it started him on his way. It led to small traveling theatrical companies, town halls, and frequent gaps in salary and food. At nineteen Borzage was a seasoned trouper and he knew every one of the night stands in Utah, Montana, and Wyoming.

Then he tried Hollywood and got a job acting for the late Thomas H. Ince.

Borzage's first directorial hit was Fannie Hurst's Humoresque. That was in 1920. He hit the bell after that with Seventh Heaven (1927) and Street Angel (1928). His most unexpected disappointment was John McCormack's Song o' My Heart, which, strangely enough, was far from the anticipated box-office cleanup.

In other words, Borzage has been out of the big-hit money for three years. But he is back now.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ BAD GIRL

CAST

Dorothy Haley	Sally Eilers
Eddie Collins	James Dunn
Edna Driggs	Minna Gombell
Radio Proprietor	Frank Darien
Jim Haley	William Pawley

Directed by Frank Borzage.
Produced by Fox.

Viña Delmar wrote Bad Girl into a best seller. It was the simply told story of two young people and how a baby changed their lives.

The motion picture developed from Bad Girl has retained this directness. Indeed, Frank Borzage, the director, has given the screen nothing more sincere or appealing.

From a chance meeting on a Coney Island steamboat, Eddie and Dorothy drift into marriage, principally because they have no place to go. Love has a hard time of it on the crowded stairs of Dorothy's tenement, where death, birth, drunkenness, cupidity, and dreams have only elbow room.

They marry, but the coming of a baby throws the two young lovers into consternation. Childbirth is an expensive proposition for Eddie and Dorothy. And, besides, each thinks that the other does not want a baby. Inarticulate, they lack the means of telling each other of the fine spark awakened within them.

As a film, Bad Girl has a tremendous vigor and honesty, thanks to Mrs. Delmar's unembroidered dialogue, Mr. Borzage's sympathetic direction, and two splendid performances by newcomers.

James Dunn provides a remarkably human portrait of Eddie. Dunn, a New York boy who has been just an extra up to now, although he had a lot of stock-company experience on the stage, does some really fine work.

The hard, wise Eddie is of the same genre as James Cagney's bad boy of The Public Enemy, although Eddie is a more or less law-abiding citizen.

Sally Eilers, the wife of Hoot Gibson, who hitherto has played colorless ingénues, is finely moving as Dorothy.

Bad Girl cannot fail to hold you absorbed and I defy you not to be touched by it.

Ralph Bellamy and Ruth Chatterton in The Magnificent Lie.

Lione
and Ka
in Guilt
story o

★ ★ GUILTY HANDS

CAST

Richard Grant	Lionel Barrymore
Marjorie West	Kay Francis
Barbara Grant	Madge Evans
Tommy Osgood	William Bakewell
Rev. Hastings	C. Aubrey Smith
Gordon Rich	Alan Mowbrey
Aunt Maggie	Polly Moran
Spencer Wilson	Forrester Harvey

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Can a shrewd, intelligent man, familiar with the tricks of crime,

LL *in* PICTURES

Bad Girl One of the Best of the Year; Some Crime and Two Others

Sally Eilers and James Dunn, two new stars who make good in Bad Girl.

Frances Dee and Richard Arlen in Caught.

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perpetrate a perfect murder and do it so smoothly that he will go scot-free?

Bayard Veiller, in writing this original story for the films, shows how an able ex-district attorney of New York plans the death of the roué who has won his way into the heart of the lawyer's young and innocent daughter. The scheme is perfect—but it slips.

I won't tell you how the murdered man wreaks vengeance with his own hand after death. It is the theatric kick of the melodrama, so I will not spoil your surprise.

Lionel Barrymore is both effective and interesting as the crafty ex-prosecutor on murder bent. None of the characters or events, however, are any too believable.

★ ★ THE MAGNIFICENT LIE

CAST

Poll	Ruth Chatterton
Bill	Ralph Bellamy
Elmer	Stuart Erwin
Rose Duchene	Frances Rosay
Larry	Sam Hardy
Jacques	Charles Boyer
Pierre	Tyler Brooke

Directed by Berthold Viertel.
Produced by Paramount.

The lie, I regret to report, is far from magnificent. Indeed, it's pretty cheap.

A young lumberman goes blind as the result of war injuries. He still holds a mad infatuation for a French actress who had visited his field hospital behind the lines.

A cabaret entertainer, prompted by an odd sense of humor, poses as the French actress in order to amuse herself. She gets her laugh—but she falls in love.

The problem is solved by that Hollywood remedy for all ailments: an automobile smash-up. This invariably cures, whether the temporary difficulty be blindness, leprosy, or plain stupidity.

Victims are tossed thirty feet, but they get up hale, hearty, and sensible.

Ruth Chatterton, who is usually referred to by critics as "the first lady of our films," is the night-club girl and she does well enough with the young woman. It is, however, far from her best rôle. The personable Ralph Bellamy is interesting as the blind ex-doughboy. But it is Stuart Erwin, as the dull, slow-thinking pal, who does the best work of the film.

★ CAUGHT

CAST

Lieut. Tom Colton	Richard Arlen
Calamity Jane	Louise Dresser
Kate Winslow	Frances Dee
Jard Harmon	Tom Kennedy
Curley Braydon	Martin Burton
Goldie	Marcia Manners
Sergeant Weems	Sid Saylor

Directed by Edward Sloman.
Produced by Paramount.

The rich pioneer character of Calamity Jane should have made a remarkable picture of border days. Calamity was a real person, part and parcel of a hardy day now faded into the history of our country.

The motion picture has missed all this, although the able Louise Dresser smokes stogies and does all she can with the part of Calamity. The scenarist has made the hardy heroine into the master mind of a gang of cattle thieves. A handsome cavalry lieutenant (Richard Arlen) is sent to break up the wholesale thefts. Calamity plots his death, only to discover that he is her own son, stepped out of a forgotten past.

Thus, what might have been a robust character study turns out conventional Western.

Do you know that—

Edward (Little Cæsar) Robinson will do no more gangsters? His next will be an Oriental in The Honorable Mr. Wong?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past six months

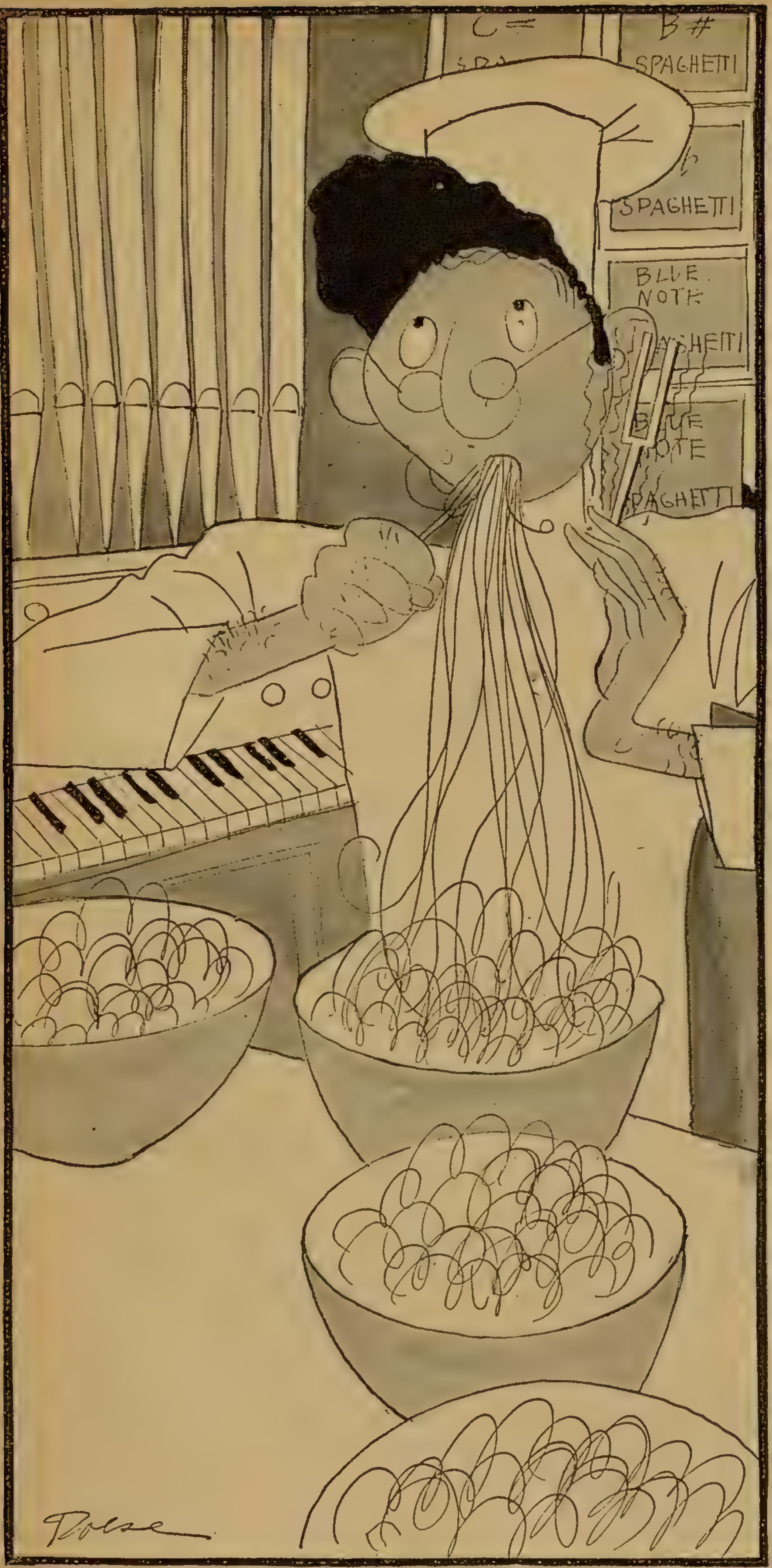
★★★★—The Smiling Lieutenant, Skippy, The Front Page, City Lights.

★★★—The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, A Free Soul, Indiscreet, Svengali, The Public Enemy, A Connecticut Yankee, The Millionaire, Dirigible, Tabu, Behind Office Doors, Charlie Chan Carries On, Strangers May Kiss, Dishonored, The Last Parade, Pagliacci, East Lynne, Father's Son, Honor Among Lovers, Trader Horn, Rango, Stolen Heaven,

The Turn

By EDDIE

Pictures by



Spaghetti Tuners can command their own price. This art requires a knowledge of organ building.

(Reading time: 11 minutes 45 seconds.)

WE must build a new road to Prosperity. So far we've been building merry-go-rounds and giving Europe free rides.

I've got the remedy for the whole thing and will sell it at twenty-five cents a bottle. After all, I've got to make a living, too. Where am I? Oh, yes!

The surest way out of the depression is to find new jobs. All the old professions are overcrowded. For the first time in years doctors have the same sickness as their patients—undernourishment.

Lawyers who used to handle thousands of cases are now lucky if they can get a single case. And then it's cut stuff.

Dentists used to give gas; now they're taking it. Even bankers have become economical. I know one who hasn't spent a dollar in two years. He'll be out in a month.

But I am ready to open new roads to success. New fields for genius to explore and talent to express itself.

There is a great opportunity for a Chain-Food Coupler—one who links sausages. This is a fine art and requires the greatest skill so that the sausages don't run into each other and make one big bologna.

I have given jobs to fifty-two Poultry Upholsterers who put stuffing into chickens, and have opened a new field for Kitchen Chiropodists to prepare pigs' feet.

There is a big demand for Jig-Saw Dentists to put teeth in circular saws, and Cake Carpenters are needed to make chocolate shavings for pastry.

Spaghetti Tuners can command their own price. This art requires a real appreciation of music and a knowledge of organ building, so that the spaghetti tubes should give the same tones when you draw them up.

There is no end to new opportunities, and by this time I'd have had everybody employed if the international situation hadn't required my presence in Europe.

The other night I was called on the transatlantic phone by Premier MacDonald. "Eddie," he said hoarsely, "you have to come over. And, for heaven's sake, take an English boat so we can count on one passenger!"

When I got to Number Ten Downing Street there were the heads of Europe in heated conference. Hindenburg sat in a corner going over his map with a razor. MacDonald and Briand hurled kings and queens at each other in two-handed pinochle. Mellon sat near the window throwing German Bonds to the pigeons. And Stalin was grimly solving a cross-word puzzle as part of the Five-Year Plan.

I promptly took charge of the meeting.

"Deal me in," I said eagerly.

"People are panicky for no reason at all!" cried Briand, throwing down his cards in disgust. He had a very bad hand. "Why can't we learn from China? They've had a depression there since they started the country!"

"You don't say! Give me a hundred dollars' worth of chips!" said MacDonald feelingly.

"AND what do the Chinese do?" exclaimed Briand, short-changing him. "When things get very bad, they simply increase the birth rate! If the people get hungry they throw themselves to the alligators and that solves the eating problem!" And he looked significantly at Hindenburg.

"But if a man is starving," cried Hindenburg, patting his paunch, "won't you save him?"

"We gave you a moratorium," remarked MacDonald, melding four aces.

"That moratorium ruined us!" growled Hindenburg. "You wouldn't take the money, so we were stuck with it! Now, if you don't lend us a half a billion dollars, we'll go broke and see how you like it!"

"Please don't go broke, Mr. Hindenburg," pleaded Mellon, the tears streaming down his cheeks. "It was so nice of you to accept the moratorium, and now we'll lend you a half a billion dollars if you guarantee not to pay it back! Promise?"

"Well, we'll consider it," said Hindenburg sulkily. "But what'll you do for us next year? After all, you helped us and you're responsible!" he added menacingly.

"Well, maybe we can work it out for us to pay *you* reparations," suggested Mellon timidly. "If you accept, we can then vote a bonus to the German War Veterans."

"Brilliant idea!" cried Briand, dealing himself a new hand from his sleeve. "After all, if you Americans don't take care of Germany for the rest of her life, you'll have a hard time proving you didn't start the war!"

is Coming

Hold Out Your Hand and Take It in High

CANTOR

HERBERT F. ROESE

"You're in bad, Briand!" exclaimed MacDonald, leading with an ace of trump.

"Say, you're cheating!" shouted Briand indignantly. "I know every card I dealt you and I wouldn't deal you any aces!"

After the conference Mellon took me aside. "I certainly got the best of Germany, didn't I?" he said. "Now you go and tell the folks back home that I'm calling off payments as fast as I can and pretty soon I'll have it fixed so that we'll never get a cent from anybody!"

"And that'll bring back prosperity!" I chimed in enthusiastically.

"Can't fail!" said Mellon, pushing me off the dock.

I returned to America and immediately I went about to see the remarkable improvements in business that our international policy had caused.

I visited one of our big department stores and strolled into the silk division. A young lady was being waited on and everybody was bringing down huge rolls of material. It felt like the good old days.

"I WANT twenty-two rolls of Japanese silk at $4.50 a yard," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," murmured the head man who followed her with pencil and pad. "Anything else?"

"Yes. A hundred and twenty-three yards of engraved satin at $5.30 a yard."

The man calculated the total with awe. "Will that be all?"

"Oh, no! Sixteen rolls of chiffon at $2.79 a yard; three hundred and seventy yards of lace at $1.98 a yard; five hundred and sixty-two yards of silk velours at $8.43 a yard, and thirty-eight rolls of taffeta at $1.17 a yard!"

The man perspired as he added. "It's a big order," he said huskily. "Will you pay for it now or shall we send it C. O. D.?"

"Oh, no," replied the young lady as she pocketed the neat and accurate bill. "I don't want the goods. We're a silk house ourselves. But we had to sell our adding machine and I didn't know how I'd ever figure up our inventory! Thank you so much!"

In other lines things looked equally promising. I went to buy an automobile and the place was crowded with salesmen. "How much is this car?" I inquired.

"Twenty-four hundred and sixty-five delivered," they responded in chorus.

"Do you allow discounts to actors?"

"Certainly," said the manager, stepping over six salesmen.

"I act in pictures, too—do I get an extra discount for that?"

"You do," said the manager.

"I also write books and plays—you know, that means publicity. Does that entitle me to a rebate?"

"Of course!"

"I happen to be a stockholder in this company. How about that?"

"That gives you a special stockholder's discount," came the eager reply.

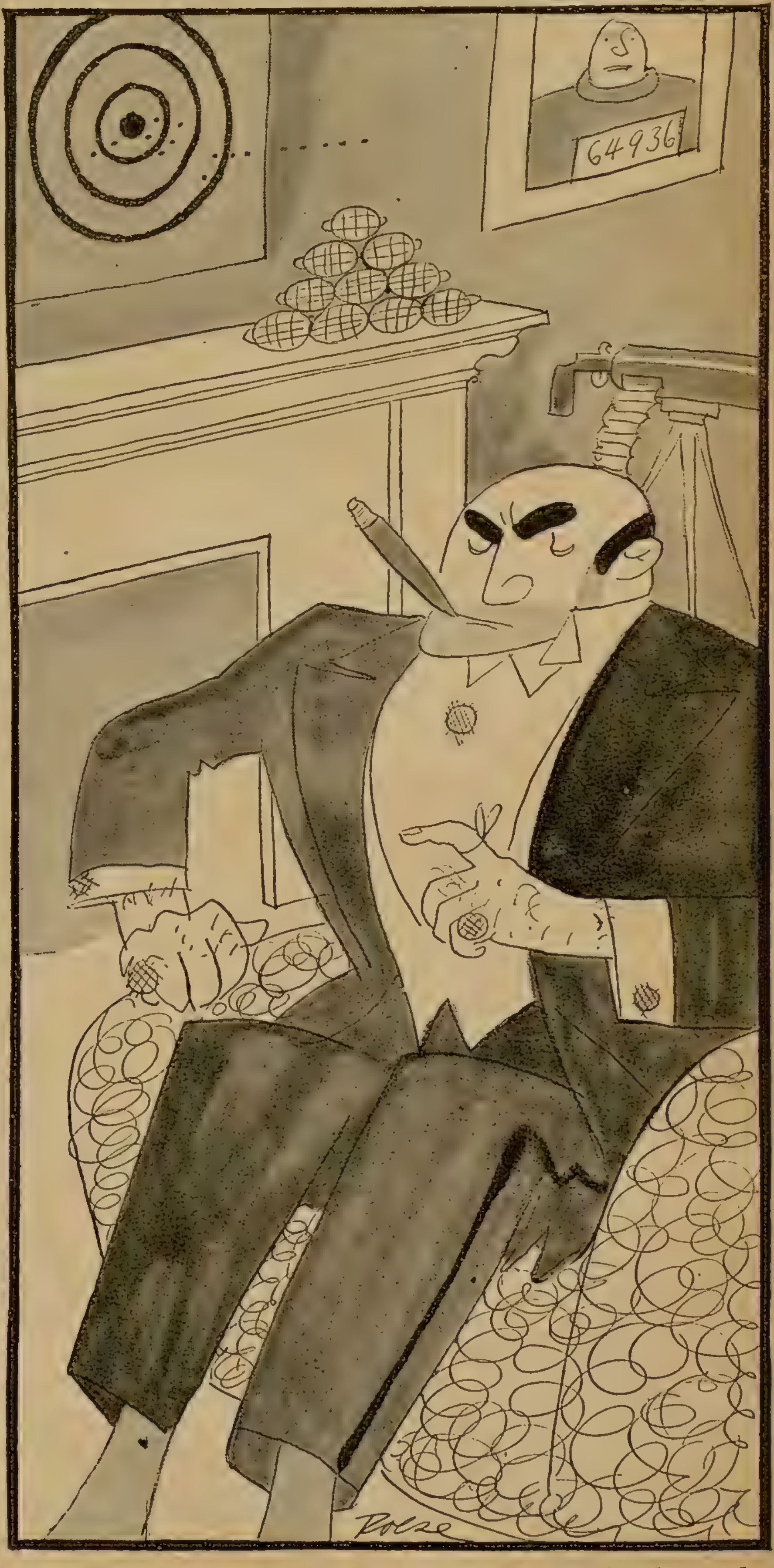
"And of course you'll give me the agent's commission," I added. "Well, then, how much do I owe you?"

The manager began to figure the necessary deductions. "Well, Mr. Cantor," he said, "we owe you a hundred and fifty-three dollars!"

After all, I guess we can't be prosperous until all the other countries become prosperous. It's up to us to tell them how. Here is the program:

Let's have *World Prohibition.* Look what it has done for us! Shutting down the vineyards and breweries of the world would save billions. People wouldn't grow grapes and turn them into wines and champagnes, other millions of people wouldn't bottle them, and still more millions wouldn't be fermenting beer and distilling corn and rye. About fifty million people could be taken out of that industry and their energy conserved. All those people could be resting and doing nothing.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



It was a cozy little love nest with a cannon in the parlor

THE TURN IS COMING
Continued from page forty-one

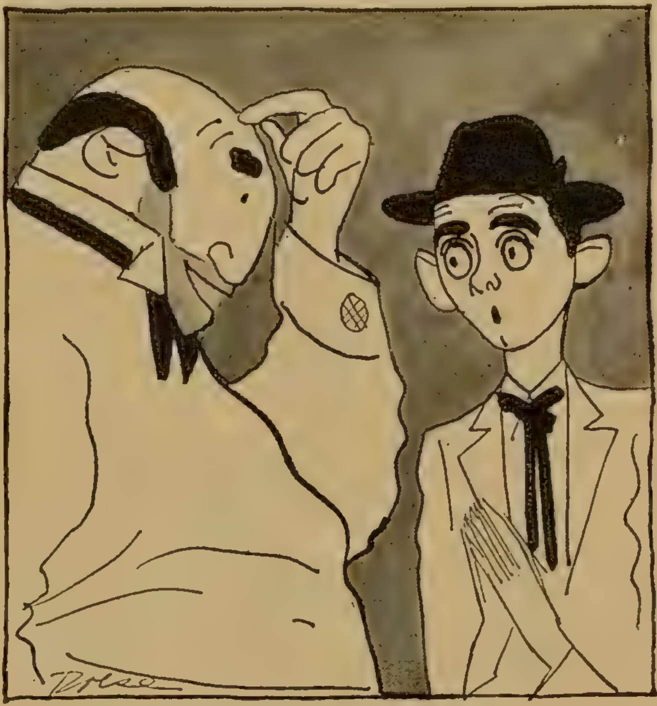
That would be a great step toward prosperity!

The next thing we could recommend is *World Racketeering*. Think of the young men who might have remained half-wits and idiots all their lives, but thanks to the proper rackets have become figures in society and ride around in fancy cars.

Bootlegging is one of the surest roads to fame and fortune. People who can't read or write, and who shoot their mothers with machine guns, now have their talents rewarded and wield a great influence in the community. Kidnaping, arson, blackmail, and murder are all new enterprises where anybody with a yellow streak and no forehead can make himself a career.

I met a racketeer who before prohibition spent most of his time in a strait-jacket, but now he wears a pearl-handled gun to match his shirt studs.

Recently I visited his home. It was a cozy little love nest with a cannon in the parlor and gas bombs on the mantelpiece. His wife complained that their child, Egbert, didn't eat his spinach. "Now, my son," said the father quietly, "if you don't eat your spinach I'll put you on the spot!" He pulled a gun, but the child was quicker and shot him through the left eye with a forty-four.



"I wonder what that's for!" he mumbled.

I asked him about the depression and he smiled. "Not in my business," he remarked. "I'm so busy I don't know where I am."

He wore a little pink thread around his finger. "I wonder what that's for!" he mumbled, perplexed.

"Is it a reminder?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes! Now I know! I have to kidnap Sam Consido at five o'clock!"

He had a deep red mark on his head and I asked him how he got it. "Oh, that's nothing!" he said. "Just a bullet I once got through the skull. Six more inches and it would have reached my brain!"

Another wise measure is *World High Tariff*. There should be a wall around every country, so that nobody can trade with anybody under any circumstances. This would be a great spur to the smuggling business and give revenue officers a good side income. Bootleggers and smugglers are always well-to-do. Imagine what prosperity there'd be if the whole world were divided into these two classes!

WE mustn't forget *A World Ban on Immigration*. Steamship companies are operating at a loss today. They would welcome any scheme by which they could close down altogether. Besides, people should stay where they're born. They should die and be buried there. It makes the soil very fertile. And there's nothing like fertile soil for raising wheat at a loss. This should become a world policy.

The beauty of such a constructive program is that we can predict the result. It will all lead to a *World Deficit*. We have had remarkable success with our deficit. In one year we increased it to nine hundred million. It was no easy task. It took all the forces of the administration to do this.

umphed. At this rate our deficit next year ought to be eighteen hundred million, and if we keep up the good work our deficit will in a short time be equal to the entire wealth of the nation, so we'll be even! In the same way the whole world could get even.

In return for these ideas, Europe should do something for us. All future conferences for moratoriums should be held here. It would boost the hotel business and employ a lot of interpreters—six or seven at least. We should also get the tourist trade and arrange not to pay what *we* owe. It may be a good idea to reverse positions with Europe altogether! While we're at it let's reverse everything!

AT a recent bank closing in New York, the defunct depositors stood quietly in line to collect their fifty per cent. One man rushed into the crowd with a terrible outcry against the officers of the bank. "I will tear them limb from limb," he shrieked, wringing his hands and pulling his hair. "I will boil them in oil and hang them from the lamp-post!"

A policeman tried to calm him. "My poor fellow," he said sympathetically, "you must have lost your life savings in that bank."

"Who lost?" cried the man. "I wasn't even a depositor! If I was a depositor, then they'd first hear from me!"

He was a man who talked depression and enjoyed prosperity. All the others on the line smiled bravely and were broke.

By applying the Cantor Reverse System all around I'm sure prosperity would be back in no time. Instead of two nickels for a dime, let's have two dimes for a nickel. And instead of talking prosperity and having depression, let's talk depression and have prosperity!

* * * * *

I've tried to make a serious study of the economic situation. I find that if people understand what you say they don't take it seriously. For that reason I've used as many hard words as I could, and now *I* don't understand them. I'm attaching a glossary of the technical terms. If the meanings are wrong it's the printer's fault.

GLOSSARY

Prosperity—The time right before election.
Coolidge—The Sphinx wired for sound.
Moratorium—A game called on account of darkness.
Bills—First stages of confetti.
Diplomat—Soft soap in a high hat.
Bank Examiner—A coroner.
Depression—A decline or fall—as off a precipice.
Federal Reserve — A place where oxygen is kept.
Reno—Where "Liberty Bonds" are purchased.
Tariff — A Republican cover charge.
Unemployment—Appletime.
Opportunity — Applesauce.
Business — Near beer. It's now one and one-half per cent.
Cabinet—A hollow thing made of wood.
Starving Armenian—A fellow American.
Millionaire — One who eats three times a day.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 12

1—Ægean Sea and Sea of Marmora.
2—Ethan Allen.
3—March.
4—A young fowl.
5—Harsh or discordant sound.
6—Peru.
7—A fashionable residential district of London.
8—A kind of clam.
9—John Tyler.
10—H. G. Wells.
11—Colorado.
12—Forty-two inches.
13—Cleopatra.
14—Four thousand eight hundred and forty.
15—Dried coconut meat from which coconut oil is expressed.
16—The art of communicating ideas by finger signs, as in the deaf-mute alphabet.
17—University of Virginia.
18—Missouri River.
19—Uruguay.
20—Sapphire.

$500 CASH PRIZE LIMERICK

ONCE more Liberty invites you to win a substantial cash prize by sending in a Limerick last line. This week's unfinished Limerick appears under the illustration below. End it and send it. Your chance to get into the big money is excellent. Look at the names of the prize winners in the right-hand column. They landed in the money by ending the August 1 Limerick. Don't envy them. Join them. End this week's Limerick. Send it per the rules. If it's one of the best you'll get a check!

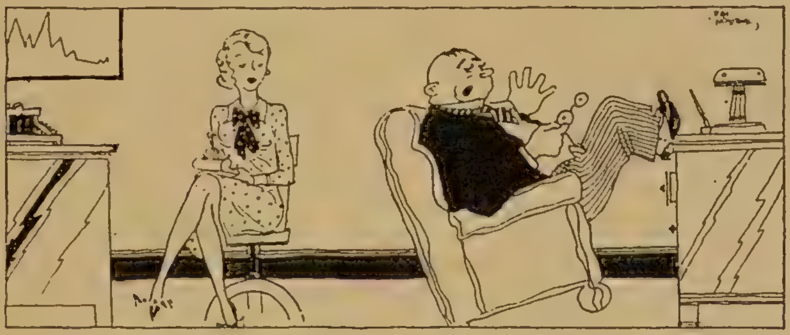
The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and mail it by first-class mail to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many last lines as you wish for this Limerick. However, no contestant can win more than one of the prizes in any one week.

For the best line, $100 will be paid; for the second and third best, $50 each; for the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh best, $25 each; and for the next twenty, $10 each. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. Awards will be made on the basis of action, cleverness, and originality. All entrants agree to accept the judges' decisions as final. Because of the mass of clerical work involved no entries will be returned.

THIS WEEK'S LIMERICK



A wise secretary was May
Who wrote what the boss meant to say.
In fact, when he read it
He thought he had said it—

. . . .

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight, September 5. This gives everyone ample time to enter. Results will be published in Liberty dated October 10.

AUGUST 1 PRIZE WINNERS

$100 FIRST PRIZE

A Limerick ender named Hugh
Was puzzled for rhymes that rang true.
But smile erased frown
When, inspired, he wrote down
" Poetical feet leave no clue."

Bertha C. Melcher — Santa Monica, Calif.

$50 SECOND PRIZES

I'll " stick to the last "—like a shoe.
Harvey G. Salisbury — Philadelphia, Pa.

The girls like my " line," why not you?
R. W. Berglund — Virginia, Minn.

$25 THIRD PRIZES

Hey, Liberty, start something new!
M. W. Hall — Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Just think what the judges go through.
Ralph Woodworth — Elkhart, Ind.

All's swell that ends swell—Toodle-oo!
Marian Ray — Chicago, Ill.

What drove the poor judges cuckoo.
Elisabeth Wittmann — Lincoln, Neb.

$10 PRIZES

Clarence L. Holland, Coatesville, Pa.; Marguerite Layne, Vernon, Tex.; Mrs. Wm. J. Riddle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. H. Schontz, Palmyra, N. J.; Charles B. Stout, Fort Myers, Fla.; Miss Lora McRaven, Jackson, Miss.; M. Larkin, Toronto, Can.; George A. Quay, Troy, N. Y.; George M. Bird, Horicon, Wis.; Mrs. H. F. Johnson, Lynchburg, Va.; Mabel C. Obenchain, Washington, D. C.; George Trusdell, Newburgh, N. Y.; Frances Jennings, Detroit, Mich.; Richard C. Holdsworth, Coral Gables, Fla.; Elfie Church, Greencastle, Ind.; R. D. Bennett, New Martinsville, W. Va.; Albert L. Hammer, Grand Rapids, Mich.; G. L. Talmadge, Philadelphia, Pa.; T. M. Robinson, Toronto, Can.; Margaret Reed, Belleville, Ill.

MORE WINNERS AND ANOTHER $500 CONTEST NEXT WEEK!

Vox

Jo, We Sell Two and a Half Million

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—For months I have been buying Liberty and giving it nothing more than a casual glance.

Of late I have been reading a few of the stories and now I am reading it from cover to cover and am realizing now what I have been missing. To mention a few that I think good: "What's a Storm to a Lobster?" "Girls in the Money," "Vengeance," and "Off the Spot."

Why you don't sell a million a week is more than I can understand.—*Jo H. Westcott.*

Anglo-sizing Us Up

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Allow me, a stranger in your country, to congratulate you on the publication of a magazine that is truly "The Voice of the People of America."

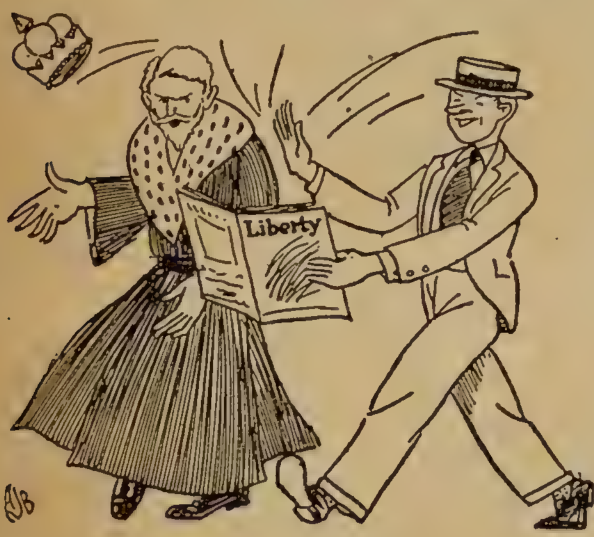
Upon my arrival here a few weeks ago, I confess to a complete ignorance of and therefore a dislike for most things American.

Then I began to read your magazine.

Liberty has given me the "feel" of your national timbre, with the result that I am enjoying my business relationships immensely, have made many friends, and increased my business.

No one who reads Liberty can fail to sense the keen thrusts at the pet shams of the world, and realizing that the people of America have given this disconcertingly frank and very modern magazine the heartiest approval ever meted out to any paper in this country.

My only fear is that when I get back to England and I should be so fortunate as to meet King George, I would let my enthusiasm overreach my discretion and walk up to him, slap him on the back and say "Listen, George, old bean, you ought to go to the United States one of these bright days.

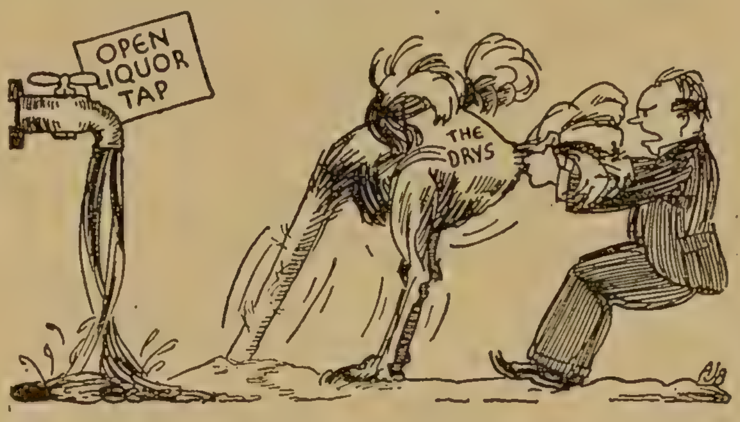


"You can get more kick out of a month of living there as a knight of the grip than you can being the big shot here in a lifetime. By the way, I have some swell magazines I brought over for

A Wet Smack

CHICAGO, ILL.—Did you really expect your readers to swallow that editorial, "The Big Chief of the Booze Gang," without gulping?

What do you mean by "At last we can see light ahead"? The only light to be seen ahead is pitch black. You think you are gloating; you are repeatedly stating that the big chiefs of the booze gangs are being laid low; you fancy that they're being conquered.



You're fooling yourself, that's what you are doing. Who made these gang chiefs? The People! Who made these big booze monopolies? The Public! Who is responsible for organized crime? We are! Are we playing a double game? It seems so, for on one hand we support these major and minor Capones, and on the other hand we fight them. Why continue fooling ourselves?

There is no doubt that this legal and legislative blot, the Eighteenth Amendment, will be repealed. Eventually we will cease our ostrich-like attitude, pull our heads out of the sand, and face facts.

Why can't this country control its liquor, as Canada is doing? What wonders could be done with liquor taxes if only a small per cent of them were devoted to education! And you writing an editorial about the arrest of Capone! There are thousands of Capones—you say so yourself!—*Samuel C. Levin.*

Now Let's Stop This

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—These writers with their short very short stories; it seems to me that their garrulity is exceeded only by their prolix verbosity.

Here is the shortest story known to mankind. Perhaps it is too tragic. Its "sad ending" for both hero and heroine may arouse bitter associations in the minds of many Vox Poppers.

The story follows:

NO! —*H. P. Shattuch, M.D.*

OMAHA, NEB.—Count me in on this short short story contest! Let's see some of these amateurs beat the following:

Rye.

Die!—*Howard Wilcox*

A Little Comment on Depression and Its Cure

COLUMBUS, OHIO—We have carefully read your editorial, "A Businesslike Remedy for the Depression." You say first: "The United States Government should be a stupendous business enterprise. It should be conducted for the benefit of all the people." This is good, but we know of no stupendous private business enterprise that has not first established and maintained up-to-date accounting methods.

Our government is lagging far behind in its acceptance, for its own uses and purposes, of the principles and procedures that have been developed and are being used by our modern big business executives. Only through this constantly operated vehicle can we be informed, be given an understanding and be guided in our actions.—*J. H. Kauffman.*

SEDALIA, MO.—See you are off again. Just read your editorial beginning with the sentence "The United States Government should be a stupendous business enterprise." There is not a sentence in the entire article with which Karl Marx would disagree. Not one that would not receive the unqualified sanction of Lenin nor one that is not being demonstrated by Stalin. Kindly throw her into reverse or some of us coupon clippers may yet have to go to work.—*D. H. Brown.*

A Friend of Benchley

CLEVELAND, OHIO—When some of our Vox Poppers began complaining of your contests, problems of conduct, etc., I did not mind. Although such things are silly, I can tolerate them, simply by ignoring them.

Even when they belittled Thrasher's brats and Kate Cameron's movie reviews, I did not become angry.

But now I am M-A-D, and I feel as if I can do battle with anyone who speaks or writes slightingly of Robert Benchley. I always felt that Bob was above reproach, but now I realize that no one is too good for those mud-slingers to take apart.

Now, Ed, if you want to keep a good customer who, with nickel in hand, begins on Thursday night to search for a good news stand, pay no attention to the Benchley knockers.—*Frank Palmer.*

What Are You Handing Out?

SPOKANE, WASH.—Our Soda Squirt thinks he's smart. I asked for a "Vox Pop" today and he walked to the lunch counter and handed out some boloney.—*Stanley Magall.*

Pop

Aw, Go Get Married

TAMPA, FLA.—I'm for more articles about War. Any War will do—World War preferred though. I was just a kid when the fight was raging, but I've found Liberty's war stories and articles extremely interesting. They were educational.

One lady "Popped" about peace being declared, and said, "Down with war!" I disagree with her. The World War is history—therefore educational in an interesting way. So—more war articles—please!—*Dorothy Hodges.*

Lady Doyle Protests

BIGNELL WOOD, MINSTEAD, LYNDHURST, ENGLAND — Kindly allow me space to reply to Mr. Erlbrookes' opinion that the writing on the photographic plate reproduced in my article in Liberty, June 6, was made by some fraudulent person and not by my husband.

Mr. Erlbrookes seems to have overlooked the evidence of the case, which is not scientific on his part.

My husband told my son at a private séance, a month before, that he desired me to have a photograph taken and that he would endeavor to write a message on the plate, and this he did.

Mr. Erlbrookes says that the message was originally written upon a piece of paper. That is a false statement. *I* should know better than Mr. Erlbrookes, as my son and I were the only ones to touch the plate from the time we took it out of a newly bought packet, marked it in the dark room, put it into the carrier, put the carrier into the camera, took it out of the camera after it had been exposed, took it into the dark room, took it out of the carrier, developed it ourselves, and *there and then* saw the message and signature in my husband's writing on the plate. No print of it was taken until some hours *after* we had read the message on the plate.

Now, as to Mr. Erlbrookes' sweeping statement that the formation of my husband's letters in life were different from those in the psychic writing. I have at home hundreds and hundreds of speci-

being formed in many, many instances exactly as it is in the psychic signature. There are also numerous specimens of the letter "I" written exactly as in the psychic photograph. Like everyone else's writing, my husband's varied sometimes in tiny details, according to the circumstances under which it was written. In signing his name in a great hurry or in writing when his hand was tired, the writing would naturally be less carefully formed.

The opinion of a dozen so-called handwriting experts cannot alter *facts,* and the *facts* are that the formation of the various letters in the message are exactly the same as in thousands of examples which I have got at home of my husband's writing in his various manuscripts, etc., and the signature is absolutely similar to a great number of his which I have in my possession.

I say emphatically that the psychic writing on the photographic plate is my husband's very own—done under rigid test conditions—and that no hands but my own and my son's ever touched the plate.—*J. Conan Doyle.*

Geography and Our Contests

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I have noticed that about one out of every fifty times a reader west of the Rockies gets a small share of the prize money offered in your contests. Your system seems very unjust to us Westerners.

Do you figure according to your circulation? If so, it then looks to me as though you wait a few days until the replies have time to get in from the Eastern states (including a few from the West sent air mail) and then pick the winners, the majority just being thrown into the incinerator.

Give us folks out West a little more "Liberty"—it takes all the kick out of trying when we think you don't even bother to look at our answers.—*E. R. Ruckheiser.*

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Pray tell me why it is that so many, many "sorehead" contest fans continue to doubt the squareness of Liberty's contests.

May I state here that I, for one, am one of the rare human beings who have actually received cold cash from Liberty and furthermore can prove it. The amount, twenty-five dollars, represented the eighth prize.—*Burton Slade, Jr.*

Missouri Moon

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—

He bought a five-cent magazine,
Then said with bated breath:
"If this, indeed, is Liberty,
Kind masters, give me death!"

Toodle-oo

OUTREMONT, P. Q., CAN. — Just through reading "The Peril at End House," by Agatha Christie. Her French is not so great.

"*A la bonheur*" is entirely wrong. It should be spelled: "*A la bonne heure,*" meaning everything is right.

Please print more short stories as "Love Laughs at Unemployment."

Au revoir. Je vous salue, messieurs, bien amicalement.—Maurice H. Collard.

Princess Kropotkin's Corner

LANSING, MICH.—I am fair, fat and forty—but go lightly on the fair—and I entirely agree that it is a shame to cut down Alexandra Kropotkin's "To the Ladies!" to one measly page.

I am five feet six inches tall and weigh 180 lbs., but it takes too much pep to get mad.—*Big Scotty, feminine.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Alexandra Kropotkin is all off when she starts to talk about breakfasts. She claims that we should not eat a heavy breakfast. She's wrong. Breakfast should be the heaviest meal of the day. Anyone who has studied biology knows this.

She also said that a light breakfast had become a national habit with us. She would not have said that if she had ever seen our family eat.—*E. C.*

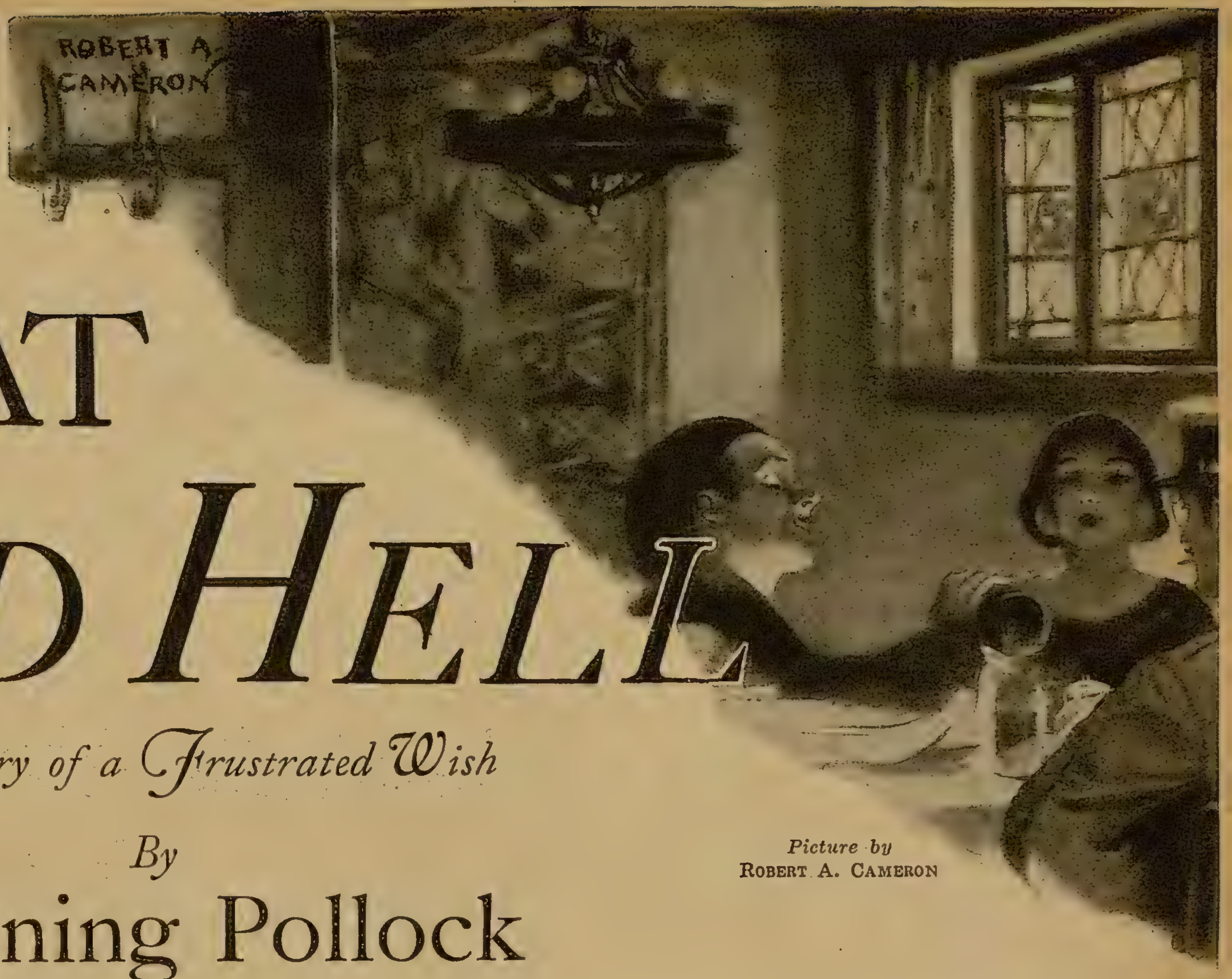
Whew!

RYE, N. Y.—I am highly incensed upon reading the article in the August 8 issue of Liberty by Courtney Ryley Cooper, erroneously entitled, "Don't Be a Sucker in an Amusement Park."

Cooper may know circuses and carnivals and street fairs, but in this article, if it is intended to apply, as its title indicates, to amusement parks, he is an ignoramus, and should do at least a little research work before he sends out such an article about a legitimate business which is conducted on as high a standard of social and moral principles as any business Cooper has ever been in.

Though I am not acquainted with grifters, I should say that, from what he represents here, they are honest compared with the rank misrepresentations which Cooper here ascribes to amuse-

TO WHAT RED HELL



The Story of a Frustrated Wish

By

Channing Pollock

Picture by
ROBERT A. CAMERON

(Reading time: 5 minutes 30 seconds.)

I FIRST saw her with Jo de Lemos in the Escargot d'Or. Not the fashionable Escargot in the Rue Montorgueil, but that funny little hole-in-the-wall of a restaurant near the Porte St. Denis. Jo merely nodded to me across the room, and made no effort to present me to his companion.

"Girl from my home town," Jo said, when I asked about her on my way out. She had left the room for a moment, but there was no invitation in Jo's tone, and I didn't wait.

Wandering down the Boulevard des Italiens, I was amused at my own interest. I'm not often curious, and the "girl from my home town" wasn't a girl, even then, or anyone very unusual. She was attractive, as so many Southern women are attractive at thirty or thirty-five, and quiet, and very well dressed; but she seemed—frightened. Not exactly frightened, either, but furtive, and fearful of being recognized. And yet the impression that remained with me was that *there* was a woman who knew her way around.

CHANNING POLLOCK

who wrote this story, was born in Washington, D. C., in 1880, and is well known for a long list of books, plays, and short stories, including The House Beautiful, a New York stage success last year.

A week afterward I saw Jo putting her into a boat train at the Gare St. Lazare. It was months later, however, that Jo became communicative over an *apéritif*. "I've just finished a great job!" he said. "Come over to my place and I'll show it to you!"

"It" was a design for a tomb, and Jo was right in calling it "a great job." Three modern tombs I remember—one in the Augustine Chapel in Vienna, one in Notre Dame, and the third, that designed by Jo de Lemos, and now standing in New Orleans.

"Who's it for?" I asked Jo. "An emperor?"

"No," he replied; "it's for the girl you saw me with at the Escargot d'Or."

"Not the little woman in the brown dress! Well! She must be an empress."

"No, she isn't," said Jo.

He walked to the window and looked out, and then came back and sat down opposite me.

"She comes of a good family in the town I was born in—on a bayou in Louisiana. They weren't rich people, any more than mine were, and they were on the down grade when I came over here. She was a funny little thing then; just out of pigtails. She knew I was going to Paris to study, and I suppose she knew about my getting the *Prix*—they made quite a fuss about that back home—but I never heard of her again until the morning of the day you bumped into us at dinner. She came here that day and asked me to do this."

Jo indicated his design.

"She wanted to know what it would cost, and I told her approximately, and she took out the money and laid it on that table. Of course, I was amazed. I told her we didn't do things that way. 'Wait till you see if you like it,' I said, 'and then you can send me a check.'

"'I'd rather not,' she answered. 'I'd rather you didn't know my name.'

"'I *do* know it,' I reminded her.

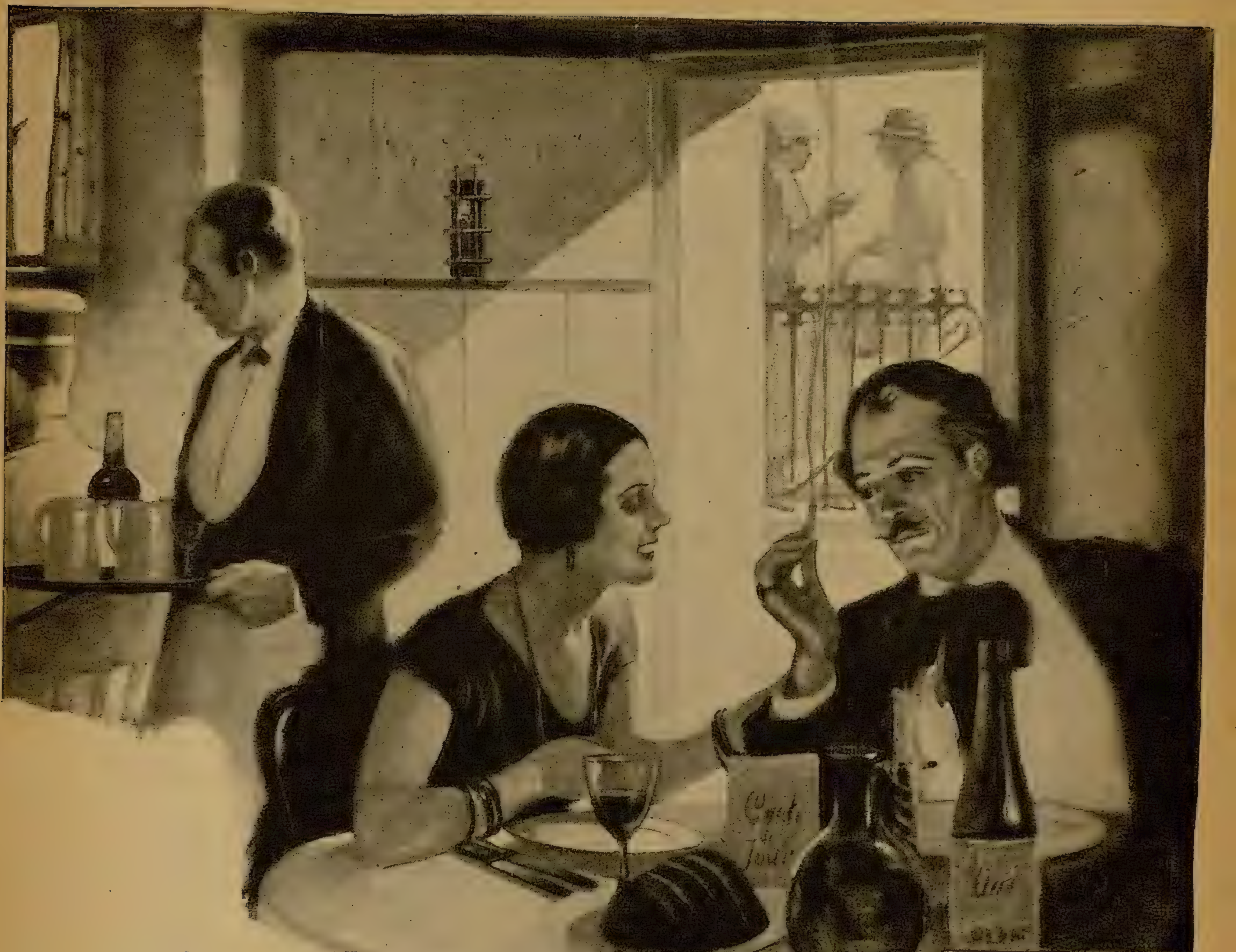
"'That isn't my name any more,' she replied, and walked over and stood in that window where I was standing a moment ago. She stood there a long time, and then she turned and looked me straight in the eye. 'My name's as well known in New Orleans as yours is here,' she said. 'I own a house there.' Her voice hardened. 'Do you know the kind of house that I mean?'

"I did."

"'That's why I want this thing,' she said in the same queer, lifeless, brittle tone. 'I bought the ground for it in the most aristocratic cemetery in New Orleans. I bought it through the man who took me off the bayou. He's a big politician, that man; there was no trouble about *his* getting the lots. There was no trouble about his transferring them to me, quietly. That was three years ago. When I got this money I came over here to see you.'

"'It'll cost something to build that tomb,' I told her.

"'I know, but I'll have *that*—some day. I don't want to build it just yet.' Her voice grew even harder. 'I don't want to build it until I'm through and forgotten. But some day I'll lie there, in the most aristocratic ceme-



I FIRST saw her with Jo de Lemos in the Escargot, that funny little hole-in-the-wall of a restaurant near the Porte St. Denis.

tery in town, in as good a tomb as any of 'em's got, and nobody'll know.'

"'Nobody'll know—' I began.

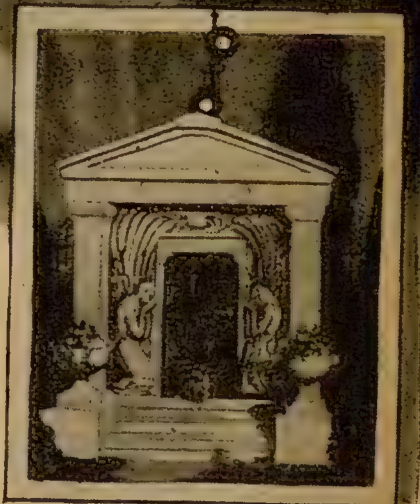
"'That I ever lived in the red-light district,' she said almost brutally, and then her whole manner changed. 'That's over. We're old friends, and I'd like to see something of Paris. I'm sailing again next Tuesday, and this is my first and last trip.'

"I took her to dinner at the Escargot, and I showed her the Louvre and Versailles, and put her on the boat train that morning at St. Lazare. The design went to her yesterday—or, rather, it went to a lawyer."

Jo rose and stood over the drawing. "One thing," he said—"I don't think anyone who looks at that tomb will ever connect it with the red-light district.

I CAME home myself a year or two afterward. New York held me fast until 1920, and then I went out to Hollywood, and returned by way of the Southern Pacific. In New Orleans I thought suddenly of Jo, whom I had first met there, and then I remembered the Escargot d'Or and the tomb. "I've got to see *that*," I said to myself.

It was late in the afternoon when I drove to the cemetery. An attendant warned us that the gates would be closed within half an hour.



ing to the old darky who drove my hack, and asked if he knew where to find it. He grinned. "I guess everybody knows that place," he said.

I knew it at once, standing white in the twilight, a little apart from the others, its back to a high wall that surrounded the cemetery. There were the angels of mercy, one either side of the bronze doors, just as I had seen them in Paris. "Jo was right," I thought; "no one who looks at that tomb will ever connect it with the red-light district.

"The woman who built this," I said—"is she dead?"

She had been dead some time, the darky answered. There was more on the tip of his tongue, and, because I didn't want his chatter to break the silence, I climbed into the carriage. But at the first turn in the road I looked back, and, rising, seized the arm of my coachman.

"Where does that light come from?"

That was what he wanted to tell me.

There's a railway back of the wall, and a signal tower, and, ever since it was built, all night and every night a red light shines over the tomb.

men free from this ?

"no!"

chorus the women .....

"I'm writing this letter to ask you something. Men resent perspiration odor in women and we certainly don't blame them.

"But do they think they are free from it? They have underarms. They perspire—usually more than women do.

"Are they still hugging the old idea that soap and water is all they need? Tell them about Mum."

Of course. You see, men, you can play absolutely safe on perspiration odor—in just an instant while you're dressing. A quick rub-in of Mum under each arm—and you're safe for the day or evening!

Mum doesn't interfere with healthful perspiration. It's harmless to skin and clothing. It just destroys unpleasant odor.

Slip a jar of Mum into your traveling bag. It doesn't spill or scatter. Use it when you dress and—

You'll not get unfavorable comment from the ladies!

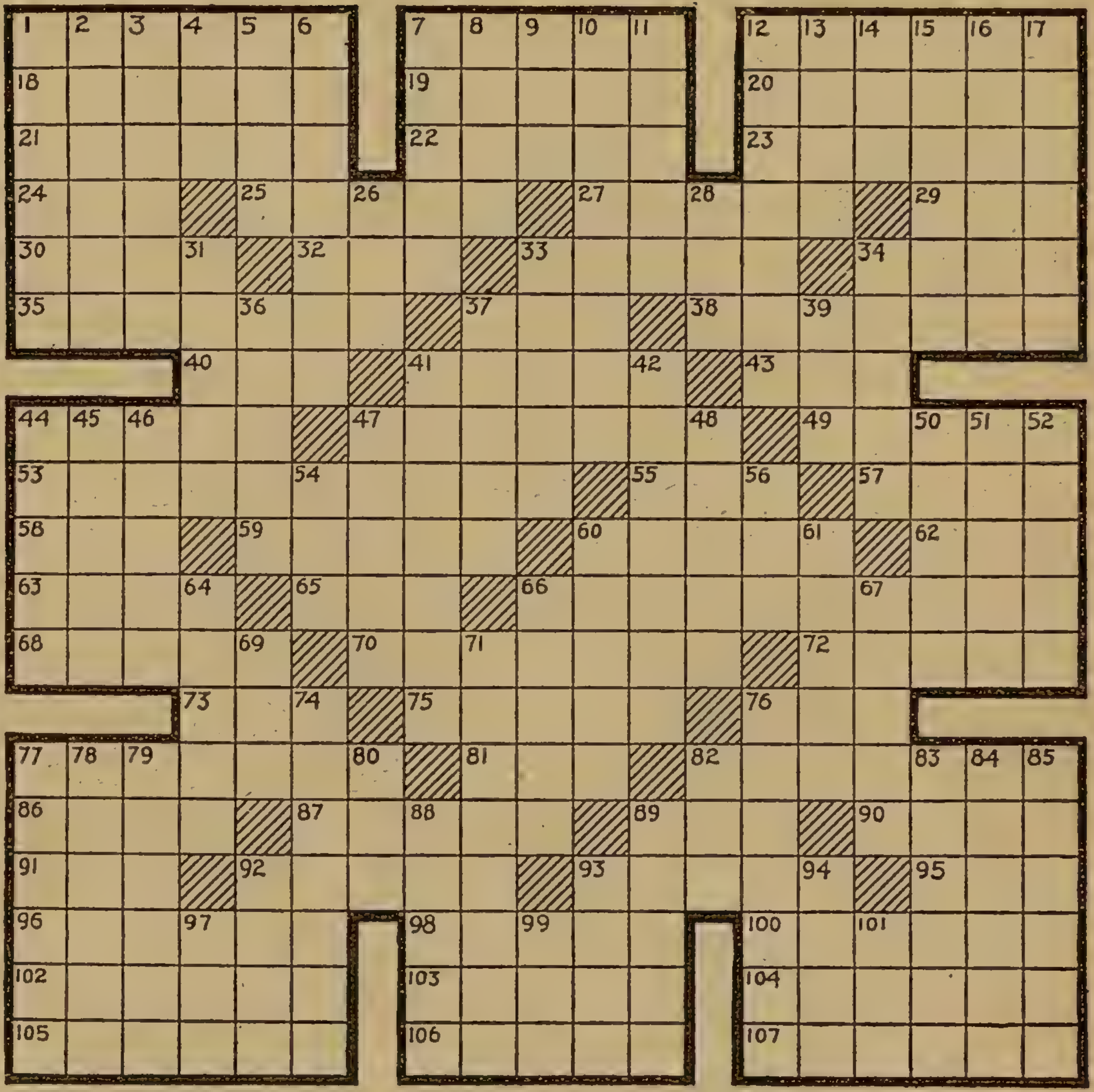
Wonderfully soothing to feet, too

Do your feet burn and ache and perspire? Rub them lightly with Mum and see how rested and cool they feel. Takes away all odor; preserves hose and keeps shoe linings fresher.

"MUM"

SHALL WE SEND YOU FREE TRIAL PACKAGE?
Address Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 12, 75 West St.,

Two New Puzzles



HORIZONTAL

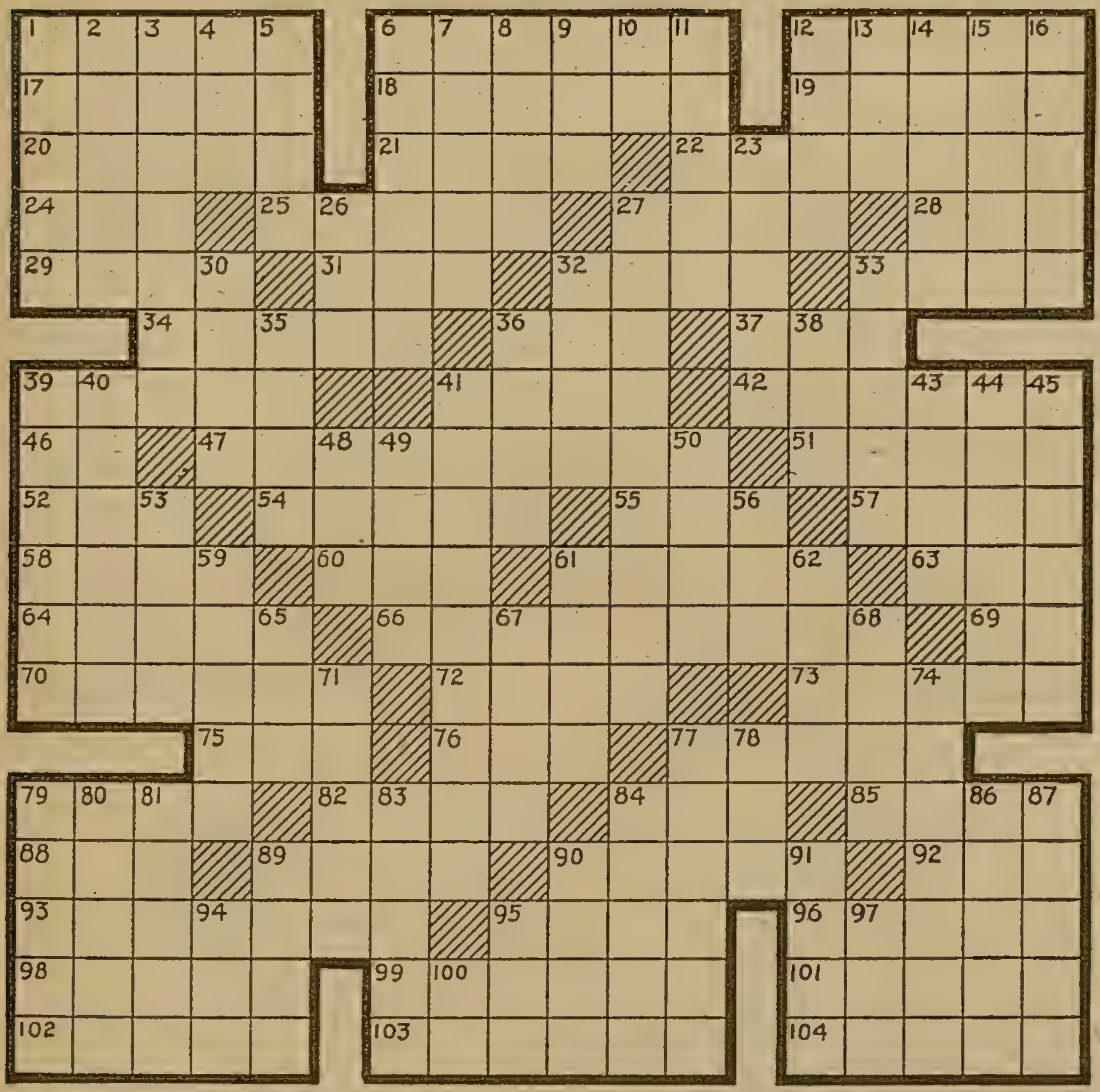
1 Rector
7 Actual happenings
12 Frightens
18 To pierce
19 To be of service
20 Progenitor
21 Apparition; specter
22 Literary composition formed by selections
23 Fleet
24 Cardinal number
25 Exterior
27 Cries aloud
29 Kind of dog
30 Periods
32 Cause to be quit of
33 Malayan animal
34 Wrap, as a dead body
35 Confident; trusting
37 Perch
38 Went by automobile
40 Printer's measures
41 Thin metal disk
43 Armed conflict
44 Loyal; faithful
47 Shaped
49 City in Brazil
53 Presence
55 Morass
57 Crippled
58 Exclamation
59 Gustation
60 Silenced
62 Serpent
63 Wheelless vehicle
65 The low of cattle
66 Distressful
68 Eagle's nest
70 Of a name
72 Brief
73 Priestly vestment
75 Lowest point
76 Piece out
77 Fascinated
81 A beverage
82 Solutions
86 Depend upon
87 Serious
89 Fruit seed
90 Break off suddenly
91 Tire
92 Bishop's headdress
93 Seed envelopes
95 Bond
96 Established
98 Organ of the body
100 For a short time
102 Courteous
103 Dens
104 Coupled
105 Birds
106 A poem of lamentation
107 Mocks

VERTICAL

1 Annoy
2 Unit of current
3 Of the backbone
4 Sailor
5 Medley
6 Restores
7 Confronted
8 Assert
9 A container
10 Submitted to titration
11 Type of vessel
12 A bird
13 Conveyances
14 Member of the body
15 Harvester
16 Bear
17 Produced, as a play
26 Small bird
28 Point
31 Prolonged attack
33 Name
34 Shade of red
36 Concerning
37 Dressing
39 A color shade
41 A float
42 Nebulous
44 A failing in duty
45 European country
46 Anæsthetic
47 Worker in stone
48 Pertaining to dower
50 Forbidden
51 Love affair
52 Smallest
54 Obstruct
56 Jewel
60 Craze
61 Circular plates
64 Journal
66 A beverage
67 Sinews
69 A tree
71 Corporeal
74 In addition
76 Snares
77 Makes brittle
78 On this
79 Soda ash
80 A speck
82 Melody
83 All
84 Scoffer
85 Hastens
88 Popular beauty
89 Swelled with pampering
92 Apportion
93 Iceberg
94 Aquatic bird
97 Tilt
99 To strive for superiority, as in a contest
101 Hasten

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

for Agile Minds



HORIZONTAL

1 Antic
6 Muse of astronomy
12 Hesitate
17 Century plant
18 Hall of reception
19 Out of the way
20 Of the nose
21 American Indians
22 Irregular; wandering
24 Measures of type
25 Town in Belgium
27 Single thing
28 Deed
29 Spoke
31 Over
32 Pismires
33 Tenor violin
34 Swearer
36 Animal's coat
37 Predatory bird
39 County in Utah
41 Desert in Asia
42 Again to put to one's last resource
46 Pronoun
47 Evening last past
51 Docks
52 Plan
54 Stiff sharp process
55 Part of the body
57 A conveyance
58 Town in Maine
60 High in the musical scale
61 Assumed name
63 A beetle
64 Large molding
66 Simple; primal
69 Egyptian deity
70 Whole sweep of a scythe (plural)
72 Gazed fixedly
73 Pediculous
75 Beverage
76 Humanity
77 Throws
79 Entreat
82 Day of Roman month
84 Hurried
85 Well to drain land
88 Cereal grain
89 Norse god
90 South American rodent (plural)
92 Inlet
93 Resident of Eton
95 Every
96 Document
98 Mothers
99 A beard
101 A plant
102 Passage in a cathedral
103 Penetrates
104 Succinct

VERTICAL

1 Rattans
2 A lizard
3 Phlegmatic; sluggish
4 Woman's name
5 Depend upon
6 Collector of illegal interest
7 Classifier
8 Beverage (plural)
9 Negatives
10 Satellite of Jupiter
11 Concerning
12 Skin excrescence
13 Man's name
14 Relating to life
15 Public command
16 Right-hand page
23 Piece between stairs
26 American author
27 Peerless
30 A kind of boat
32 River in France
33 Caper
35 Letter of the alphabet (plural)
36 Toward the front
38 Corded fabric
39 Insects
40 Grassland
41 Men of refinement
43 Peruse
44 Misplays in baseball
45 A stray animal
48 Spring
49 Plate of baked clay
50 Ireland
53 Section of Constantinople
56 Entangle
59 Crazy (slang)
61 So be it!
62 Salt (plural)
65 Pronoun
67 Unfledged bird
68 Shares; allotments
71 Town in Algeria
74 One who seizes power
77 Hiding places
78 Collection of facts
79 Verses
80 Rating for assessment
81 Pygmy
83 Dent
84 American snake
86 Demeanors
87 Analyze a sentence
89 River in France
90 Part of the head
91 Slight quarrel
94 Sleep
95 Corrode
97 Salutation
100 Preposition

If you MUST know the

Guard the Vital Zone

No matter what sport stirs your blood and renews your energy ... golf, swimming, tennis, baseball ... you will play better and play safer, if you guard the vital zone of your body by wearing the best athletic supporter you can buy.

That means PAL, the *de luxe* supporter which college coaches and trainers choose for their varsity teams. Stout, rubber-cored ribs ... an exclusive PAL feature ... reinforce its soft, knitted pouch and give super-support without binding or chafing. Superb quality and design add long life, lasting comfort and unmatched economy. In three styles at two prices, $1.00 and $1.50.

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Important but little-known facts about the need and functions of athletic supporters are presented in our new booklet, "Guard The Vital Zone." For a free copy, address Bauer & Black, 2599 S. Federal Street, Chicago.

A PARTY at

A Page from the Past of a Genius

By

KONRAD BERCOVICI

Picture by
DAN CONTENT

(Reading time: 18 min. 15 sec.)

SHERIFF BOB CHANLER, one of the most colorful personalities of New York, is dead. He died of heart disease, a commonplace death he will never outlive. Bob was a mixture of genius, madman, and saint; a fantastical, cynical, practical, idealistical individual whose duplicate is yet to be discovered, if one lives at all. For years and years the papers had been full of him and his doings—when one of his brothers was confined in an insane asylum; when he married Lina Cavalieri, the famous beauty and singer; when he divorced her; and a few things like that.

A telegram which the brother who had been confined in the asylum sent him on the occasion of his break-up with Cavalieri has become famous and has entered the American language. During the trial in court that had resulted in the confinement of that brother, Sheriff Bob had enumerated all his brother's irresponsible and illogical actions. So when Bob married Cavalieri, and then repented in haste, the brother telegraphed:

"Who's loony now?"

And later on Bob Chanler admitted that marrying Cavalieri as he had done was an action his brother would never have committed. And puffing out his cheeks he shook with laughter as he said:

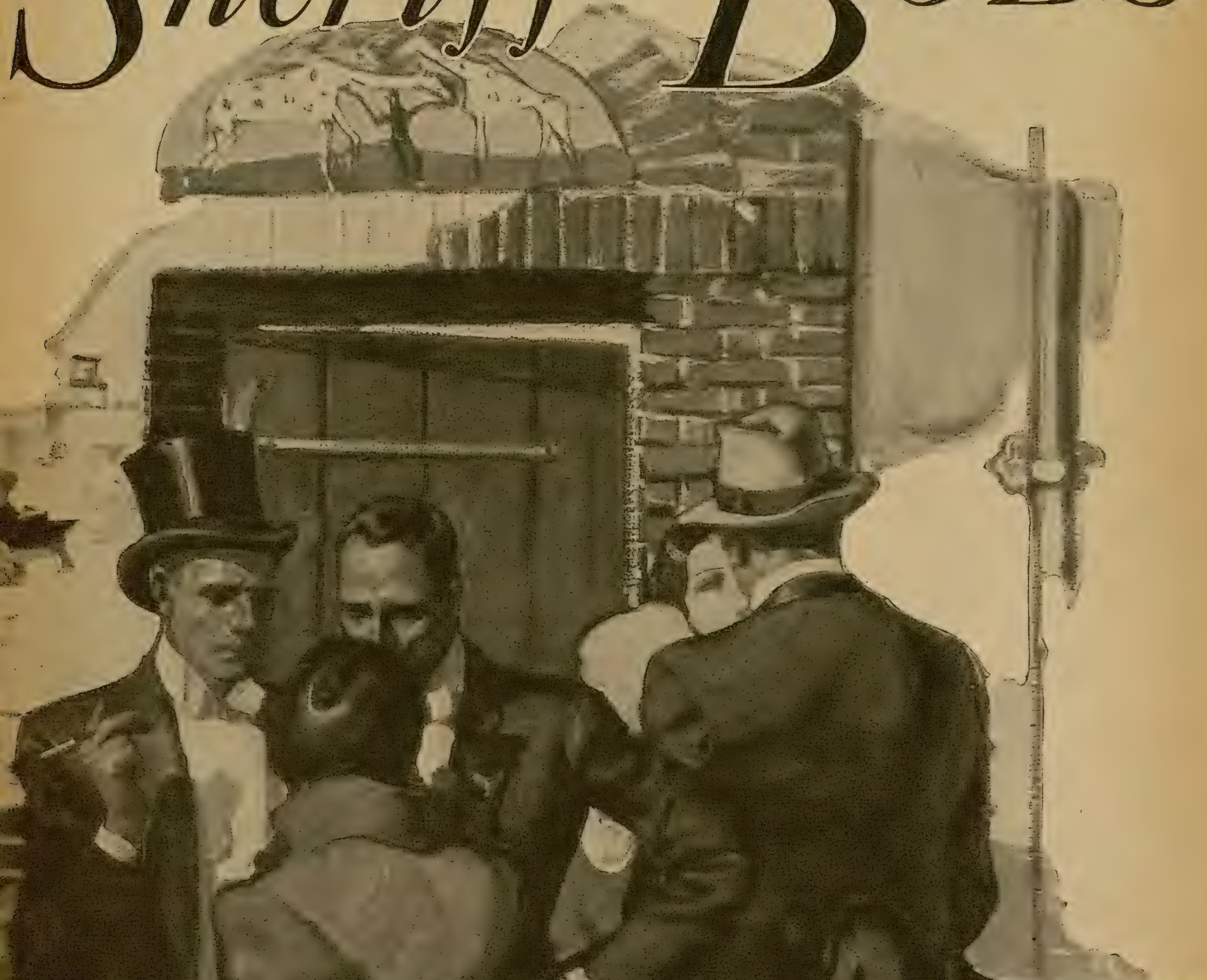
"But legally he is loony and I am not!"

It was just a little tiff between two brothers.

A good many of Sheriff Bob's doings have never got into the papers, though discreet references were occasionally made for the *cognoscenti* in the newspaper columns. He had a queer habit of walking out—six feet three and weighing three hundred pounds—in his pyjamas and doing a rapid turn around Gramercy Park in the première of a play in full dress, but with house slippers on his feet, and wearing a soft black hat three sizes too small for him on his enormous crop of gray, bushy, curly, almost kinky hair.

He belonged to one of the most eminent families in New York City. Years ago he and Richard Harding Davis had themselves made sheriffs of Westchester County. "We cleaned up the county of all the thieves and bandits," Sheriff Bob reminisced, laughing. "When-

Sheriff BOBS



AFTER the last group of men and women in evening dress had said good-by, the lights on the ground floor also were extinguished.

hang him. No trial, no nothing! *Pouf!* Trials. Just loss of time. And so we cleaned up Westchester." His campaign for the state Assembly is still remembered there.

No one could have known, upon meeting the six-foot-three, three-hundred-pound chunk of loose flesh that shuffled along on the street, and chewed his words so it was difficult to understand him—no one would have known that that man was one of the finest artists of the world, that his paintings and screens and murals held some of the finest work done in this century. True, only millionaires could afford the handiwork of Bob Chanler. However, those who were fortunate enough to obtain them were at least a hundred times richer by what they had bought than what they had paid for it.

But his parties were even more famous than his art work, his strange friendships, and his undaunted championship of Isadora Duncan. The house on East Nineteenth Street was in itself a nightmare for anyone who had not seen it before. After one had passed the door

A PARTY AT SHERIFF BOB'S
Continued from page fifty-one

upon which two beautiful giraffes had been painted, one entered a hallway the walls of which were peopled with paintings of exotic birds and the most fearful-looking fantastic animals and snakes. All this was painted in vivid, shrieking colors that fairly flew out from the walls upon you. Thousands of birds painted in gold and in black, in red and in green, in yellow and in silver, crowded the staircase from the bottom to the topmost ceiling. You raised your eyes to the ceiling to escape the nightmare, and found there even more nightmares; and so on through every one of the eighteen or twenty rooms. Each room was more fantastic than the others. Each was furnished in a queerer way. Ultramodern pieces joshed the most antique French and Norman pieces. English, German, French, Italian, American, and Chinese pieces were crowded together in one room.

The man himself looked so strange you could not possibly place him as belonging to one race or to one nationality. His flat face looked Slavic and almost Asiatic, his color looked Indian, his lips looked African. When he spoke, it sounded as if the words were uttered by some curious savage who had just discovered how to articulate speech, some human being who had not yet emerged from the grunting stage.

His explosive laughter was terrific. When he was gay or when he was angry, when he was approving or scorning, he exploded in loud laughter. His long arms shot out and slapped his thighs with resounding smacks. He jumped up from his seat or chair and bent himself over like a jackknife, then raised his arms high in the air, bending back and forth, and laughed and shouted. Just as suddenly he would calm himself, reach forth for whatever was near at hand—his handkerchief, your handkerchief, a woman's shawl, a piece of curtain, some precious cloth—wipe his mouth, reach for a cigarette, and talk about other things.

© Bain News Service

The late "Sheriff Bob" Chanler.

He was thoroughly dissatisfied with everything and everybody. He accepted everything and everybody—up to a certain point. But the government was no good. The people were no good. Literature had gone to the bowwows. There wasn't a painter worthy of his canvas. And he approved of only a few musicians, a few actors and actresses, and a singer or two. That, and Russia.

"THEY, the Russians, have an idea," he said to me. "The hell I care whether the idea is the right one! But they have an idea! And so they go out to make this idea understood by the rest of the world. And if it costs a few million people, what of it? They have an idea!" And turning around to a charming young lady who had come to interview him for a newspaper, he shouted at her: "Ever had an idea? Ever know what it is to have an idea? Whose idea was it to send you here? Was it your idea? Was it the editor's idea? Ha-ha-ha! The great idea of a man! To send somebody to interview Bob Chanler! And he—he will criticize other people who have ideas to change the world!"

Breaking off just as suddenly, he peered into the girl's eyes. He grabbed her by her arm and pulled her toward the light. "Green eyes! Curious kind of green eyes. Where did you get them?" And twisting the girl around he showed her to his other guests. "Look at her eyes. Green eyes! Never an idea has passed through these eyes." Turning her around again, he exhibited her. "Look at her hands."

[illegible] caught her in his arms, kissed her tenderly, and offered to buy her a whole truckful of flowers that was just passing in front of the window, to assuage her hurt feelings.

"I got an idea—to buy you all those flowers."

He leaned out the window and called to the flower vendor: "Take the whole truckload to— Where do you live? What's your name?"

The afternoon I first met him, he asked me to stay for tea. He had just read a book that had disturbed him and he wanted to talk about it. Though it was difficult to understand his speech, he was so interesting that I stayed on, fascinated and charmed by him.

When I was ready to go, he placed his huge bulk in front of the door and told me that I wasn't leaving yet—that I was going to stay for dinner. I objected, saying that I was expected home. He called up my house and, without preamble, said to my wife:

"Your husband is here, at Bob Chanler's. I am keeping him for dinner. I will send him back to you tomorrow. Good-by! You see"—he turned to me triumphantly—"how easy? That's the way! Hello! Hello! Good things, telephones. Hate them. Good just the same."

HE had solved the prohibition problem in the same easy manner. He had hired a man who knew how to distill alcohol and make whiskies and champagnes, and kept him employed in the basement. He solved all problems, Bob Chanler, with the same ease. When a person at one of his parties became obnoxious or annoyed him, he picked the "gent" up in his arms and threw him out of the window. When a man or a woman he did not like appeared in his rooms, he walked up and said:

"I don't like you. I don't want you to come. Get out!"

One was never sure whether he would not do that to his best friend, without any apparent reason, but with reason that was sufficient to himself. He had handled like this one of his friends, an actress, in my presence, and he explained:

"She has been coming here for a year. I spent money backing a play because I believed she was a great actress. Did I do it for any other reason but to give her an opportunity? No! She does not interest me otherwise in the least. She is stupid. She is homely. She has no ideas. But I believed she was an actress. I was a fool. Bob the fool. She gets a good play and, instead of playing sincerely her part, she botches it! Out she goes! I don't want to ever hear her name. I don't want to see her. I don't want to see her friends. I don't want to hear anything about the play. It's out. It's off. Good-by. Good luck. To hell with you."

He had invited a charming young lady for that dinner, and there were a few other people, just a few. At table he entered upon an interesting discussion of Beethoven and Rembrandt, and I thought that the evening was going to be a nice, peaceful, intellectual after-dinner chat.

However, before the dinner was over a half dozen people dropped in for coffee. A half hour later there were thirty people in the house. Arthur Rubinstein came in and sat down at the piano to play Spanish pieces. While he was playing, someone in the next room, who had already had a little too much to drink, picked up two nuts from a bowl and cracked them.

Instantly Bob Chanler leaped at him, took the bowl of nuts and smashed it on the floor, grabbed the man by the seat of his trousers and his collar and flung him out of the house. Then he apologized humbly to Rubinstein, and leaning on the piano he begged him to play again-

When Rubinstein had ceased playing, some celebrated singer began to try his voice on us. Though Bob Chanler was the host, politeness did not restrain him from expressing his opinion of the man's singing. He spread his arms and said:

"Ah, bosh! Shut up! Good enough for the opera! Bosh, bosh, bosh!"

Later, as if by magic, a small Negro orchestra appeared. Two colored waiters were passing drinks around.

There were heaps of sandwiches on trays all over the place. The younger element—some in evening dress, some in sweaters, and a few men in overalls—began to dance.

After the theater hour Jeanne Eagels wedged herself in through the crowded door. She had just achieved her great triumph in Rain, and Jack Colton, one of the adapters of Maugham's story, was one of Bob's particular friends. You should have seen Bob's reception to Jeanne. He pushed everybody away, grabbed her up in his arms, tossed her in the air, caught her again, and hugged and kissed her. She had not disappointed him. "Great girl! Great girl!"

A little later Ethel Barrymore and John Barrymore and Tallulah Bankhead came in. There were a hundred or more people now. The dancing was going on on the ground floor. The singer was trying some new ballad on the floor above that. On the third floor some internationally famous artists and writers were discussing literature and philosophy. On still another floor several Russians were arguing furiously about the merits of the revolution.

One of the guests had engaged me in conversation.

Bob Chanler saw me, grabbed me, and said: "Don't waste your breath on him; he's a fool. He should never come here. I don't know why he comes to drink my liquor." And he, the man who so lavishly entertained so many, now closed in on the man and roared: "How many drinks did you have? Five drinks? And sandwiches?

"IF you go and buy them you have to pay for them. All the people here pay for what they get. What do you pay with? Why should I feed you and give you drink? Get out!"

KONRAD BERCOVICI

who writes these reminiscences of his friend "Sheriff Bob," is Roumanian by birth but, since 1916, a New Yorker. His stories of Roumanian gypsies have made him famous.

Dissatisfied with his own explanation, he pulled the man to a corner, called to the servant girl to give him another drink, and said: "Have a drink. Now I want to explain to you. See all these people here? Out of this wine they have had, and out of the sandwiches, one of them will perhaps do something. Write a great novel, write a great book, compose some great music, paint a great picture, animated, inspired, stirred—by this drink! But what will you do with it? Go home and sleep? What did you come here for? Picking up women? Picking up drinks? Now, have this one drink and this one sandwich—"

Rising to his feet, he added: "Oh, have what you want and don't bother me! Don't ever want to see you again. You are dull. You make me stupid."

He pulled me up to his studio to show me some of his screens and paintings. When I came down again, Tallulah Bankhead was holding the floor, giving a performance all by herself and imitating Ethel Barrymore to her face. The imitation was perfect, and La Barrymore was in stitches. Someone urged Tallulah to give an imitation of Jeanne Eagels. Tallulah took one look at Jeanne, saw the mood she was in, and declined the honor:

"I would not cross that hell-cat for a million dollars."

BECOMING very sweet, Tallulah walked up to Jeanne, who had engaged Rubinstein in an earnest discussion over something or other, and said, "Hello." She wanted to tell her something. She wanted to ask her whether she would mind being imitated. But she gave up. "I wouldn't cross that red-headed hell-cat!"

As occasionally happens in gatherings of this kind, there was an unaccountable few minutes of silence. The street door opened and Yvonne George came in. During the last fifteen minutes Bob Chanler, in shirt sleeves and slippers now, had been standing at the top of the stairway as if expecting her. He slid down the banister right into Yvonne's arms, turned and twisted with her, glided on to the dance floor, and elbowed everybody away. While he danced with her he screamed at the top of his voice and at the same time directed the orchestra to play faster and louder and madder. He was in his stockinged feet. He did not stop dancing until he fell to the floor exhausted.

Just as brusquely as he had appeared, he disappeared. He left his dancing partner on the floor, got his feet back into the slippers, and disappeared.

The party went on. Some people left, others came. No one seemed to find it necessary to say good-by to the host, to say he was coming again, or to greet him. No one felt any kind of obligation to anybody else. One danced when one wanted and with whom one pleased. One ate and drank what one desired; one stayed on the ground floor or went up to the first or the second. All the rooms were open. Some people had gone to sleep in the beds and on the couches.

Having spent some time downstairs talking to people, I went upstairs in search of my hat and coat. I could not find them anywhere. I asked the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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A PARTY AT SHERIFF BOB'S
Continued from page fifty-three

maid. "You are not going yet," she said to me.

"Oh, yes, I am."

"But your hat and coat are in Mr. Chanler's room!"

"Go and get them," I said.

"You go and get them," she answered, laughing, pointing to the one closed door.

I took a few steps toward it, but heard loud laughter of several women there, and retreated into the smiling face of the colored girl.

Half an hour later I went again in search of my hat and coat. This time the door was wide open. Sheriff Bob was asprawl and asleep and snoring on the ten-foot-wide bed which he had had especially constructed for himself. My hat and coat were hanging in a corner. I stepped ever so lightly to pick them up. But he awoke with a loud "Who's there? What the hell? What—?"

I thought he would kill me the next moment.

"Whatcha wanta go for?" he bellowed at me. And rising to his feet he rubbed his hands and said: "Well, I have had my dinner, my wine, my coffee, my dance. Now I am going up to work. Come up with me for a while."

His studio was on the roof. It stretched over two buildings. It was so constructed that the noise from below did not reach it. Two of his assistants had prepared his brushes and his canvases. Calm and undisturbed, as if he had just got up from a long night's rest early in the morning, Bob Chanler mounted the little scaffold, took the palette in hand, and began to work while talking to me.

"Some day I am going to paint a ceiling for you. Will you let me paint your ceiling just as I want to? No, no one has ever let me paint a ceiling as I want to. I know a very good artist who will eventually do very good work. People ought to buy his paintings now. It will encourage him and eventually make a fortune for the buyer. Segonzac is his name. Of course the fools will go on buying Cézannes and Picassos. Remember the name: Segonzac. I am making this screen here for a millionaire. He has no taste; he does not know what he wants. He will not know what to do with this screen. I am making it so beautiful he will think it is ugly. Did you see my other screens? I wish I had studied music. If I had the technique of Arthur Rubinstein, what wouldn't I do with it! Music is the supreme art."

And now he turned brusquely on me.

"I got to work. If my bedroom's open and nobody's in there, you will find your hat and coat. You want to stay? Stay. You want to sleep here? Take any of the rooms and sleep. Do anything you want. Good night."

ON the floor below, and the floor below that, the party was still going on. A hundred people were drinking, talking, dancing, shouting, singing. Some had crawled upon beds and couches and were sleeping. Others were sitting on the floor, doubled up. People had come and people had gone. Some laughed and some cried. Two men quarreled over what the Negroes should play.

Suddenly one of the Negroes got religion. He stood in the center of the floor and began to preach.

At the door I met Bob Chanler's secretary and protége, Ivan Narodni. I asked him: "What was the occasion for this party?"

"An occasion?" Narodni exclaimed in wonder. "What occasion? This is going on every night. Every night of the year that Mr. Chanler is in town."

"And why does he do it?" I asked.

"Why? Because it stimulates him to work. He will be up there working until eight or nine o'clock in the morning, and then he will go to sleep. When he gets up tomorrow afternoon there will be the same thing over again. Different people every time, but the same thing. It stimulates him to work. It used to be difficult to gather together a crowd. But now it is easy. You see," he explained to me, "Mr. Chanler does not drink and hardly ever smokes. But all this—watching other people drink and smoke and dance—stimulates him."

Outside, the colored maid was feeding heaps of sandwiches to the homeless of Third Avenue. The guests were tumbling out, literally tumbling out, from the door. Taxis and private cars picked them up to whisk them away.

THE lights went out on the third floor. The lights went out on the second floor. And after the last group of men and women in evening dress had said good-by to an invisible someone, the lights on the ground floor also were extinguished. Only the lights on the top floor in Sheriff Bob's studio were still burning. He had been stimulated to work.

The following afternoon he called me up. He told me that I must prove to him that I had not been offended by him the night before and come soon again.

"Come any afternoon. Come any evening. Or any night. You stimulate me."

I met him last in Paris in front of the Café du Dome. It was around midnight.

"If you let me paint a ceiling for you one day," he said, bringing down a heavy fist amicably on my shoulder, "I will paint a portrait of you. Wait for me here. I am going just around the corner. I am going to see Isadora. Poor Isadora! She is not well." Leaning over, he shouted in my ear: "What a fool I have been! Wait. There will be great news yet. And I won't have to keep that house open every night to be stimulated to work. Wait for me here. I will tell you all about it. I will be back about five o'clock in the morning.

"I have a studio here and I will take you along. I will be doing some work. Great city, Paris. Stimulates. The Frenchmen have lost their rank. *We* are doing things, I'll tell them! Ah, there is a nice girl to keep you company. You want this one? No, pick that one; she's nicer. Wait a moment and I will pick a nice girl for you!"

"But don't, Bob—"

But he was already at the other end of the terrace, talking to two young women who were sitting with two young men. He was pointing toward me. His voice boomed. He talked to the men:

"Who are you? What right have you to sit with such pretty girls!"

Disgusted with them, he came back to my table.

"I am going just around the corner. Wait for me."

When I next see Sheriff Chanler he will be in no need to keep open house for a hundred people. For Isadora is there, and Jeanne Eagels.

I shall tell him how long I waited for him in front of that café. He will dig his elbow into my ribs and say in his booming voice:

"Yeah?"

THE END

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Ready for the Mourners

Jerry was gathering flowers for his mother under some plum bushes one morning. When he returned home he said to his mother:

"Mother, if a snake had bitten me I would have died with flowers in my hands."—Mary B. Neal, Route 5, Aberdeen, Miss.

* * *

Or Coffee Beans

Our neighbors have a wren nesting in an old coffeepot. One evening Blair saw the mother put her head out. He said, "Mother, I'll bet her babies won't be any bigger than ..."—Mrs. Benjamin Morris, R. R. 13, Dayton, Ohio.

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**Barbasol gives a soft and smooth shave. It keeps my face in splendid condition.*
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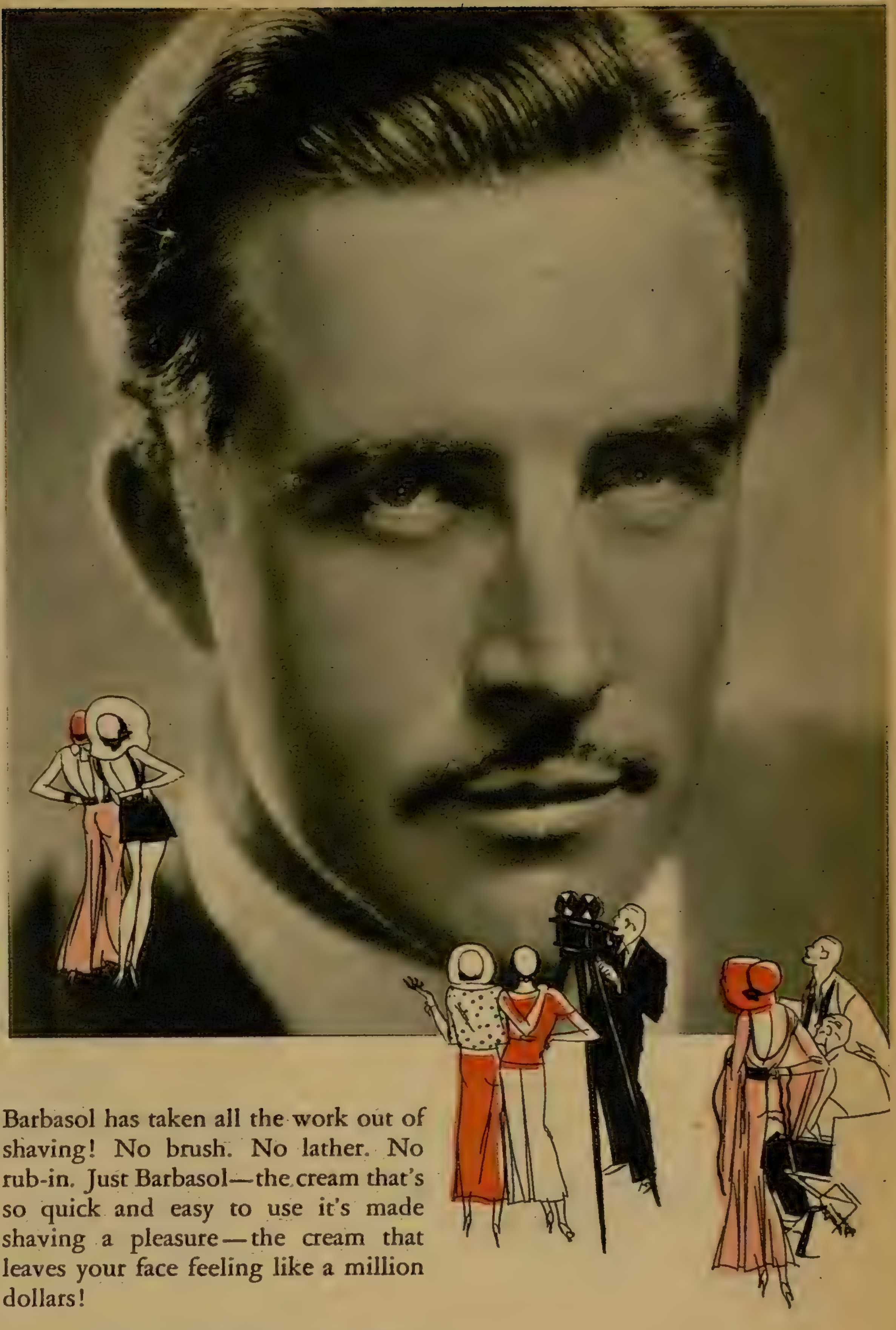

John Boles, popular Universal star of "Seed"—the big picture success based on the Charles G. Norris novel

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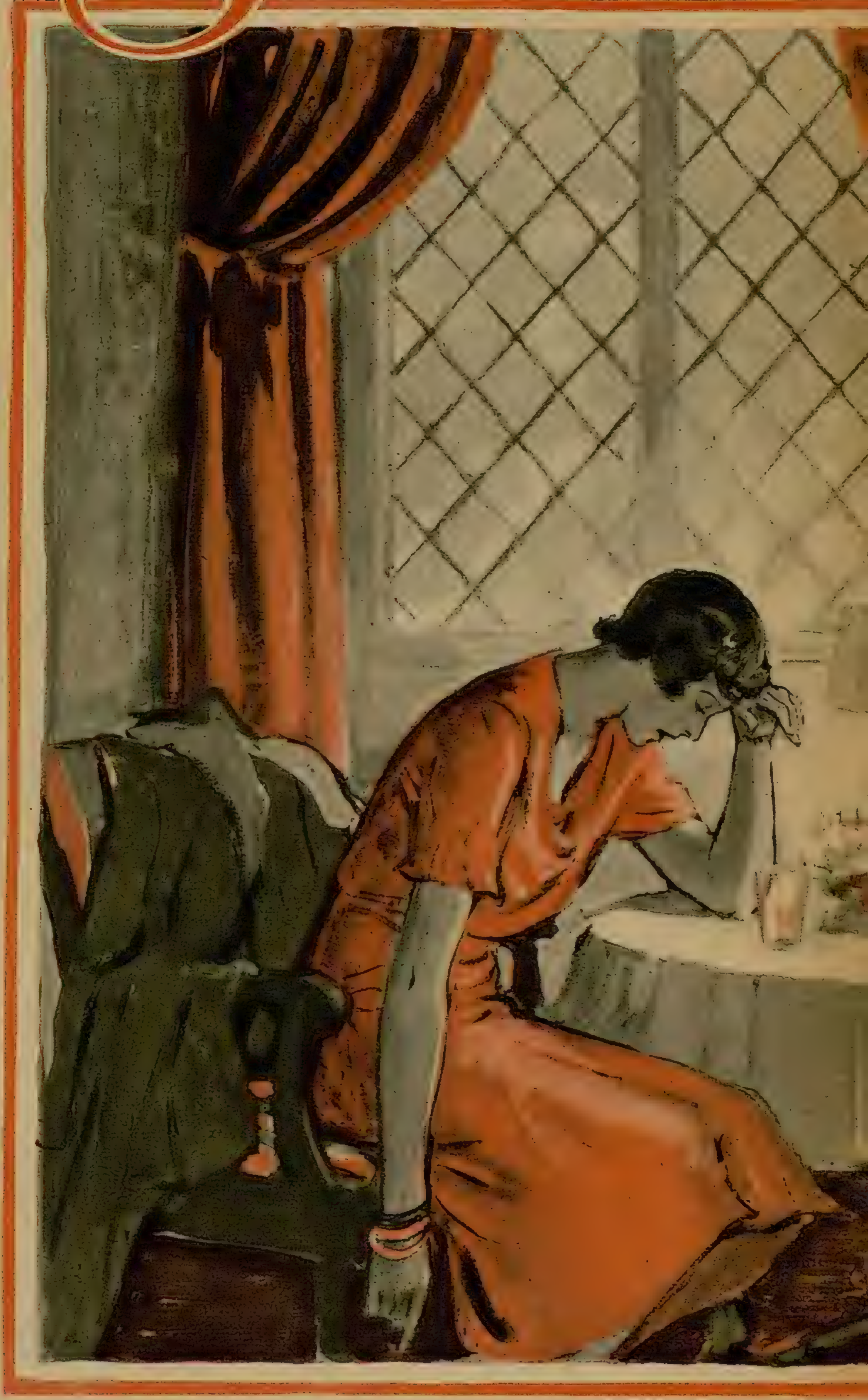
A Story of the Stratagems of a Love-Hungry Wife

Silver



She sank into a chair. He poured out a glass of wine.

(Reading time: 32 minutes 25 seconds.)

THIS is the story of a strange love in the life of Marcia Templeton. When she had been a nurse during the war, she had risked death to guard her adoring patient, Major Eric Morven.

Several years later Eric found her again. She was living in London with a husband who was buried in the work which was to bring him a baronetcy, and two self-sufficient children, Goldie and Dennis. Eric carried her off to an enchanting wood, and took her, unresisting, into his arms.

PART FIVE—HER GREAT DECISION

ON the edge of the wood Eric paused and looked at Marcia with a curious intentness.

"And so we go back to the world, darling," he said.

"Is it the same world?" she asked rather tremulously.

His eyes followed hers to the winding river with its green banks vivid as emerald in the evening sunshine.

From the distance came the sound of chiming bells. All was as it had been—a scene of utter and complete peace.

His look returned to her.

"Yes, just the same—only a little colder. Do you really feel you've got to go back?"

She put out her hand half appealingly. "Yes, I really must. Help me to go, Eric!"

"I will do anything in the world for you," he said, and pressed the hand against his heart.

The gate was open, but she hung back for a second. "You really mean that," she said. "I know you mean it."

"Yes," he said with simplicity. "I do. I will do anything or nothing—exactly as you wish."

"Thank you, dear." She gave him a fleeting smile. "That is—so like you. Well"—she caught back a sigh—"it's been a wonderful day. I shall never forget it."

"No," he said. "And you won't spoil it in retrospect, will you?"

Her eyes smiled at him somewhat wistfully. "If you're sure—quite sure—"

"Darling, I am quite sure," he said. "What has happened today is simply the removal of a barrier between us, that's all. It binds you to nothing whatever. So don't take fright over it, will you?"

"No," she said. "No—so long as you understand."

"Sweetheart, I do," he said. "I understand completely. That's why I'm trying to guard against your saying to yourself directly you're alone, 'What have I done?' You're not to say that, Marcia, or, if you do, you're to give yourself the true answer. You have done—nothing."

He paused a moment, and then deliberately took her two hands and held her before him. "And there's one other thing you're not to do," he said. "You're not to write to me and say we must never meet again. If you feel you want to say it, you must say it to my face."

He spoke half whimsically, but there was a hint of sternness in the words. She stood passive in his hold.

"Is that a promise?" he said.

She smiled at him again, shaking her head.

"Oh, you don't know me," she said. "I am much more selfish than that."

His sternness vanished. He drew her swiftly to him and kissed her. "My darling—my darling!" he said.

For a few seconds his hold was passionately close; then abruptly, as though putting sudden force upon himself, he let her go.

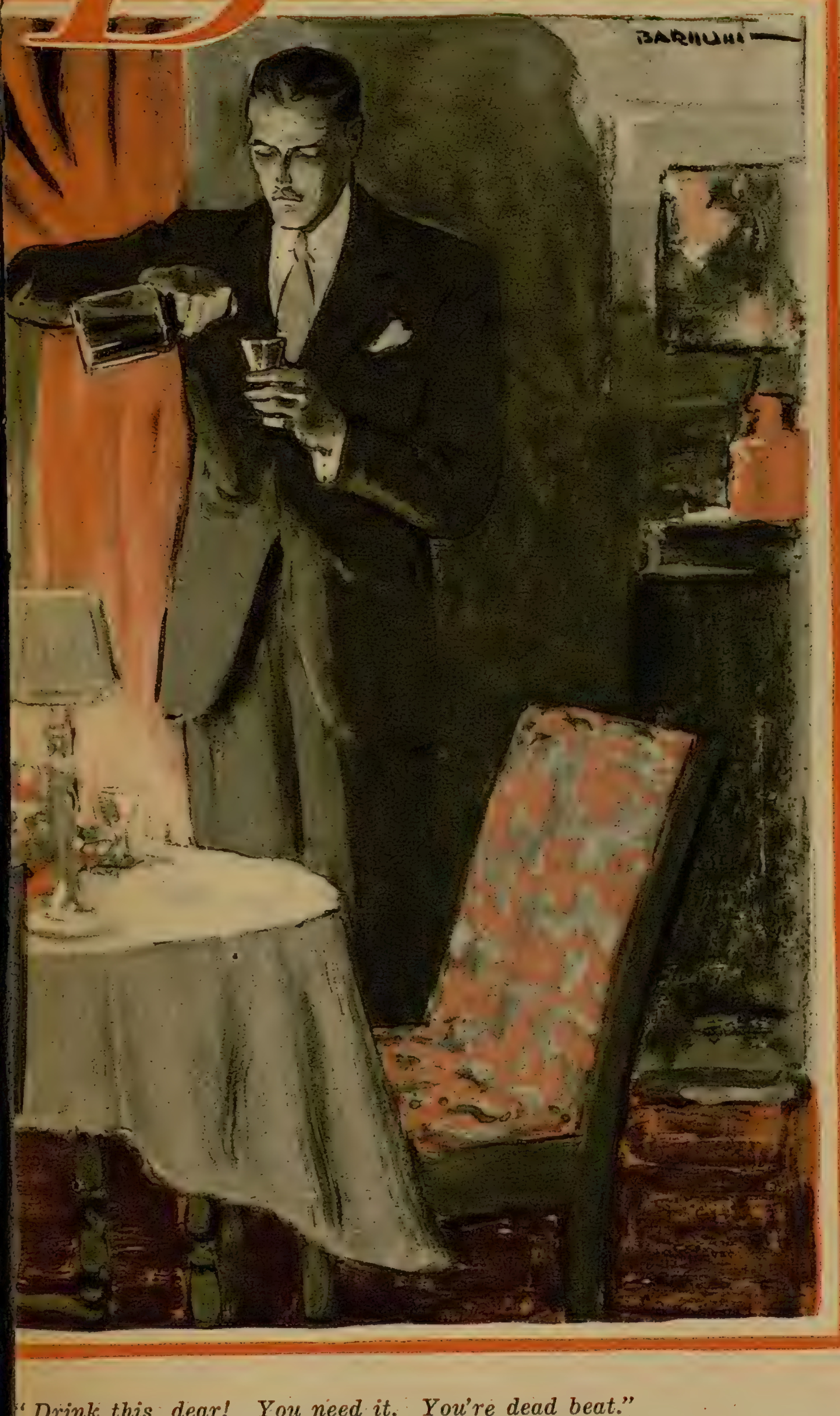
"There! I'd better take you back," he said. "You're getting more precious every instant. If you don't go soon, I shan't be able to part with you. When am I going to see you again?"

Bride

By

Ethel M. Dell

Pictures by Jay Barnum



"Drink this, dear! You need it. You're dead beat."

"Next Thursday," she said.

"Not till then?"

"I'm afraid not till then, but I'll let you know." She was free, and she turned once more to the gate.

He put his arm round her and led her quietly through. He pushed the gate behind him and it shut with a desolate clang. "Now we go back to our dust and ashes; but we won't forget that we have a secret garden, you and I, to which both of us have a key."

"Oh, indeed no!" she said.

They went down to the river again side by side until they reached the bridge. In the center Marcia paused.

"It's like that, isn't it?" she said, gazing down into the quiet flowing water and speaking as though she resumed some discussion.

He stopped beside her.

"Yes, darling. Very like that—always flowing, yet never empty."

Her hand moved along the rail toward him. "Eric, it mustn't get any—deeper," she said.

He patted her hand lightly, reassuringly.

"No, dear. That's all right. That's understood. We're neither of us in our first youth. I shan't sweep you off your feet."

Her eyes left the river and wandered to the golden-green woods on the hill.

"If only—" she said, and paused as if half afraid to continue.

"Only what?" he said.

She ended, almost in a whisper: "—we had met before!"

His eyes shone with a sudden fire. "Oh, Marcia, if we only had!" he said. And then, sharply controlling himself again: "No matter! We'll make the best of what we've got."

"The very best," she assented, and quietly turned and walked on.

HE did not take her straight home, but to a little restaurant in a quiet alley where they dined almost in silence.

And then, when the meal was over, he put her into a taxi and they parted.

"You'll let me know?" he said, his hand holding hers at the last moment.

Her soft eyes looked straight up to his out of the darkness of the cab.

"Yes, of course I will," she said. "I'll ring you up in the morning from my room."

"As soon as you wake?" he said.

She gave him a very tender smile. "At the earliest respectable moment," she said. "Good-by!"

He made no verbal answer. His hand gripped hers tightly for an instant and then released it. He stepped back.

As the taxi shot forward she leaned to the window and saw him standing bareheaded on the pavement—an alert, athletic figure in flannels—and something about him sent a quick pang to her heart. He had the ardent look of a man embarked upon some great adventure. She had never seen him so eager, so alive. And all for what? She did not answer the question as she waved her farewell, neither did she stifle the sigh that rose to her smiling lips. . . .

It was force of habit more than anything else that carried Marcia through the next few days. The London season was on the wane. Only Goodwood remained, and people were already talking of Cowes. She had received one or two invitations for the latter, but she had not accepted them. Her plans were still vague, she said, and it was generally concluded that she intended to bury herself somewhere in the country with the children. That she was deadly tired of the social round no one suspected, though old Lady Barrowdale still declared at intervals, with affectionate emphasis, that she was much too thin.

But escape was not really a part of Marcia's program. Her vagueness had originally been induced by uncer-

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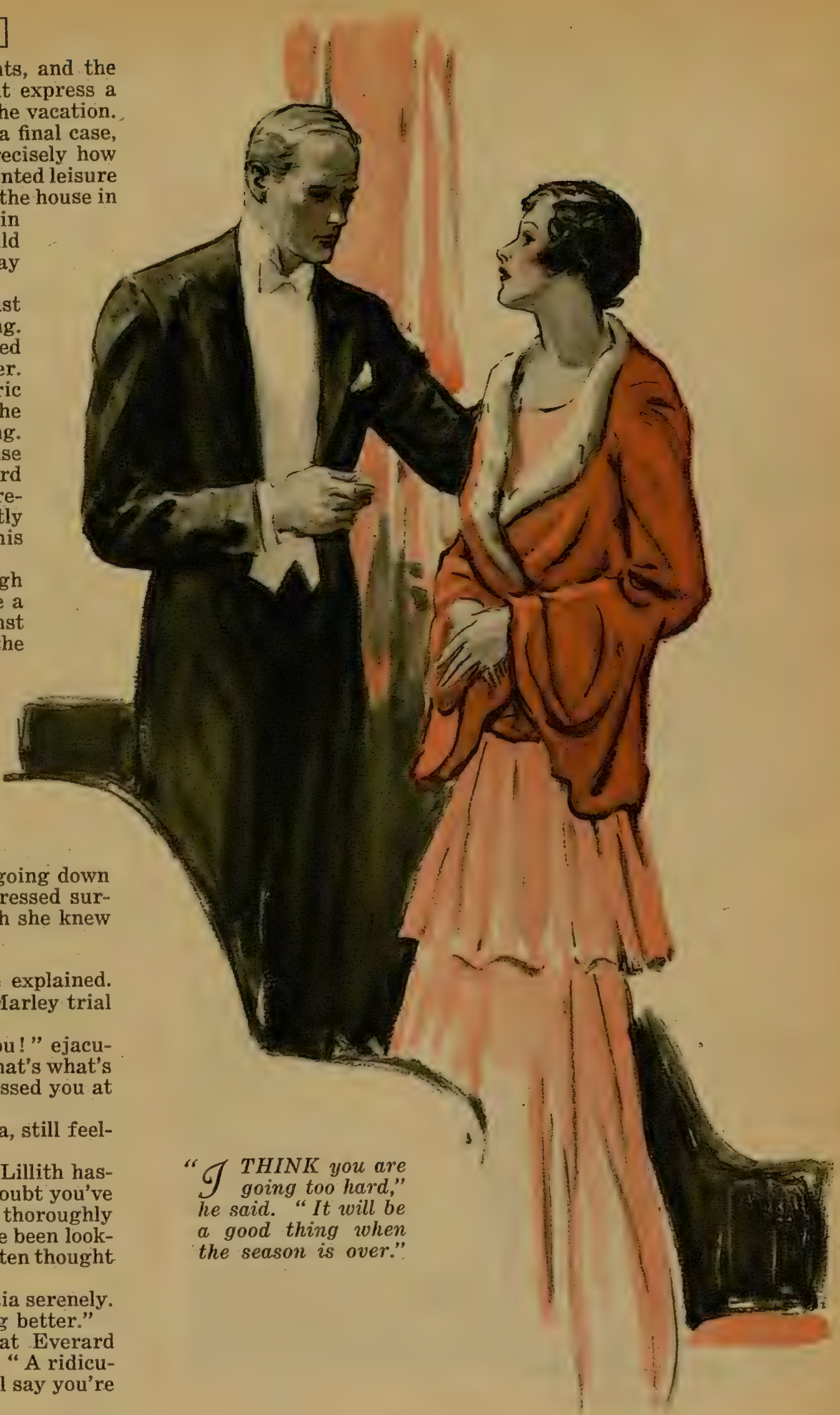
SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page fifty-seven



"I THINK you are going too hard," he said. "It will be a good thing when the season is over."

tainty as to her husband's movements, and the lurking hope that even yet he might express a desire to have her with him during the vacation. He was just going to the north for a final case, but after that she had not heard precisely how he meant to arrange his time. He wanted leisure for writing and study, she knew, but the house in Mountgrave Square was to be placed in the hands of workmen, and she could not imagine that he would wish to stay there.

He might still want her, or at least still count upon her for something. So long as that possibility remained she could not contemplate any other. She had confirmed her promise to Eric to meet him the following week, but she scarcely looked forward to the meeting. She was waiting with a kind of tense patience for some sign from Everard before he left her, some word with regard to the future, however lightly spoken, which should bind her to his side.

It had come to that with her, though she hardly realized it. She was like a starved creature still hoping against hope to receive nourishment from the usual beloved hand ere turning reluctantly away to seek it elsewhere.

And behind her hunger and her disappointment there was gathering a strange new feeling that had hitherto been completely alien to her—a slow-kindling fire of indignation over her wounded love.

Encountering Lillith one day at a wedding, she told her briefly in answer to inquiry that she was not going down to Goodwood, and when Lillith expressed surprise she laughed in a fashion which she knew to be insincere.

"EVERARD may want me," she explained. "He is going north for this Marley trial at the end of the week."

"As if he possibly could want you!" ejaculated Lillith. "You're just lazy. That's what's the matter with you. Why, I've missed you at ever so many places this year."

"How nice of you," smiled Marcia, still feeling absolutely artificial.

"Oh, I don't mean in that way," Lillith hastened to assure her. "And I've no doubt you've been enjoying yourself much more thoroughly elsewhere. In fact, mater and I have been looking for the counterattraction. I've often thought you were a dark horse, Marcia."

"Thank you, my dear," said Marcia serenely. "I could scarcely hope for anything better."

"But it's absurd to suggest that Everard might want you," persisted Lillith. "A ridiculous excuse, and you know it. You'll say you're too busy darning his socks next."

"I believe he still wears them," protested Marcia; "and they must want darning sometimes."

Lillith looked at her as if she barely refrained from begging her not to be a fool, and by mutual consent they drifted asunder.

But an uneasy sense of being under observation pursued Marcia.

She and Everard had a dinner engagement that night at the house of a well known judge, Lord Bevis. It was one of the rare occasions upon which she could count on him to accompany her.

He had a great respect for Lord Bevis, with whom he was often associated in his profession.

She took especial care over her appearance that night, to Hobbs' open satisfaction; for, in the latter's estimation, much as she admired her mistress, she did not as a rule take sufficient interest in this all-important respect.

Clothes were to Hobbs practically the only means of self-expression that existed.

She reveled in arraying Marcia as the grand lady, which, to her mind, was the only rôle that fitted her, and it grieved her that Marcia seemed so little inclined to live up to it.

"You are looking quite your best tonight, my lady," she said approvingly, as she placed the velvet wrap about her shoulders.

And Marcia smiled. "Thank you, Hobbs. I am glad you think so."

Descending the stairs, she had a curious scared feeling, almost like a premonition, as if tonight were a sort of test. If nothing happened tonight to stay her course, she believed she would drift over into the rapids tomorrow.

Eric would be waiting for her. She had promised to meet him. They were to dine together, and afterward he would take her somewhere, she had not asked where. She had a feeling that amounted to certainty that after tonight she would know exactly what she was going to do. Either she would go forward or finally draw back. She could not possibly remain where she was. Matters had either gone too far or not far enough. Tonight would decide. And it rested not with herself at all, but with Everard. If he looked at her even once with eyes that saw, the bond between them would be forged anew, never to be broken. But if he remained blind—

A great shiver went through her, and she tried to shake the thought from her. If he remained blind, then he must go his way, and she hers. He would have his profession to comfort him—if he needed comfort. And she—ah, what comfort would she have for her lost ideals, her shattered love?

He was in the hall waiting for her—a tall, imposing personality, very upright and self-assured. He greeted her with a bare glance. " My dear, we are late."

He hated unpunctuality, she knew, but she expressed no regret. There was only one thing that mattered that night. Either the fire was kindled afresh or utterly and forever quenched.

" We shall be there in time, I think," she said, and passed out to the car.

He followed in a silence expressive of a certain displeasure. She almost laughed during the short journey at the thought that she had ever troubled to make herself beautiful for his sake.

She did not utter a single word, nor did he rouse himself from his abstraction to ask how she had spent the day.

FROM brief annoyance he passed into a groove of thought in which she had no part. There were one or two matters which he was particularly anxious to discuss with Lord Bevis that night before his departure for the north on the morrow, and, as his custom was, he tabulated them carefully in his mind beforehand.

They were the last arrivals in Lady Bevis' drawing-room, but, as Marcia had predicted, they were in time. The room contained about a dozen people in all, most of them connected with the legal world. Marcia knew them all slightly.

She sat next to her host, whose remarks were few and pompous and who evidently considered that no woman ought to require more than his occasional attention. Marcia wondered if she ought to appear more amused than she actually was, and finally decided that it did not matter, as certainly he would never notice.

On her other side was a barrister, a man of about thirty, called Baronford, whom she had always regarded as the most cynical person of her acquaintance. He was in an obscure mood, and, since she knew of old that bitterness underlay everything he said, she had but small inclination to discover the actual significance of his conversation. He was a bachelor who had done a good deal of work in the divorce courts, and she had a shrewd suspicion that he also held a very light opinion of her sex.

Across the table she saw her husband's face, calm and collected, faintly smiling as he lent his courteous attention to some slight discussion that was going on about him.

His eyes chanced to meet hers for a moment but without any change of expression. She did not think they had even seen her.

The man beside her had made some remark about the long vacation, and she turned toward him resolutely. " Yes, it will soon be here. How fast the time goes! It only seems yesterday since "

She broke off. His face told her she was being banal.

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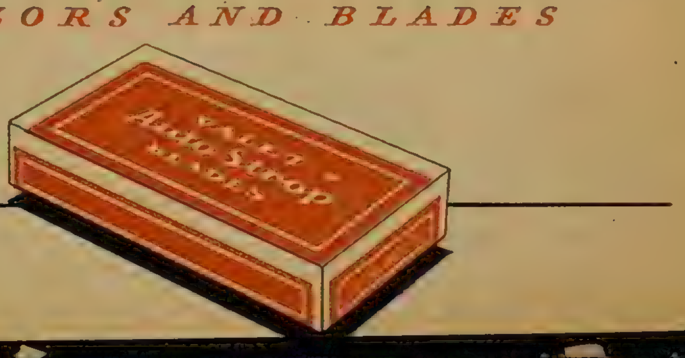

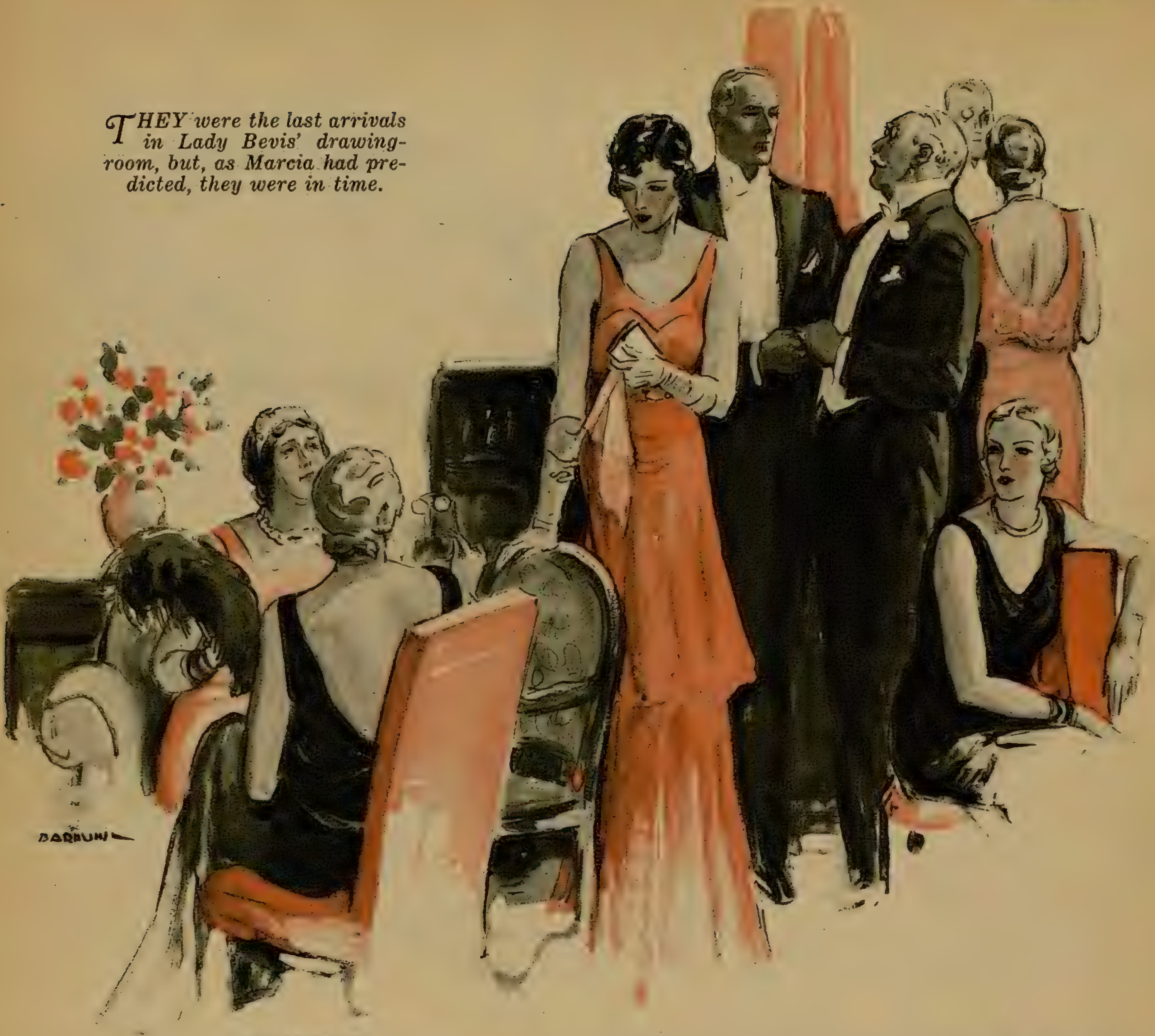

THEY were the last arrivals in Lady Bevis' drawing-room, but, as Marcia had predicted, they were in time.

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page fifty-nine

"Yes," he agreed with a lazy sneer. "No holding it, as you say. Yesterday's wheat—today's stale bread. Yesterday's vices—today's virtues. Yesterday's clean collar—today's soiled linen. And—as I was saying—tomorrow the long vacation. I was also indiscreet enough to wonder how you were going to spend it."

"Oh, not so indiscreet!" said Marcia with a smile. "I haven't given it serious consideration to the present. My husband—" She paused involuntarily, suddenly aware that he had something to say on the subject.

"Your husband!" he echoed, a faint inflection on the word which might have been expressive of either surprise or derision. "Haven't you heard his plans yet? He is going to be busy at the Old Bailey while everyone else is holiday-making, and I'm lending him my chambers in the Temple for the purpose. Not a lady's refuge, I fear. Didn't you know?"

Abruptly she found herself on the defensive. His tone had a jeering note which could not be ignored. In another moment he would be openly scoffing at her discomfiture.

With a swift effort she rose to the occasion. "How extremely kind of you, Mr. Baronford!" she said. "It will solve a difficulty which had been troubling me for some time. Yes, of course I knew he would have to be in town, and our house will be in the hands of the decorators during August."

So imperative had been the necessity to shield herself immediately that she barely had time to grasp the fact that a shattering blow had fallen upon her; but as she that for a few seconds she felt as if she were about to faint.

It took all her strength of mind to retain her faculties and to hear her companion's cynically uttered rejoinder.

"Oh, don't mention it! Delighted to be of use. It will set you free—won't it?—for some pursuit more profitable than keeping house for an absent husband. Now you will be able to enjoy your holiday on the river in peace."

"My holiday on the river!" Suddenly the danger that menaced her took definite form. She gathered her woman's armor around her and regarded him in blank surprise. "My holiday on the river!" she repeated aloud so that anyone near her could have heard. "Now what should make you imagine that I was contemplating one?"

HE continued to smile as though he were contemplating something she could not see that afforded him a good deal of quiet amusement.

His eyes, dark and cold, met hers with a mocking gleam, and a sense of chill went through Marcia that was like a steel point at her heart.

He went on with barely a pause, as though filling in a gap which he knew would otherwise be left empty: "It is only a figure of speech, my dear lady. A holiday on the river is an expression almost as tangible as seeing a man about a dog."

"And what does it mean?" asked Marcia with tense quietness.

He explained with idle nonchalance. "I should say it sonally should prefer yachting on the Broads. Have you ever tried that?"

It was as if with scornful indifference he now offered her a way of escape, but she stiffly refused to avail herself of it.

"No, I think the river idea would appeal to me most," she said with a brief smile. "I shall have to consider it now that you have put it into my head. I wonder how one could get hold of a house boat."

He gave her the wary look of the man of law who weighs his chances in a game of bluff. And then, for no apparent reason, he abandoned the contest.

"I once went up the Jumna in a house boat," he said. "Those Indian rivers make ours seem very tame affairs. I suppose you have never hunted big game, Lady Templeton?"

The sudden turn gave her a curious sensation that had in it more of dismay than relief. She would have given much to have known what was going on behind the placid irony of that smooth countenance. But if he had in truth wielded a weapon, he had laid it aside. Perhaps he did not regard her as worthy of his skill, or perhaps he was merely biding his time.

As she recovered her composure she told herself with a curious sense of doom that it did not matter which. Her destiny was already written and nothing now could alter it.

II

IT was not until they reached their home that night that Marcia brought herself to break what had begun to seem almost a spell of silence laid upon her. And when she did so, it was as if against her will and still with the overpowering conviction that nothing now could make any difference.

She was very tired and felt as if her vitality had been reduced to a very low ebb. It cost her all her strength to follow her husband into his room for those few words which somehow must be spoken.

He stopped at the open door. "My dear, you had better say good night to me. I have a little work left to do."

She passed quietly into the room.

"I want a word with you, please," she said. "I sha'n't keep you long."

Her voice sounded hard and mechanical even to herself. She felt strangely stiff from head to foot, as if she were turning into stone.

He followed her slowly in, a faint frown between his eyes. "Well, dear, what is it?" he said. "It's getting rather late."

"I know," said Marcia. She wheeled abruptly and faced him. "But you will be busy tomorrow too, and you are leaving in the evening."

"Yes, dear, yes." He spoke with a hint of impatience. "But I shall not be away for long—a week at the outside."

"What I have to say won't keep a week," Marcia said. She was very pale, but her face was absolutely composed. It might have been the face of a statue. Only her hand which held the velvet wrap about her was convulsively clenched.

"Well, well, what is it?" He looked at her with slowly dawning attention, as though beginning to sense something unusual in her aspect. "I hope nothing has gone wrong?"

A great tremor went through Marcia, and her breast heaved as if something had suddenly sprung to life there and were striving for expression.

She put her free hand to her throat, pressing it desperately.

"My dear," he said, "what is the matter?"

He made a movement toward her, but she stepped back quickly. "Nothing—nothing," she said, and forced a ghastly smile. "I'm a little tired, that's all. But I must have some sort of understanding with you about—future arrangements. Mr.—Baronford told me tonight that you were going into his chambers in the Temple in August while the house is being renovated. Is it true?"

"Yes," he answered at once. "I thought it was a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page sixty-one

good idea. Don't you agree?" He was looking at her closely now, with surprised interrogation.

She did not meet his look; it made her feel utterly unreasonable, almost contemptible, and it was essential that for this once she should maintain her own point of view.

She answered him with a certain stubbornness, bred of that tremendous effort to hold her own. "Yes, of course, I agree it may be for you. But—you realize, I suppose, that I shan't be with you?"

"Oh, yes, dear," he said. "But that really won't matter. Not that you couldn't be if you wished. But I shall be very well looked after. There is really no need for you even to think of such a thing. Don't let that trouble you for a moment!"

She caught her breath, seized by a sudden wild impulse to laugh which it took her utmost strength to subdue.

He went on soothingly: "Oh, no, I'm not such a tyrant as to expect you to spend August in London, especially when I shall be much too busy to know whether you are there or not. I'm not quite so selfish as that, I hope."

"It wouldn't be—selfish," she said in a choked voice.

"I think it would," he replied with decision. "Anyway, I don't propose to do it. So that's settled. Now, dear, you're very tired, I can see. You run away to bed!"

IT was hopeless. The door was closed against her, and no battering could open it. Yet, though the knowledge pressed upon her, she made one more desperate effort to save herself from being finally shut outside.

"Everard," she said, and the very intensity of her effort made her calm, "before I go, may I tell you one thing? I shall not have the children these holidays. They have both had invitations to go abroad with friends which I am allowing them to accept. I don't, of course, wish to hinder your work in any way. I realize it is all-important. But I had just wondered if perhaps there might be a spare week that we might spend together somewhere."

She stopped. It was impossible to say more. Even that much had been almost beyond her strength, which was running out now very swiftly. And she knew, even before the last word left her lips, that she had spent herself in vain. He had made a barely conscious gesture of exasperation that told her so.

He spoke the moment she ceased. "My dear child, you are asking the impossible. Besides, it would be far better for you to go away for a thorough change. I can see you need it. And one week, even if it were feasible, would be no good to you whatever. No"—his voice took a note of deliberate decision—"it is quite out of the question. I see no prospect of any leisure for several months to come, and I insist upon your taking a complete holiday, quite independently of me. I am glad to hear that you will not even have the care of the children for once." He smiled a little. "You really ought to have been called Martha, not Marcia. Now, dear, that is settled, isn't it? We won't discuss it any further."

She turned with a sudden passionate movement. For an instant she was angry, so angry that the pain was dulled. "Then what am I to do?" she said.

Again he looked at her in surprise. Her eyes were flaming in her white face, and he saw that she was quivering. He held out a pacifying hand.

"I am sorry if I have annoyed you," he said rather stiffly. "It does not seem to me an occasion for resentment. I am only suggesting that you should enjoy yourself in whatever fashion appeals to you most."

"You really mean that?" she said in a voice that was almost metallic in its hardness.

"Of course I do!" he said. "I am not quite unreason-

thought I had made that clear long ago. Come, my dear, that's understood, isn't it?"

He stepped toward her and gently took her hand into his. "How cold you are! Make Hobbs heat you up some milk. I shall have to tell Lillith to keep an eye on you. You are not taking proper care of yourself."

She shrank at his words, and drew her hand swiftly away. "You needn't suggest that to Lillith," she said, and uttered a dreary laugh. "She is doing it already. I'm not in the least cold, thank you. Good night! Or perhaps—in case I don't see you again—I had better say good-by!"

She turned to go, but he stopped her with a hand on her shoulder. "What are you doing tomorrow?" he asked gravely.

She faced him with a sudden icy resistance. "I believe I have a luncheon and a tea engagement. I am also going out in the evening. Why?"

"I think you are going too hard," he said. "It will be a good thing when the season is over. Anyway, don't get up too early! I won't disturb you. And—as you say—in case we don't meet again—good-by!"

He bent and lightly kissed her forehead, and his kiss held an unuttered reproof.

She barely restrained herself from another recoil.

"Good-by!" she said once more.

He accompanied her to the door and held it punctiliously while she passed out.

It was over. She had made her bid—her last bid—for the unattainable, and it had eluded her, as she had known it would. Something was crying aloud in her palpitating heart, and she could not still it, though she tried vainly not to listen—something fierce, possessive, insistent, that urged her to take such compensation as was within her reach and fling defiance at all the world. What did it matter, after all, to any but herself what balm she applied for the healing of her wounded soul? Who was to care? Not the man who had just bidden her that cold and formal farewell. Not the children.

When she reached her room she was smiling, and Hobbs, failing to perceive the icy sparkle in her eyes, moved to help her with the remark that the evening had evidently been a happy one.

"Well, how clever of you to guess that!" said Marcia. "It has been—quite a unique evening in its way, and, curiously enough, I am not in the least tired."

"You look as if you had found a fortune, my lady," murmured the admiring Hobbs.

And Marcia laughed, raising her arms above her head so that the maid could remove the shimmering gown which she had donned with such care a few hours earlier.

"Or setting out to look for one," she said.

III

ONCE more Eric Morven waited for the woman he loved by the side of the fountain in the old courtyard of the Regency. She had begged him to wait for her there, adding that she might possibly be late. He was not in evening dress. That also was in accordance with her desire.

"I want you to take me out in the car," she had said in her note, and he had made arrangements in strict compliance with her wishes.

It seemed an eternity since they had parted. He had tried to shorten it by a visit to Pentreith, where Peter was still pursuing his leisurely and entirely satisfactory existence on the farm; but he had accomplished little, and it had only seemed to make the time more leaden-footed.

There was, in fact, little to be done there at the moment. They had decided to let Tregassa Castle for a considerable half promised to take his young cousin to Canada.

But a tenant had not yet been found, and, though Peter was keen enough for the venture, Eric's own inclinations were very strongly against any sudden move. He had given Peter to understand that his plans were held up indefinitely until the business of the estate had been fully attended to and finally disposed of. There yet remained certain formalities regarding the will to be gone through, and he had returned to London and occupied himself with them while that interminable interval of waiting held him like a maze from which he was powerless to extricate himself.

But it was over at last. The appointed hour had come. And he waited for her with a sort of tense patience beside the tinkling fountain.

She was not late, after all. Just as the clock was striking eight she came quickly through the vestibule, looking for him.

He moved swiftly to meet her; their hands clasped, and she smiled at him with a murmured "Eric!"

SHE was dressed in a thick coat for motoring, with a high collar that partly shielded her face from observation, but he saw that she was very pale.

He kept her hand in his, feeling it throb in his hold. "What is the program?" he said.

She glanced around her. "Can we dine somewhere quietly?" she said. "Not here, I think."

"Certainly we can," he said. "I've got a private room."

"Oh, have you?" He caught the relief in her voice. "Let's go there, then!"

He turned, her hand still in his, and led her through a curtained doorway close by which concealed a short flight of stairs. "Up here," he said.

She breathed a deep sigh of thankfulness. "Oh, Eric, how you always understand!"

They reached the top of the stairs, and he turned along a passage and opened a door. "In here," he said.

They entered a small sitting room with a dinner table in the center softly lighted by rose-shaded electric candles. He closed the door behind them, and drew her to him.

"My darling," he said under his breath, "you've come!"

She was in his arms, a passive prisoner, but she was trembling as if in an ague.

"My darling!" he said again, and, turning her face to his own, kissed her quivering lips closely, closely, holding her faster and ever faster to his heart.

She submitted, but rather as if all her strength were gone and she had no choice than with a willing surrender. In that supreme moment it was more as master than lover that Eric Morven claimed her for his own.

It came upon him with a curious force even while he drank his fill of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page sixty-three

the cup he had so ardently desired, and he paused at last, his face still close to hers.

"Am I going too fast for you?" he said. "Forgive me if I am! I didn't mean to be a brute. Marcia! Speak to me!" He uttered the last words with sudden alarm, for her eyes were closed and her face deathly in its pallor. At his tone she opened her eyes and faintly smiled at him. "No," she said with an effort, "no, it's all right. But I'm deadly tired, Eric. I had a ghastly night, and such a tearing day. I want rest—oh, so terribly."

"My own love!" he said, and led her to the table. "Sit down! Let me take your coat! I can see you've had a damnable time. Well, just leave everything to me! I'm going to take care of you now."

He lifted the coat from her and she sank into a chair, leaning her head on her hand. He poured out a glass of wine.

"Drink this, dear! You need it. You're dead beat."

She took it and drank it in silence.

He stood watching her, rigidly restraining himself, realizing that her need was great.

She moved at last, stretched out a trembling hand and laid it on his arm.

He laid his hand over hers. "You're feeling better now?"

"Yes, much better, thank you. I've had—rather a nightmare day. You know—when one makes a sudden decision—what a lot of things there are to arrange."

"So you have decided!" he said, his voice low.

She sat motionless, her hand still on his arm.

"You have decided, Marcia," he said, reiterating the words slowly and with insistence.

HER look came up to his as if compelled. Her smile was infinitely sad.

"I've decided," she said, "to offer you what nobody else wants, because I feel you have—the right of refusal."

He bent toward her. "Did you think I would refuse?"

Her hand grew tense on his arm, almost as if she held him from her.

"No, Eric, no! But—I want you, please, dear—to be very kind to me. I've done it—but it has taken all my strength to do. All I have is yours, but—please, dear—don't take it all at once!"

"My dear," he said, "I will take nothing except what you offer in your time and of your own free will. You know I love you, don't you?"

"Yes, I know," she said and caught back a sigh. "And by and by—when I've got over all this—you'll know I love you too. But—but—"

"Don't!" he said, as she paused in distress. "I understand. It's been a horrible wrench to break with everything—to give up all your—dreams." He smiled at her tenderly. "Of course I understand, dear. I love you too well not to understand."

"Thank you," she said. "You're always so generous. I only wish"—her voice quivered a little—"I were worthier of you. But I shall try to be."

"Oh, don't talk like that to me!" he said.

"Mustn't I?". A faint gleam of humor shone in her eyes. "Very well, I won't. But I think I ought just to tell you this: You're not bound to take me because I have come to you. I haven't told anyone of what I have done. I didn't think it was fair to you."

"Marcia!" he said. "Don't you know me better than that?"

She did not answer him in words, but there was that in his look that moved her inexplicably. With a small sound like a sob she lifted her lips to his, and he took her face between his hands and kissed her. "Don't ever say anything like that to me again!" he said. "Promise!"

"I promise," she said. "It had to be said—just once, but never any more."

He released her.

"LET'S have some dinner! And then we'll discuss what we're going to do. We must get out of here tonight, anyhow."

"Oh, yes, let's get away!" she said. "I've left a suitcase in the cloakroom at Victoria. I thought we could go round in the car and pick it up. And then—I want you to take me to your ranch in Canada. Eric, will you?"

"Will I?" he said.

She laughed like a girl.

"There's a boat sailing from Southampton tomorrow at noon. Couldn't we go down tonight and catch it? Or is that quite impossible?"

"Nothing's impossible," he said. "We ought to book some berths, that's all."

"Not this time of the year," she said. "Everybody's coming east. I'm sure it'll be all right."

He laughed with her. "It's to be a last-minute affair in every respect, is it? Well, we'll be down there as soon as the office opens. If they turn us away, I shall have to row you across."

She laughed again. Her eyes were alight.

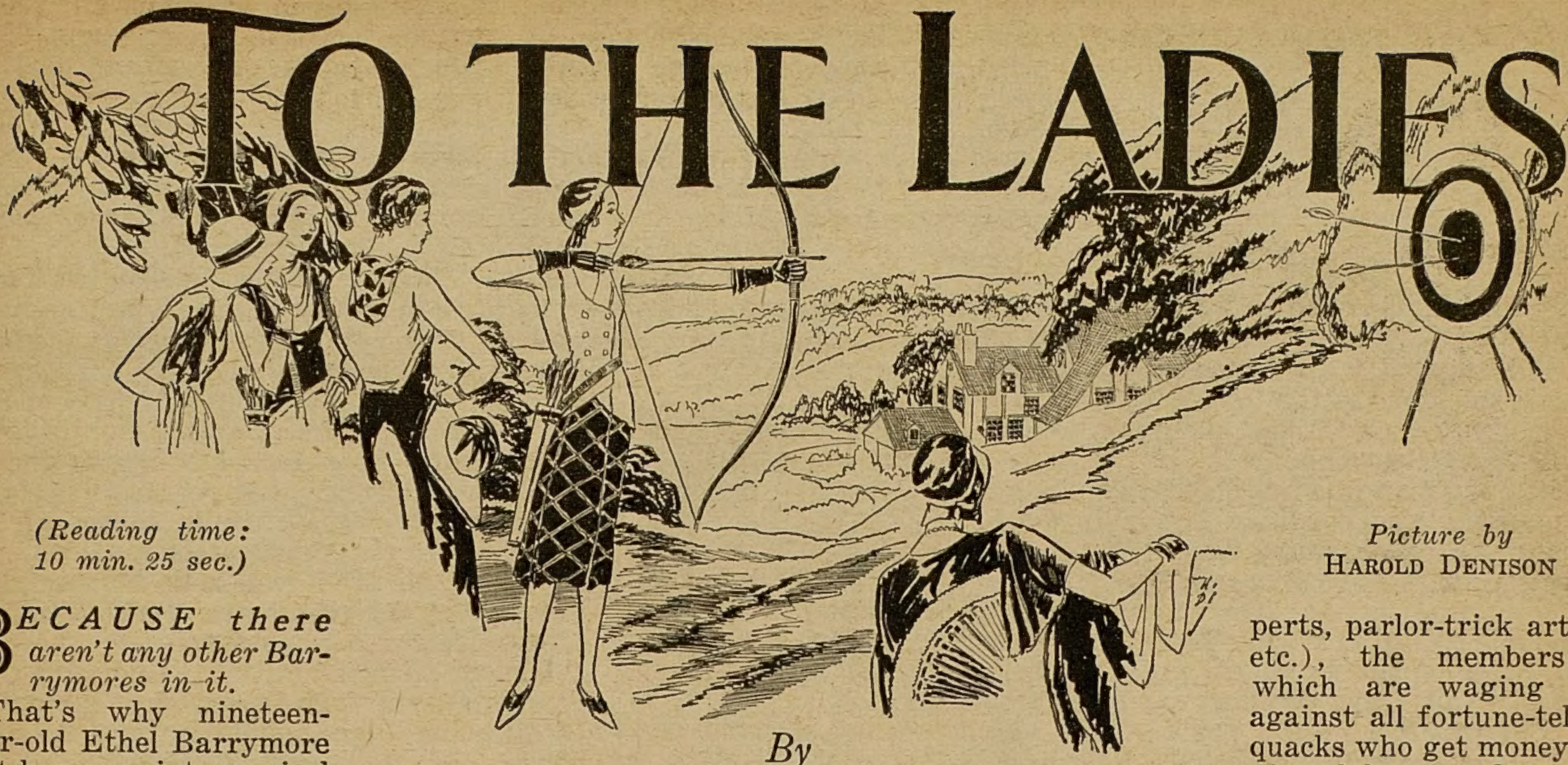
"That would be an adventure! More exciting than the river, anyhow."

"That's right," he said, watching her. "You're beginning to get young again."

"I always do when I'm with you," she said. "Now do ring the bell for dinner! I want to get under way."

Marcia has made her great decision. It spells tragedy—or happiness. Which does the future hold for her? You'll learn in next week's installment of the story.

TO THE LADIES



(Reading time: 10 min. 25 sec.)

Picture by HAROLD DENISON

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia.

BECAUSE there *aren't any other Barrymores in it.*

That's why nineteen-year-old Ethel Barrymore Colt has gone into musical comedy via George White's Scandals instead of taking up serious drama like her famous mother, Ethel Barrymore, and her uncles, John and Lionel.

Young Ethel told me so herself. " And I'm not pretty enough for the movies," she added frankly.

I didn't agree. An extremely attractive kid, I found her, with deep gray eyes, curly auburn hair, a most engaging smile, and fine, expressive hands—the hands of a born actress—of a Barrymore, in other words.

Ethel Barrymore Colt

Not a scrap of make-up.

" I don't know if I'm an actress or not," she said as we sat together during her rehearsal, " but I'm going to find out."

A nice natural girl. Doesn't drink a drop. Never smoked until this year. Born and raised in Mamaroneck, New York, where she still lives. Very good at outdoor sports. Once owned twenty-six police dogs. Now owns two great Danes. Sings. Dances.

Has been presented to Queen Elena of Italy, but forgets social events when the footlights twinkle. Forgot all about her own coming-out party at the exclusive Colony Club last year while acting in her mother's play. Mama forgot it too—until the night before, when the worried club manager phoned to check up on the arrangements which had been made a whole year in advance.

" IS it polite to prink in public? " a girl reader asks me. " Where and when is it permissible? " she wants to know.

Our use of lipstick and powder in public places has become so habitual that most of us are not even conscious of the act. Yet I know that really well bred women *never* permit themselves this laxity from the rules of good taste.

Why are so many of us continually fussing with our faces and our clothes in public? Vanity, of course. Nerves too, sometimes. And untidy, thoughtless ways, perhaps. A bad habit surely, but not incurable—not when we realize that an appearance of repose is no less important to attractiveness than prinked-up perfection.

" NO brunette ever believes a fortune teller who tells her that the man she loves is interested in another brunette. It's *got* to be a blonde! And the blondes always suspect brunettes."

This sidelight on women who go to fortune tellers was conveyed to me by John Mulholland, vice president of the American Society of Magicians (sleight of hand experts, parlor-trick artists, etc.), the members of which are waging war against all fortune-telling quacks who get money out of credulous people.

Superstition, it would seem, goes hand in hand with hard times. Fortune tellers had their palms crossed with silver to the tune of 125,000,000 good American dollars last year! The sad part of this is the fact that while wealthy patrons of the supernatural have been subsidizing their pet soothsayers less lavishly, there has been a great increase in the amount of small sums spent by hard-working people anxious for consolation or forewarning of events to come.

The loot extracted from the public by such charlatans has become so enormous that the Smithsonian Institution has just announced its scientific verdict against all fortune tellers, numerologists, astrologers, crystal gazers, star gazers, etc. None of these quacks, says the Institution, can foretell a thing.

FALL fashions are certainly *different* enough this year to please the most ardent admirers of novelty.

But I do not think that the Paris dressmakers who are launching tight bodices, skirts ruffled and trimmed at the back, dropped shoulder effects from the Second Empire period, etc., etc., will see these innovations survive very long in their exaggerated form.

However, we will be certain to adopt a number of the new styles, and for this reason I believe some notes I have just received from Paris can be of use to you if you're planning your autumn wardrobe.

Here's what my Paris tipsters tell me:

Silhouette—Twelve-inch pleated ruffles at the hem of taffeta dresses. Bertha effects on evening gowns, princesse lines, bodices well fitted to the figure, and buttoning in front on day frocks. Modified leg-of-mutton sleeves for those who like them. Tucks achieving amusing one-sided effects—horizontal on one side, vertical on the other.

Colors—The chief color novelties are gray greens, an old-fashioned olive green, and elephant gray for coats. Wine reds and purple reds will be smart (as I told you some weeks ago). For evening, purple and violet will be advancing to favor.

Coats—Three-quarter coats of fur (Hudson seal is the season's favorite) or of deep-colored velvet trimmed with fox or black lynx. These three-quarter coats will look smartest on the long-limbed type of girl, and should mold the figure. Full-length evening coats.

Skirts—Lots of fullness to them all. Lots of fan pleatings and gores. They look so complicated you'll probably think Einstein designed them. Length, eight to ten inches from the ground for day wear, fourteen for sports wear.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FIVE]

Materials—It's a case of "Baa, baa, black sheep." Paris is showing many black woolen dresses with gay scarfs and collars of pin-striped silk.

Daytime dresses are all of wool—wool, thin like georgette, with hand-drawn work; woolen plaids; and monotone-checked tweeds.

All in all, it doesn't look very promising for last year's frocks—does it?

TRAVELING through Peru on horseback, a young man of my acquaintance reached a small village at nightfall, and was invited to spend the night at the home of the town's most important citizen, a rich Chinese planter who had married a native woman.

The young man was welcomed cordially by the planter; was cordially entertained by the planter's two charming daughters. Every attraction of the big prosperous estate was shown to the visitor. On the third day, when he proposed to resume his journey, his host, after some Oriental preliminaries, made him this frank counterproposition:

"Young man, I need a partner. As you see, I have a splendid plantation. Peruvians do not appeal to me as business associates. Such a man as you would suit me admirably.

"Now, I have also two daughters, and you seem to find them attractive. Take your pick. Marry the one you like best and stay here as my partner. You will soon be a rich man and, I believe, a happy one."

The young man thanked his host as politely as he could. He then rode away as fast as he could. His name is Felix Tshiffely, and he told me this story the other day, giving it as an example of the risks he encountered while riding horseback all the way from Buenos Aires to Washington, D. C.

Mr. Tshiffely came through the long ride safely. He is still a bachelor.

COFFEE has "beaten the rap" in Vienna. There a court of law has solemnly judged it illegal for health experts to advertise decaffeinized coffee by calling real coffee a public enemy.

This is nothing to be surprised at, considering where it happened. Austrians drink coffee morning, noon, and night, the Viennese being champion consumers of it. They quaff it out of extra large cups piled high with thick whipped cream.

So, with its associated trades and commerces (shippers, importers, merchants wholesale and retail, coffee cooks' union, café waiters' union, etc.), the coffee-house business has become one of the most powerfully intrenched industries in Vienna. Naturally, it can obtain protection.

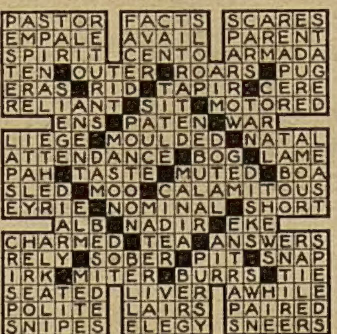
We in this country should be able to understand all about that, whether we happen to be for coffee or against it. Campaigns against coffee in Austria are very much like campaigns against gangsters over here.

In neither case do witnesses for the prosecution enjoy much success.

Personally, I adore coffee, but I think it is bad for me just the same. And I would not like to be prohibited by law from saying so.

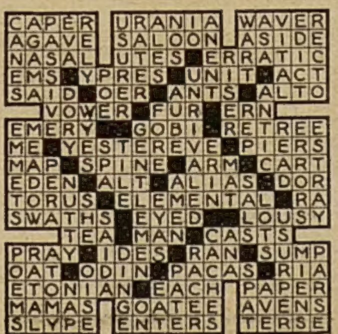
I am glad to note that in certain matters of speech and opinion America is still comparatively the land of the free.

THE man who said before Christmas, "Don't give me a book; I already have a book," was not so peculiar, after all. Now it turns out that most of us are very little better off than he, for the United States Office of Education has discovered that the total number of books in all American libraries, public and private, gives us an average of only one and a third



PASTOR FACTS SCARES
EMPALE AVAIL PARENT
SPIRIT CENTO ARMADA
TEN■OUTER■ROARS■PUG
ERAS■RID■TAPIR■CERE
RELIANT■SIT■MOTORED
ENS■PATEN■WAR
LIEGE■MOULDED■NATAL
ATTENDANCE■BOG■LAME
PAH■TASTE■MUTED■BOA
SLED■MOO■CALAMITOUS
EYRIE■NOMINAL■SHORT
ALB■NADIR■EKE
CHARMED■TEA■ANSWERS
RELY■SOBER■PIT■SNAP
IRK■MITER■BURRS■TIE
SEATED LIVER AWHILE
POLITE LAIRS PAIRED
SNIPES ELEGY SNEERS

Answer to the puzzle on page 48



CAPER URANIA WAVER
AGAVE SALOON ASIDE
NASAL UTES■ERRATIC
EMS■YPRES■UNIT■ACT
SAID■OER■ANTS■ALTO
VOWER■FUR■ERN
EMERY■■GOBI■RETREE
ME■YESTEREVE■PIERS
MAP■SPINE■ARM■CART
EDEN■ALT■ALIAS■DOR
TORUS■ELEMENTAL■RA
SWATHS■EYED■■LOUSY
TEA■MAN■CASTS
PRAY■IDES■RAN■SUMP
OAT■ODIN■PACAS■RIA
ETONIAN■EACH PAPER
MAMAS GOATEE AVENS
SLYPE ENTERS TERSE

Answer to the puzzle on page 49

Speaking of books, have you read Shadows on the Rock, the new novel by Willa Cather? A strong, simple story of olden times in French Canada. Beautifully written, as are all Miss Cather's novels.

TWELVE girls have just opened my eyes. They have opened them to the foolishness of believing, as so many of us do, that our young people of today are all wrapped up in nothing but jazz and frivolity.

Representing twelve women's colleges, the girls I mention have been taking a month of voluntary welfare work in New York. They've been down every day in the poorest, toughest parts of the city, visiting the sick and jobless, talking with the men in the bread lines, making friends with the immigrants on Ellis Island, studying the delinquent children in the reform schools.

The oldest of these twelve college girls is twenty-one; the youngest is nineteen. All of them come from well-to-do homes, where present-day daughters are reported to be so idle, wild, and rattle-brained.

I spent an instructive evening with these youngsters. I found them gay, happy, full of the fine high spirits natural to their youth.

But I found them serious, too. Serious, and striving to understand the unfortunate side of life as well as the fortunate.

"Some of us take up this summer course because of our future work," I was told. "But most of us take it because we want to see life with our own eyes. We feel that college has a tendency to make us too easily satisfied with secondhand opinions."

As a group they have strong feelings, I found, against any flashy display of wealth. None of them has gone Bolshevik, but they all think the rest of their college friends—and their parents, too—ought to get away from their comfortable homes occasionally and see some of the suffering these girls have seen.

"They think for themselves," said Miss Clare Tousley, who had charge of them. "I would trust them anywhere."

So would I. And I don't feel any fear or pity for a generation having such girls in it.

AT the risk of seeming fussy I want to say a few words about radio manners. Warm evenings are still with us. Windows are open. Neighbors may want to sleep, to study, to be quiet. I think radio users will be doing a great courtesy if they will remember, while enjoying their home concerts, to be considerate of others who live near by. Their politeness will be gratefully appreciated, I know. Especially at night.

THE prettiest "salad beautiful," I think, is the salad of vegetables and eggs in aspic. It looks like a particularly fascinating bit of the Garden of Eden preserved in amber. And it tastes so cool, yet so flavorsome and satisfying. We have it often, and I always find time to make it myself, busy though I may be. Here is the recipe for it:

Prepare 1½ pints aspic by using 4 bouillon cubes (and water, of course), 3 tablespoons gelatine, 1 tablespoon Tarragon vinegar, 1 teaspoon onion juice, salt, pepper. Have ready ½ cup finely chopped parsley, ½ cup diced cucumber, 1 cup diced cooked carrots, 4 hard-boiled eggs cut in slices.

When the aspic begins to set, divide in four parts. Mix one part with the parsley and pour into a mold. Pour in another part of the aspic with the cucumbers mixed in it, then a part with the carrots. Then lay the egg slices on top carefully and cover with the remaining part of aspic.

Serve garnished with sprigs of watercress and lemon slices.

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
5¢
5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

keeps teeth white

The smile that holds a world of charm wins a world of friends.

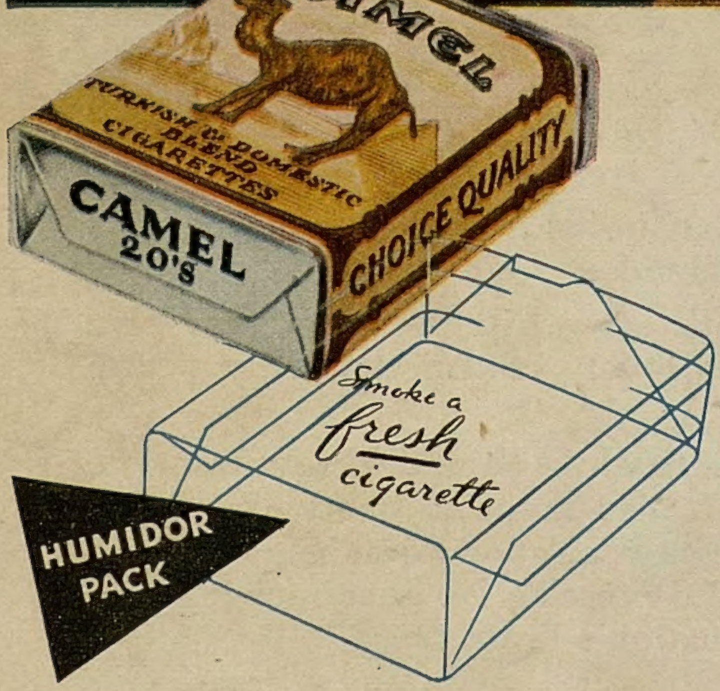
When teeth are white as snow, they give your smile a lovely charm that only pearls can match.

To keep teeth white, chew delicious Dentyne every day. It also helps to keep your gums firm because its extra chewy quality gives them extra healthful exercise. No finer chewing gum ever won a nation's favor.

Chew DENTYNE
. . and smile!

Nature, *not parching* makes CAMELS mild

Smoke a fresh cigarette



HARSH tobaccos require harsh measures—like parching—to make them tolerable to the throat.

But the choice Turkish and mellow Domestic tobaccos of which Camels are blended are *naturally* mild and gentle. Parching would only ruin their exquisite flavor and aroma.

No matter where you buy Camels you will find them always in factory-fresh condition. Their rare flavor together with their natural moisture is air-sealed-in by moisture-proof Cellophane. We call it the Humidor Pack. This protective wrapping is dust-proof, germ-proof and weather-proof. A great boon to the smoker.

No stinging particles of peppery dust to irritate the throat; no brackish smoke from stale tobacco; no burnt tongue from the hot smoke of dried-out cigarettes.

Just the cool, mild fragrance of choice tobaccos expertly blended and properly conditioned.

If you haven't tried Camels lately, switch over for just one day. Then leave them—if you can.

- *Don't remove the moisture-proof Cellophane from your package of Camels after you open it. The Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. It delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until you smoke the last one*

CAMELS

NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE

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